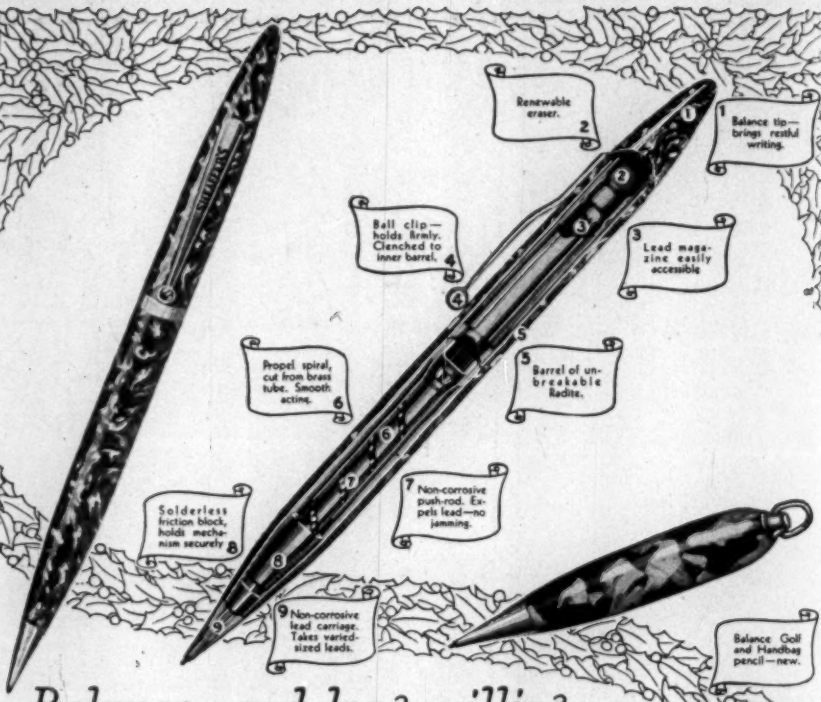
February

Harpers

MAGAZINE


Renewable eraser. 2
1 Balance tip—brings restful writing.
Ball clip—holds firmly. Clenched to inner barrel. 4
3 Lead magazine easily accessible
Propel spiral, cut from brass tube. Smooth acting. 6
5 Barrel of unbreakable Radite.
7 Non-corrosive push-rod. Expels lead—no jamming.
Solderless friction block, holds mechanism securely 8
9 Non-corrosive lead carriage. Takes varied-sized leads.
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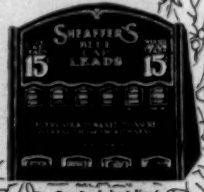

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NEW YORK

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Harper's Magazine

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HARPER'S MAGAZINE: Published Monthly: 40 cents a copy, $4.00 a year. Serial No. 957. Issue for February, 1930. Harper & Brothers Publication Office, 10 Ferry Street, Concord, N. H. Editorial and Advertising Offices, 49 East 33rd Street, New York. *Copyrighted 1930 in United States and Great Britain by Harper & Brothers. All rights reserved.* *Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Concord, N. H., under the act of March 3, 1879. Printed in the United States of America*

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The House of Harper is most conveniently located, where Jane Loring can receive your orders and dash out right into the midst of the Shopping District to execute them promptly.

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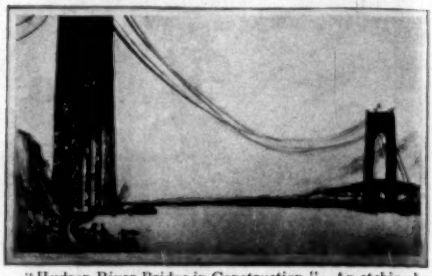
Wedding Invitations and Announcements
SAMPLES MAILED

Bailey Text and Bailey Roman are the now fashionable styles of Engraving

In the Art World

"Pavlowa." Figure in polished bronze by Enid Bell. 20" high. $350.00. Courtesy of the Ferargil Galleries, where many interesting works of Miss Bell, both in sculpture and in wood carving, may be seen.



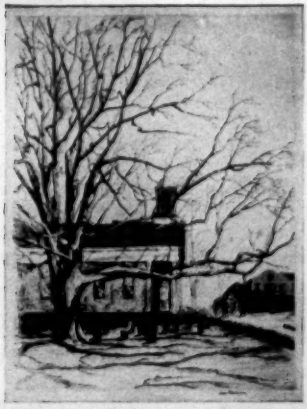
"Hudson River Bridge in Construction." An etching by Margaret Lowengrund. Size 16" x 9". $30.00. Courtesy of the Macbeth Galleries.

"Hungarian Peasants." An oil painting by Zoltan de Sepeschy. Size 36" x 30". $400.00. Courtesy of the Kraushaar Galleries, where this painting is on exhibition.

Jane Loring

will be glad to help you in the selection of anything you may wish from the New York Art Galleries.

"A Home in the Wilderness." Print by Currier and Ives. 1870. One of a large collection of original lithographs covering every kind of print this firm produced. Particularly interesting in view of the modern demand for these decorative prints. Courtesy of The Old Print Shop, Inc.



"The Old Oak, Baskingridge." An etching by Louis Wolchonok. Size 13" x 10". $36.00. Courtesy of the Milch Galleries.

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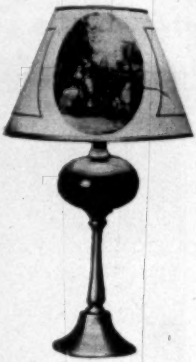
A BRIGHT SPOT FOR YOUR BEDROOM



This small colonial boudoir lamp with antique brass or pewter base has a colorful glass font, in amber, green, rose or brilliant cherry red. Attractive soft-toned shade. 14" high over all.

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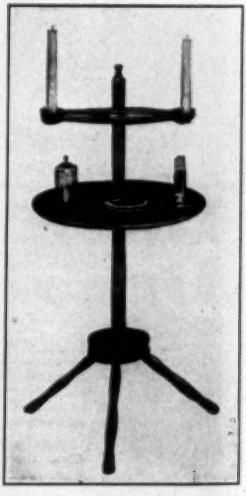
A COLONIAL urn oil lamp was the model for this lamp base, which we think has a fine simplicity and grace. Of metal, nicely finished in brush brass, English bronze or pewter, it has a shade of natural parchment, mottled, with a design of Colonial figures appliquéd in silver with touches of green, which would fit in with practically any decorative scheme. The lamp has 2 lights, is 25" high over all, with a 16" shade, and is especially priced for the February sale (effective Jan. 15) at $17.50 complete, a decided reduction from the original price. Express charges collect.

FOR cold nights, a quilt that combines comfort and beauty. Of fine quality satin, this one is two-toned, and may be had in any combination of pastel shades, with a silk corded edge. Filled with lamb's wool, in a standard size, $32.00. Express charges collect.

IN front of an easy chair or divan this attractive bench-shaped foot-stool is perfectly delightful. Made in a small Maine town which provides genuine Early American pieces as models, it is well made, of solid maple, all hand-rubbed and finely finished. 30" long x 10" wide x 8½" high. And only $7.25! Express charges collect. A really remarkable value.

THIS is an awfully nice chair, comfortable without being too lazy, and very good-looking. Of birch, it may be had finished in maple, walnut or mahogany, and comes covered in unbleached muslin or black chintz with a flower design (illustrated), for $35.00. Express charges collect. Upholstered in your own material it takes 3½ yards of 50 inch goods, or 4½ yards of 36 inch, and about 2 weeks. Samples will be sent for you to purchase from, if you prefer, but, while the upholstering (having the chair covered, that is) is included in the price, the black chintz mentioned is the only covering supplied by the shop without extra charge. The chair measures 31" high, 14" from seat to floor and 21" across.



A TRUE reproduction of a charming Early American piece is the Puritan candle stand, a quaint table which is unusually decorative, and useful as little occasional tables always are. Finely made and finished in Colonial maple (light) or Early American (dark), it stands 33" high, 15" in diameter, and comes complete with candles for $25.00. In a smaller size, 31" high and 12" in diameter, $19.00. Express charges collect.

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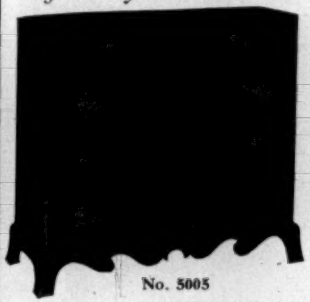

Colonial Chest of Drawers in style of Hepplewhite. Severely simple in design, bracket feet with shaped base. In Mahogany or Maple. Size: 40 in. deep, 18 in. wide, 38 in. high.

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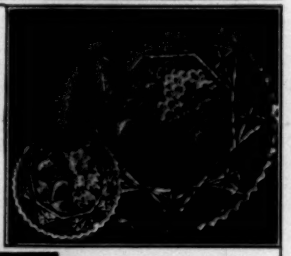

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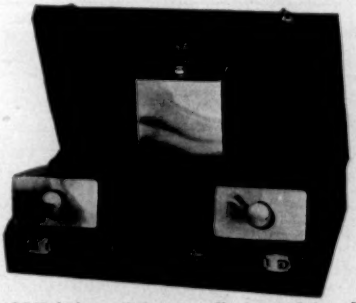
YOUR *Bon Voyage* wishes will be fittingly expressed if you send one of these famous Plumbridge baskets. A low, round, gilt basket, filled with 10 individual jars of preserves, heaped high with assorted stuffed fruits and topped with a large bunch of grapes and a bow of ribbon — it looks as delectable as it will prove to taste. $8.50 delivered to steamers leaving New York.



A REALLY de luxe gift for a traveller is one of these London tan cowhide cases, suede lined and containing English Britannia metal flasks — those absolutely safe containers for potable liquids. The cases are really very handsome and come with 3 one-bottle flasks, priced at $65; with 3 two-bottle flasks at $80.00; with 3 three-bottle flasks, $95.00; with 2 half-gallon flasks, $65.00; and with 2 one-gallon flasks, $90.00. Postpaid.

AN awfully nice sailing gift is a jar of fine caviar and a tin of crackers — it's easy to keep and serve in one's stateroom when friends drop in for an apéritif. Fresh Russian Beluga caviar, 1 lb. in glass, $12.00; ½ lb. jar, $6.00; ¼ lb. jar, $3.00. Caviar puffs, 75 cents a tin. Delivered anywhere in New York City. Postage additional elsewhere.

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Silver and Pewter

CRICHTON has designed two table lighters worthy of a place with your fine silver. Of sterling silver, and handmade by skilled craftsmen, the spirit lamp, in the form of a Roman lamp, measures 5½" long x 3½" high and is priced at $25.00. The automatic lighter is engine turned, stands 3⅜" high, and is priced at $45.00. In a plain finish the price is $35.00. All postpaid.

JUST Andersen designed this pewter dish for nuts or candy. As you doubtless know, all the Andersen pewter is handmade from original designs, has a silvery finish and does *not* tarnish. This little dish is very lovely, measures 5¼" in diameter and 1½" deep, and is prepaid at $5.00. Postpaid.

PAPER cutters of sterling silver, in three of Georg Jensen's original and beautiful designs. Hand-made, of course, and flat and firm as paper cutters should be. These small pieces of Jensen silver are not expensive, and they are the sort of thing you can hand down with your family heirlooms. The one at the left is priced at $10.00, the centre one at $8.00, and the one at the right at $8.50. All postpaid.

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A compact, portable sewing cabinet. Opens like a two-piece screen, revealing three rows of spindles for thread, a flat pin cushion, drop leaf shelf, and two troughs for material, etc. Flower, leaf and modernistic designs; frames, silver, red and blue. 30" high, 15" wide, 3" thin when closed. Each $12.75

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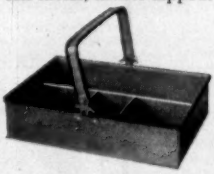

Maid's Cleaning Tray

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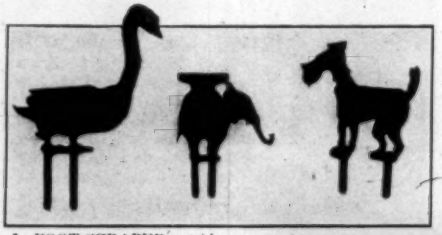
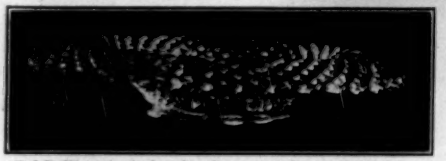
Jane Loring Shops for This and That



A FOOT-SCRAPER outside your entrance will prove a great saving to your floors and rugs, and these illustrated are decidedly decorative, despite their utilitarian purpose. They are of iron, hand-wrought, and are really most attractive. Duck, $8.50; elephant, $7.50; dog, $7.50. Express charges collect.

A NICE touch is given to the garden by these water faucets with Pliny Doves of Rome in lieu of the ordinary handles. Of solid brass, finely made in regulation size, they are priced at $8.00 each, postpaid, the lowest we have ever seen them. In addition to the two designs shown there are a bunny, a swan, an elephant and a chanticleer.



OLD Waterford glass has been copied to make this low, wide bowl of clear, sparkling crystal — lovely for flowers or fruit. 11″ diameter, $3.75. Express charges collect.

HERE is something really new and clever — the *electro-lens*, a magnifying reading glass which is illuminated by its own electric light bulb! When your reading requires magnifying it also requires illumination, and here you have the two cleverly combined. Its uses are legion, naturally; for consulting telephone directories, stock quotations, maps, etc., it is unexcelled. Complete with cord and standard electric attachment, $7.50. Postpaid.

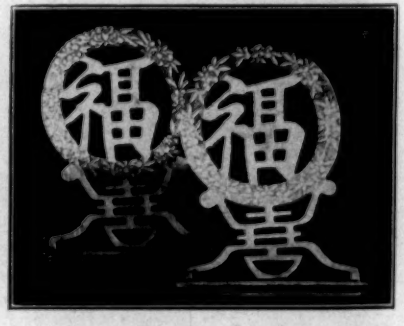
ANYTHING on these pages may be ordered through

Jane Loring

if you will send her your check. The names of the shops will gladly be given on request.

HAVE you an umbrella problem in your home? Here's the solution — the "On-A-Door" umbrella rack, which, fastened to the inside of a closet door at any desired height, neatly holds 8 umbrellas or canes. Really wonderfully convenient and a great aid to tidiness. It consists merely of two sections, 23¾″ wide, and will fit any closet door. In a variety of colors, red, blue, green or ivory, all antiqued, complete with the 4 screws necessary to install it, $3.75. Postpaid.

THE upper part of the design of these brass book-ends represents the Chinese symbol for "happiness," while the design below the circle means "long life." A good omen certainly, and something out of the ordinary. 6¼″ high, $3.25 a pair. Postpaid.



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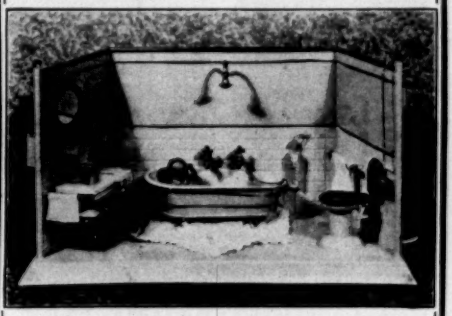
WHERE TO SHOP

THE *'Round the World* clock—doesn't it sound intriguing? The gilt dial is divided into 12 zones representing the important centres of the world. A centre dial revolves with the hour hand and you can tell at a glance the time in any of these zones. And it may be used all over the world! Directions come with it and we predict that it will prove just as entertaining and educational for parents as for children. In a red, blue or green leather case, 3" square, and guaranteed, the clock is priced at $5.00. Plus 25 cents for postage outside New York City.

FOR the "sick-abed" child, a sturdy bed table is a great comfort and this is such a cheerful and novel one. Of enamelled metal (good for hot dishes), it has sturdy spool legs that unscrew for storage, and safely set down in the tray, a water-well, a holder for paint brushes, pencils, or flowers, and a paste jar. At meal time drinking glasses replace the well and holder — isn't it a good idea? The tray measures 22" x 16" x 8" and comes in lovely colors, with a gay flower in the holder, for $8.00, plain, and $9.50, decorated. Express charges collect.

CAN you imagine anything cuter for a child's room than this wing chair and ottoman? There is also a diminutive chaise longue, and all are finely made of a hard wood which may be finished in maple, walnut or mahogany. The ones we photographed were upholstered in a charming green glazed chintz with a flower design, but you may have them done in your own material if you prefer. The chair, seat 10" high, is priced at $30.00; the stool, 10" high, 14" square, at $17.50, and the chaise longue, 36" long, sent 10" high, at $45.00. Express charges collect and there is also a crating charge.

PLAYTHINGS *from* MAYFAIR



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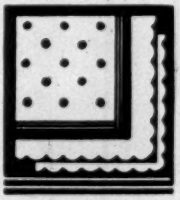

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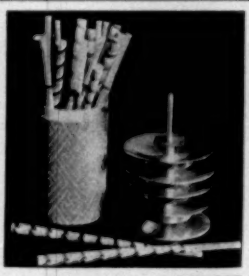

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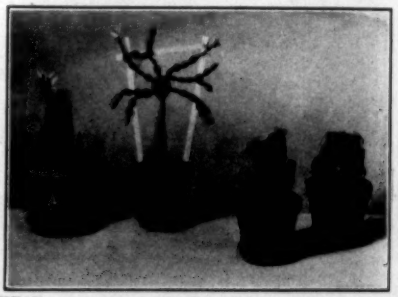
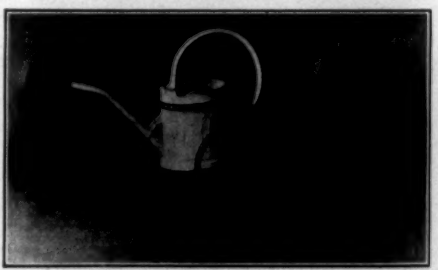
WRITE FOR WHOLESALE CATALOG

Jane Loring's Shopping Service

POTTERY bowls of green Japanese crackle ware come in three shapes, each with a carved teakwood stand, and are lovely for bulbs or flowers. There is the pie crust, the lily petal and the clover leaf and they are all 7″ in diameter and 3″ high. $5.00 each, including stand.



THESE attractive cacti in their little pots are of *blown glass* and are most unusual and decorative. The larger size, with the flower, is priced at $4.50, the other three styles are each $3.50—including the saucer. 25 cents should be added for postage outside New York City.



FOR your indoor garden, watering pots with a comfortable bow handle, a convenient long, tapering spout and a detachable spray. 2 qt. size, in gunmetal, $5.00; in metal enamelled white with a black band, $2.50. 1 pint size, for tiny pots of cactus, etc., without a spray but with the narrow spout, in blue, green or red, $2.00. 25 cents additional for postage outside New York City.

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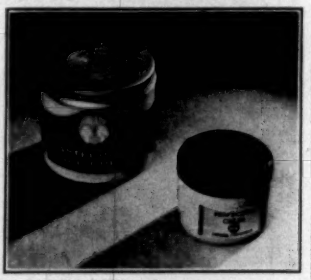
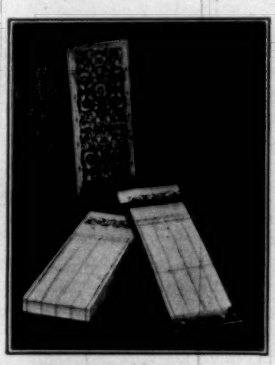
Of Feminine Interest

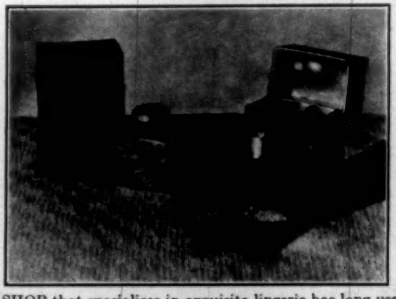


HELENA RUBINSTEIN offers two new creams for which we predict tremendous popularity. Pasteurized Face Cream Special is the famous Pasteurized Face Cream varied in formula to suit the special needs of the *dry* skin. It is a cleanser which is marvelously soothing and protecting as well, and the woman whose skin requires this special care will welcome it at such a reasonable price. 3 oz. jar, $1.00.

Youthifying Tissue Cream originated in Helena Rubinstein's London laboratory and has proven to be the most rapidly effective of all her nourishing creams. This is a real beauty blessing to the woman who wants just one cream in addition to her cleanser, and, marvel of marvels, it is for all types of skin. In a charming rose jar, $2.00, and so richly concentrated is this cream that a jar lasts a long time.



HERE'S a new bridge score pad about which we are most enthusiastic. It's of metal, gilt with a design in black, and is such a good size, 9½" x 3½" to be exact (so many score pads take up nearly half the table). And it comes with *loose* score sheets which slip into the holder at the top. Complete with fillers for 800 rubbers, $3.25. With a monogram on the sheets, $3.75. Postpaid.



A SHOP that specializes in exquisite lingerie has long used a special blend of sachet, and so many of their customers have asked to be allowed to buy it that they have finally consented. This exclusive blend of sachet — and matching perfume too — comes in stunning black glass bottles with fronts and tops of sterling silver, encased in cerise and black silk boxes and attractively tied up in black and white decorative paper. Realizing that the bottles will find a permanent place on one's dressing table, the shop will refill your bottles when they are empty. Sachet L'Éternité, in 1½ ounce bottle, $6.50; perfume, $18.00. Postpaid. Refills of sachet, $2.00; of perfume, $14.00.

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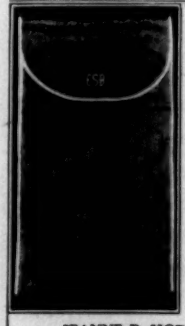

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LEISURELY Sunday breakfasts and informal suppers are suggested by a waffle set of Italian pottery in the colorful Raffaelesque pattern. The pitcher for batter is priced at $3.75, the syrup pitcher at $1.95, and the plates at $1.50 each. Express charges collect.

THE modern hostess finds coasters for glasses quite indispensable, if she has any desire to keep her furniture free from rings. Here is an unusually attractive set, of Japanese hand-carved Kerri wood, a dark brown, light-weight wood, — 12 coasters in a box 3" high x 3½" in diameter, and all for $1.75. Postpaid.

SCOTTIES, Wire Haired Terriers, Seelyhams, Bulls, Pekingese — all in natural colors and permanently fired into glass to make the most appealing cocktail glasses imaginable. The glasses have heavy bottoms with gold rims and are 3" high. $1.00 each, or $10.00 per dozen, all of one kind or with an assortment of dogs. Express charges collect.

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AMONG THE NEW BOOKS

By HARRY HANSEN

Literary Editor of the New York World

NO SOONER do we hang up a new calendar than we suddenly become aware of a wholly new list of books and of the beaming faces of countless new authors whom we never missed in the fall deluge. The world of books looks ahead with unfailing optimism, revealing its wares in the most alluring manner. It is difficult to generalize because the list is so varied, but it seems that January has brought us fewer biographies, and fewer books about the War, whereas there is an increase in novels with colorful historical or romantic backgrounds. But that we shall ever return to the purely costume novel of thirty years ago—in which men and women were little less than clothes-horses—seems unlikely in this wide-awake age.

A Cultural History of the Modern Age, which is now being issued in Germany by Egon Friedell, will be published in the United States by Alfred A. Knopf in a translation by Charles Francis Atkinson. The first volume, ready this month, deals with the Renaissance and the Reformation, from the Black Death to the Thirty Years' War. Friedell's ambition is to present a survey of Western civilization by estimating the historical forces that have brought the European soul to the present pass. Although this work has been described as having an importance second only to that of Spengler's *Decline of the West*, it is much easier for the lay reader, for the style reminds one of the writings of H. G. Wells.

A great many new novels have reached me, but comment must be limited to their title, authorship, and subject-matter; for obviously no one reviewer can read them all. It will suffice to indicate what new and old favorites have again prepared books for their public.

Jo van Ammers-Kuller, the Dutch novelist, has proved the evenness of her writing in two books, of which *The Rebel Generation* was an excellent study of mothers and daughters under changing conditions in Holland; her new book is called *Tantalus*. (E. P. Dutton & Co.) Katharine Brush, author of most effective short stories of metropolitan life, has written a full-length novel about two members of the younger generation, *Young Man of Manhattan*. (Farrar & Rinehart.) The love story of Elizabeth Barrett and Robert Browning has been woven into a historical novel called *Miss Barrett's Elopement*, by Carola Oman. (Henry Holt and Company.) Cornelia James Cannon, who wrote *Red Rust*, a story of the wheat lands and the Swedish immigrants of Minnesota a few years ago, has completed the tale of readjustments between natives and aliens in a New England mill town, called *Heirs*. (Little, Brown & Co.) Harvey Fergusson has written some meaty books about the early days in the Southwest, and his new work, *Footloose McGarnigal*, carries on the historical development of the Southwest begun in *Wolf Song* and *In Those Days*. (Alfred A. Knopf.) *False Spring* is a new novel of readjustments in English family life by Beatrice Kean Seymour, who wrote *Invisible Tides*. (Alfred A. Knopf.)

"HERE'S TO BROADWAY"

The great days that have sent thrills down the spine of New York City are

Among the New Books

rehearsed in dramatic fashion in *Here's to Broadway*. New York never quite gets tired of Broadway, although Fifth Avenue frequently shares its heroes and processions. Edward T. Perine has recorded the incidents, grave and gay, surrounding such events as the coming of Jenny Lind, the funeral of Lincoln, the placing of Grant's body in the great tomb on Riverside Drive, the Hudson-Fulton celebration, the first coming of Lafayette and his historic return as an old man, the cheering for Joffre, the hilarity of Armistice Day, finally the paper snowstorm that greeted Charles A. Lindbergh. Many famous landmarks have tottered with the years, but Broadway is still the most interesting highway in the nation's most remarkable town. (Putnam.)

L. A. G. STRONG
Author of "Dewer Rides"

"AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AMERICA"

American history is rich in autobiographical records. Mark Van Doren has made extracts from the best of these and produced an anthology that will be delightful reading to all who enjoy biography. For autobiography is just another way of assimilating history by way of personal experience. This compact book of over seven hundred pages, called *An Autobiography of America*, contains chapters from the writings of Capt. John Smith, William Bradford, William Byrd of Virginia, Thomas Jefferson, Abigail Adams; in it P. T. Barnum tells how he got his start; Peter Cartwright describes his preaching in the West; William Herndon sets down his impressions of Abraham Lincoln; Mark Twain writes of his pilot and Nevada days; Mrs. Roger A. Pryor tells of the woman's side of the Confederacy; finally we come down to our own age and the testimonies of Henry Adams, Ward McAllister, Michael Pupin, Hamlin Garland, Brand Whitlock, Jack London, and others.

Mr. Van Doren has tried to show how American life has changed through the centuries; and East and West have opened their treasuries to him.

Although many of the books that he quotes are widely distributed (nearly everyone in America at one time bought the autobiography of P. T. Barnum), no one has time, in this age, to read all the autobiographies through; hence this anthology serves a most practical purpose. (A. and C. Boni.)

CASANOVA

The eighteenth-century profligate, Casanova, whose writings are usually hawked around at preposterous prices because of their amorous content, is coming into his own as a historical character. A many-sided charlatan, he reflects the rococo spirit of his age. *Casanova: His Known and Unknown Life*, by S. Guy Endore, proves what an exciting character he remains after all these years. The author has not only followed Casanova's life as it was related by him in his famous memoirs, but has delved into commentaries and set forth what tales are genuine, and what anecdotes were invented or elaborated by Casanova. The old boy was a prodigious liar, but he lied so well, and so entertainingly, that he can be forgiven many a whopper. No doubt he was a lady-killer in his younger years, but as time went on he became a spy, a card-sharper, a gambler, and a man who exploited women in order to get their savings. One of the famous anecdotes of his memoirs deals with his escape from the "Leads," the ancient prison of Venice, in which he had been incarcerated after being found guilty of slandering religion. Mr. Endore has found this episode accurate in practically every particular. The story of his visit to Voltaire is another of his fascinating chapters, but practically no collateral evidence has been

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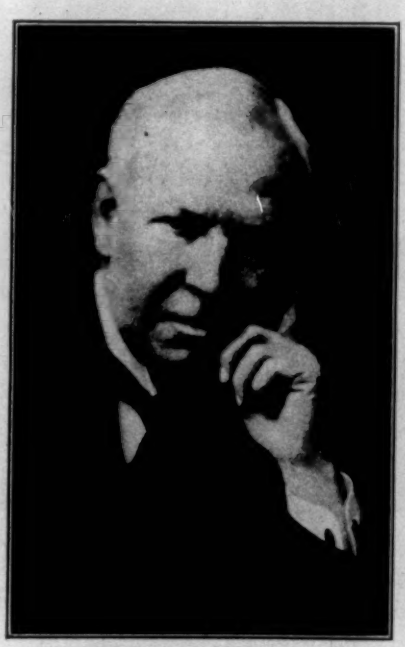
discovered to verify it. If it is an invention, it shows how carefully Casanova built up his evidence, for everything Voltaire said was in character, and some of it may be found in his later writings. This book is published by the John Day Company.

The revival of interest in Casanova—or rather the recognition of his existence by a world of respectability which pretended to ignore him for a century—has led to various publications dealing with his work. The Modern Library has lately issued *The Memoirs of Casanova* edited by Madeleine Boyd, with an introduction by Ernest Boyd. Another large work, revealing papers discovered in the castle where Casanova was librarian in his later years, is projected for publication next year by Covici-Friede. Casanova was librarian at the Castle of Dux, Bohemia. When this castle was sold to the city by Count Waldstein upon the formation of the Czech republic the library was removed to Hirschberg, together with its Casanova manuscripts and autographs.



G. ELLIOT SMITH
Author of "Human History"

"FRANCES NEWMAN'S LETTERS"

No frankly controversial letters, expressing opinions without fear or favor, have been printed in recent years. The book called *Frances Newman's Letters* makes up for this lack and will prove of intense interest to contemporary writers. Frances Newman, best-known for her book *The Hard-Boiled Virgin*, was a librarian in Atlanta, Ga., who became, in the course of a few years, one of the most promising young woman writers of the country. Her literary judgments were definite and original, and she made no bones about her private opinions. Under a hard and sophisticated veneer with which she faced the world she concealed a sensitive woman who was interested in her contemporaries. Her attitude toward writing has been stated aptly by James Branch Cabell, who provides an illuminating introduction. She was contemptuous of all stilted writing and worshipped originality. Cabell says that "upon every hand [she] acquired enemies with a pertinacity and a large unreason which I have not before nor since observed in any other human living. . . . It can best be described by saying that among the wild tribes who barter printed words for bread and beverages, her book reviews had very soon acquired for her such cherishing as men accord to the rattlesnake." Yet Mr. Cabell found that she loved good literature and had a fine appreciation of it. The letters have been edited by Hansell Baugh. He has included whatever Miss Newman happened to be talking about to Mr. Cabell, H. L. Mencken, Compton Mackenzie, and more casual correspondents and it covers the last ten years of American literary life. As Miss Newman was everywhere in the thick of things, there is nothing of ancient date in her discussions. She passes frank judgment on Mr. Cabell himself, on F. Scott Fitzgerald, Guy Holt, Burton Rascoe, Thornton Wilder, H. S. Canby, Ellen Glasgow, Julia Peterkin, Edwin Arlington Robinson, and many others; she tells about her reviewing, her controversies with editors, her delight in contacts with other writers. She approved *The Cabala* and praised it profusely, but in her judgment Thornton Wilder was less sure of himself in *The Bridge of San Luis Rey* and made a weak ending. Miss Newman wrote three books and edited the stories of Jules Laforgue. She died in October, 1928. As Mr. Cabell writes, no one can say just how much was lost to American letters by her premature

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Count Harry Kessler

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Harry Field. $3.50

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Edmund Blunden. $1.25

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the author of WILLIAM COWPER. Probably, $3.75

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"I should not be surprised," one English critic comments, "if dozens of young women fly off to Paris to find themselves French husbands after reading it." This novel about a young French son-in-law visiting his nouveau-riche English relations may prove that a Frenchman in pajamas is not always as dangerous as an Englishman in the dark. $2.50

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Martin Armstrong
author of ALL IN A DAY

"Small wonder that this book has earned the unstinted praise of English critics," says the *Philadelphia Inquirer*. "Martin Armstrong's literary craftsmanship leaves nothing to be desired... Quietly told, a slowly increasing tempo of suppressed emotion rises to dramatic heights as the story is unfolded ...a rarely beautiful novel." $2.50

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Among the New Books

death, but he believes that in another five years she would have stood supreme among the woman writers of America. Her literary essays were "corrosive and sparkling," and those qualities are rarely found in American writing. (Horace Liveright.)

WALT WHITMAN'S MEMOIRS

Walt Whitman had a pretty high opinion of himself, but if I read aright in a new book of personal memoirs of the poet just written by one of the men who knew him those last years in Camden, N. J., he never became as serious as those who echoed his moods without his humor. The newest addition to Whitman memorabilia is called *Walt Whitman* and has been set down by Harrison S. Morris, who was one of the younger appreciators of Whitman forty years ago. It has just been published by the Harvard University Press.

W. R. BURNETT
Author of "Iron Man" and "Little Cæsar"

Mr. Morris has not limited his study to anecdotes but has endeavored to present a well-rounded sketch of Whitman, together with an interpretation of his poetry. But his contribution to the store of Whitman knowledge will be in the memoirs—in the notes he took of what Whitman, Traubel, Ingersoll, Bucke, and others said and did in the little house in Mickle Street. Mr. Morris thought the circle needed the observing eye of Charles Lamb, who alone could have done justice to it. The men around Whitman often failed to appreciate the exceedingly human side of the "Good Gray." This is the second volume on Whitman published recently by the Harvard University Press. The other, *Walt Whitman's Workshop*, was a collection of unpublished manuscripts. Recently the Limited Editions Club has offered an unusually fine reprinting of *Leaves of Grass* in an edition of 1,500 copies. It was designed by Frederic Warde and printed by William Edwin Rudge. There is reproduced the Whitman portrait by Frank Pearsall, and the original preface of 1855 together with the full first edition of the *Leaves*. An introductory memoir by Carolyn Wells is also published. This is easily one of the best-printed books of the year.

EMIL LUDWIG'S "DIANA"

When Emil Ludwig turns to the novel to express his exuberant vitality he writes as fluently and engagingly as when he attempts biography and criticism. Proof of this is *Diana*, originally issued ten years ago in Germany, now published in two volumes in a translation by Eden and Cedar Paul by the Viking Press. It is the customary German theme of the pursuit of a bewitching but aloof young woman by a group of men, one of them the heir to a principality. The Germans, no less than the Americans, love their Graustarks.

As a novel it is a competent but not original performance, dealing with smart conversation and smart people. They are cultured and traveled, and they can talk glibly on many themes. The opera, archæological excavations, Italian art, mineralogy, Beethoven, Phidias, Rousseau, Karl Marx, and numberless other subjects embellish their casual remarks and provide them with simile and metaphor. Venice, Berlin, the Adriatic, and the Ægean are painted unobtrusively on the back drops. Pursuit of woman is the theme, but a sophisticated pursuit in a sophisticated world.

Like a lovely nymph, Diana hovers on the scene, distracting her group of admirers, who suffer all the usual pangs of love and jealousy. Old and young are at her feet; prince and democrat vie for her favors. Diana is not necessarily cold, but calculating; she is in love, first of all, with liberty. When she finally capitulates it is in full possession of the situation, a sacrifice which, at twenty-seven, is wholly to her advantage. Round about her is a world of light talk

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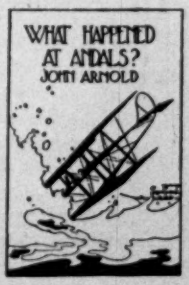

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"SHADOWS OF MEN"

There are times when Jim Tully writes prose with a punch that has no equal in this soft and parasitic world. Now and then he visits a prison or a prize fight, and the result is a mingling of fine reporting and effective drama. His new book, *Shadows of Men* (Doubleday, Doran), contains a number of unforgettable sketches. The best of these, to my way of thinking, is that remarkable story of a hanging in San Quentin penitentiary, in California, with which the book closes. It is not only reporting (Jim Tully remarks that he was sent to write about it for H. L. Mencken); it is of the essence of drama. "Jailbirds" is another successful sketch; "Waiting To Be Hung" also reveals the forlorn state of those who live behind the big walls. A great many of Tully's sketches are thrown into autobiographical form and suggest experiences lived on the road and characters met among the "beggars of life." "Vagabonds and Thieves," "Jungle Justice," "Bull Horrors" are among this number. The drawings by William Gropper verge on caricature, but are highly effective. Tully opens his book with a group of quotations from Nietzsche, beginning with "Distrust all in whom the impulse to punish is powerful"; and although his toughs are tough and his criminals often act the part, the reader can feel little sympathy for the way humanity safeguards itself against those that break the rules.

A BIOGRAPHY OF ROBERT E. LEE

Marse Robert: Knight of the Confederacy, by James C. Young, is a laudatory biography of Robert E. Lee, stressing all his best qualities as soldier and man. It is written without rancor and, although it reveals Lee's superiority over his opponents in conserving his men, it does not disparage the abilities of Grant. The whole Lee story is taken into consideration, beginning with the earliest Lees, and studying Lee's state of mind at Arlington, before Virginia seceded from the Union. The author has investigated his subject in public and private libraries, as well as among the documents of the Congressional Library and the Confederate war museum. (Rae D. Henkle Co.)

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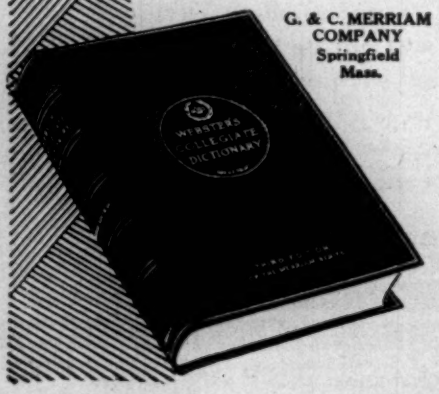
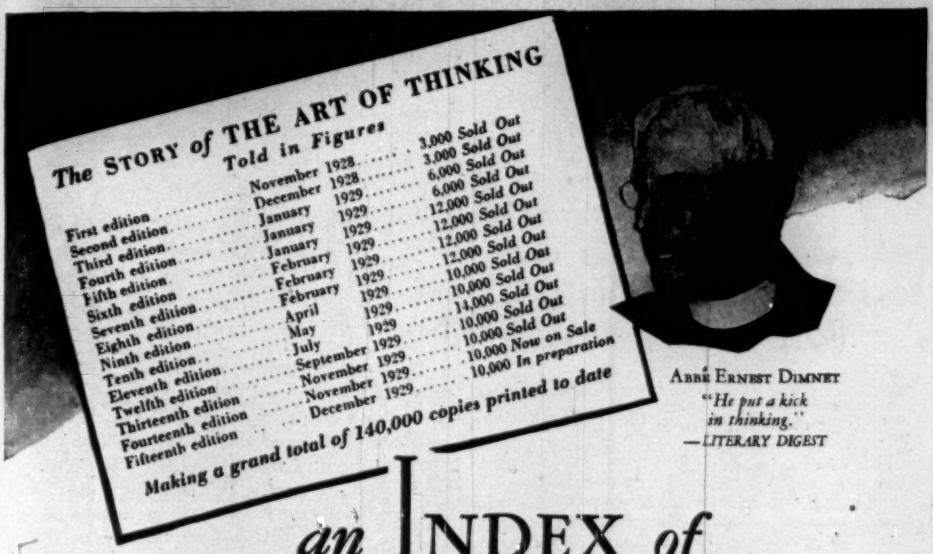


the nation can be seen when the roster of her famous sons is called. *The Virginia Plutarch* is a two-volume work containing biographical sketches of men who have played an important part in the history of this land, prepared by Philip Alexander Bruce, of the Virginia Historical Society and published by the University of North Carolina Press. The author explains that Virginia's wealth in human leaders was so great that he had to omit some of them. He begins with Powhatan, and ends with Dr. Walter Reed—in between are all the great figures of Colonial, Revolutionary and Civil War times: Washington, Patrick Henry, Mason, George Rogers Clark, James Madison, Thomas Jefferson, John Marshall, John Randolph of Roanoke, John Tyler, Winfield Scott, Poe, Lee, Stonewall Jackson, J. E. B. Stuart, and Woodrow Wilson. Although the record comes down to our day with the chronicles of Reed and Wilson, there is a big gap separating these two and General Stuart—rather a pitiful confession of the time it took to overcome the evils of the reconstruction period. Each of the sketches is a survey of a man's life, after the manner of Plutarch; the author's viewpoint is charitable. He has tried to tell a running story of important deeds in the history of Virginia, rather than given a series of detached sketches.

"THE VOICE OF FREEDOM"

The voice of Henry W. Nevinson has often been lifted in the cause of humanity, and his writings on political liberation are among the best passages in modern English journalism. Every student of affairs such as he carries about with him certain fundamental expressions of belief, a creed written down through the centuries by fighters for freedom. *The Voice of Freedom*, which is published with his name as editor, is a compilation of such expressions, an anthology of liberty made up from writings of liberals. Although a thorough democrat, Nevinson is aware that pure democracy is impossible, but he thinks we have come closer to the principle of "What touches all must be approved by all" in our age than ever before. But there can be no "interlude for victorious satisfaction," for the battle for freedom must be fought continuously—"the enemy stealthily reappears after every defeat and his encroachments are perpetually renewed." The extracts in this anthology are not hackneyed through long repetition. They run all the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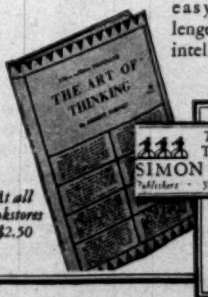

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way from Ruskin to Emmeline Pankhurst, from Hume and Shelley to Bernard Shaw, and remind us what a long and hard battle has been fought through the ages for human rights. (E. P. Dutton & Co.)

"CORONET"

Many books of the last few years have challenged, mystified and confused the average reader, but *Coronet*, by Manuel Komroff, is a tale of another color. It will satisfy the craving of the man who wants a full-bodied tale, a story that marches forward through a long series of scenes and actions and poses no uncomfortable questions. *Coronet* is such a book. It is a return to straightforward story-telling. It is the story of an idea. Komroff contemplates nobility and aristocracy, what it is and how it grows. Ever and again it renews itself from the soil, like a great tree which sends its roots down into the dark, moist earth. Nobility is a goad to ambition and an incentive to cultural works. Thus the coronet symbolizes the flowering of aristocracy, but it rarely remains long in one place. We follow it from the day when it was made by a goldsmith in Florence of the Renaissance to adorn the brow of a Count of Senlis. Already the apprentice is challenging the master, and by the lowliest of trades becomes powerful and important enough to rise into the place of the aristocrat. In the succeeding centuries comes the rise of the military caste, the coming of the petit bourgeois, the disturbing force of new ideas, finally the end of the cycle, when the coronet serves again to dazzle the inhabitants of the new world, as the man who now bears the title of Count of Senlis comes to Chicago to wed the daughter of a pork packer. Throughout the story runs emphasis on the fact that the living cannot carry the dead, that dead things must yield to the living. Men who seize power attempt to hold it by brute force, but even that is of no avail. A large part of the story is based upon the Napoleonic campaign against Russia of 1812 and the subsequent retreat. This has been a great theme for novelists, and holds perennial interest for the reader. Mr. Komroff has leaned heavily on the details of this retreat for the most effective chapters of his book. *Coronet* abounds in incident and episode; talk is subordinated to action, and a host of characters move about in it. Despite these many characters and scenes, Mr. Komroff has kept his narrative flowing

"He apprehends what is behind the masks human beings wear"

E WORLD: DECEMBER 18, 1926

The First Reader

By Harry Hansen

"The publication of *Yama: The Pit*, by Alexandre Kuprin, in its first complete English translation ten years or more after Europe has been reading it in millions of copies is another commentary on the time it takes to present important foreign authors to the American public . . . .

"Alexandre Kuprin has been recognized for years as a great figure in Russian prose . . . . *Yama* is a big, well-rounded story, but its subject-matter may have made publishers wary . . . .

"Kuprin is a realist with no squeamishness at depicting the more sordid phases of existence, but whose intuitive sympathy with human beings makes him confident that to know all is to forgive all. His powers of characterization are remarkable: he apprehends what is behind the masks human beings wear and portrays them with merciless truth. Fifteen years ago, when Americans were hot in pursuit of white slavery, the prostitute became a familiar figure in English and American fiction and the illegal house was often the scene of the story. Today its routine is too old to capture attention. This is fortunate, for it concentrates interest on Kuprin's fine command of the writing art. Interested in every phase of life, he has sympathy for all human beings who are caught in the dire clutch of circumstance . . . .

"Over 100,000 copies of the French translation of this book have been sold in France. The new translation by Guerney bears a foreword by Arthur Garfield Hays and an illuminating introduction from the pen of the translator."
—Harry Hansen in *The World*.

TAMARA

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HORIZON

"All the shady world—the proprietresses of brothels, cocottes solitaires, go-betweens, madams of houses of assignation, souteneurs, touring actresses and chorus girls—was as familiar to him as the starry sky to an astronomer. His amazing memory, which permitted him prudently to avoid notebooks, held in mind thousands of names, family names, nicknames, addresses, characteristics. . . ."

JENNIE

"He distinguished her from the rest of the girls and almost respected her for her abrupt, refractory, and impudently mocking character. And now by her flaming, splendid eyes, by the vividly and unevenly glowing unhealthy red of her cheeks, by the much bitten parched lips he felt that her great, long ripening rancour was heavily surging within the girl and suffocating her. . . ."

PLATONOV

"I am a vagabond and am passionately in love with life. I have been a turner, a compositor; I have sailed as a stoker on the Azov Sea, have been a fisherman on the Black; I have loaded watermelons and bricks on the Dnieper, have ridden with a circus, have been an actor. And never did need drive me. No, only an immeasurable thirst for life and an insupportable curiosity. By God, I would like for a few days to become a horse, a plant, or a fish, or to be a woman and experience childbirth; I would like to live with the inner life, and to look upon the universe with the eyes of every human being I meet. . . ."

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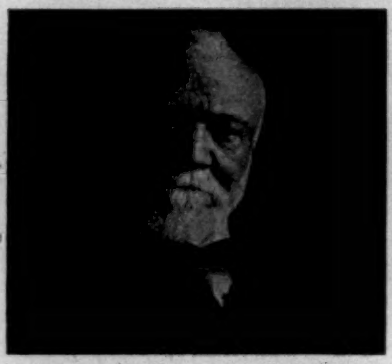

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in a steady stream, so that there is no confusion. His novel is episodic and no attempt is made to fill it with local color for its own sake—the historical scenes are back drops, against which the human actors play their parts. The prose also does not reproduce peculiarities of dialogue nor is it interlarded with foreign words. The result is a book that holds the reader fascinated to the end. (Coward-McCann.)

"MAGIC SPADES"

Every season ships from the Near East bring for the museums of American universities antiquities dug up by scientific expeditions. The story of these discoveries is filled with historical interest, with romance, and adventure. Since the opening of the tomb of Tutankhamen readers have had their appetites whetted for tales of new diggings. *Magic Spades: the Romance of Archæology* gives a comprehensive survey of discoveries all over the globe in a readable, entertaining manner, free from scientific nomenclature. Yet the book is not a hasty rewriting of formal reports but has been carefully drawn up by R. V. D. Magoffin, president of the Archæological Institute of America, and Emily C. Davis of Science Service. Richly embellished with photographs, it tells the tales of countless authentic records and objects of art recovered from the soil in which they have been preserved for thousands of years. From Ur, which was old before the days of Abraham, to Pompeii, which seems almost contemporary when compared with early Egypt, this book draws historical secrets; the reader may become acquainted with what has been found in Visby, far in the northland, and in Crete, under the warm skies of the south; even our Southwest is represented, and new chapters of American history are being dug out of the ruins of Mound Builders and Mayas. *Magic Spades* is heartily recommended to those who find history and archæology fascinating. (Henry Holt & Co.)

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James M. Cain has written a book that is both satirical and educational. It is called *Our Government* and is meant to tell the average man how his government actually functions. In his preface Mr. Cain outlines his serious purpose; he is a student of politics, but he is also a satirist who uses ridicule to bring home his meaning. In describing Congress he has made use of an effective

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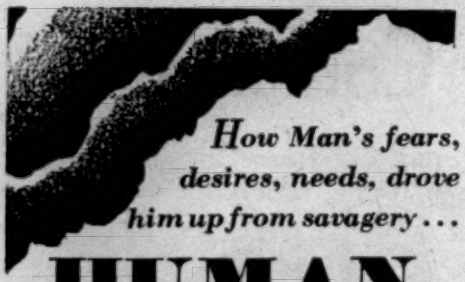

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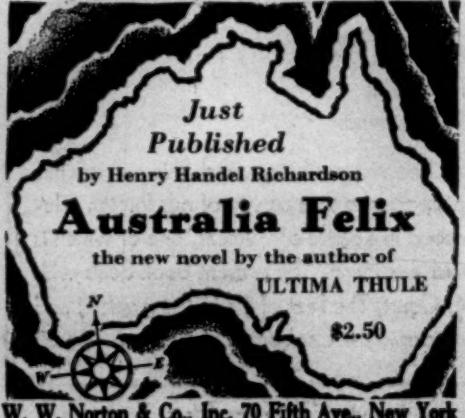

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trick; he has taken an extract from the *Congressional Record* without further comment, and it provides one of the most ludicrous episodes in the book. Senator Heflin is in action. The other sketches are reconstructed from observation and imagination The governor of a state is shown badly befuddled by drink, trying to hear a petition for pardon; the educational committee of a state legislature is considering an anti-evolution bill, and has great difficulty making a moronic member understand what it's all about; the jury, after surviving a deluge of oratory from the prosecutor, and a confusing rigmarole from the bench, gets completely upset upon learning that one of its members is about to join the Ku Klux Klan and, waiving the evidence, becomes immediately apologetic and cringing—and so on. County commissioners, sheriff, and school principal appear in the most unenviable guises; finally Mr. Cain describes the muddleheadedness of the military on the basis of a personal experience, presenting actual names and dates. Thus the book becomes a rather remarkable exposition of the worst phases of popular government. This, according to the author, is how we are governed; and one has only to turn to the daily newspapers to realize that he is not far from the truth. (Alfred A. Knopf.)

"BITTER SWEET"

A book of three plays by Noel Coward, *Bitter Sweet and Other Plays*, comes from Horace Liveright with an introduction by W. Somerset Maugham. The plays are "Easy Virtue," "Hayfever," and "Bitter Sweet." Mr. Maugham regards Mr. Coward as a writer of vivid and natural dialogue, and then wonders whether natural talk on the stage accurately reflects the speech of the average man who has become literary and affected. "Bitter Sweet" is a play with music, now enjoying a run in London and New York. Musical plays are rarely printed in book form, but "Bitter Sweet" has a more logical story than most, and its dialogue develops a story.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES

Again we are asked to locate the author and title of a poem with which we are unfamiliar. If any of our readers can supply this information we shall be very grateful. We quote the few lines sent to us by Miss Alice Curtis, Bradenton, Fla., uncertain as to whether or not this is the complete poem or only part of it. The lines follow:

Among the New Books

O! Iron nerve to true occasion, true;
O, fall'n at length, that tower of strength
Which stood four square to all the winds that blew.

So far we have not been able to find any listing of either the publisher or the publication date of *Bride To Be* by Herbert Stathart. Thus again we appeal to our other readers. We shall be pleased to hear from anyone who can give us further information. The request for this book comes from Hester Baker Hedrick, Northville, Mich. . . . Mr. J. Thomas Newsome, Newport News, Va., has a difficult time locating the publishers of books which he is desirous of owning after he has read reviews of them. We suggest that he get in touch with *The Publishers Weekly*, 62 West 45th St., New York City. This periodical gives all the latest books and authors with their publishers and prices. Our correspondent wishes to know also the publisher and price of *The Dissenting Opinion of Mr. Justice Holmes* by A. Lief. This book is put out by the Vanguard Press, 100 Fifth Ave., New York City, and is sold for $4.50. . . . This month we have two letters from France. Mlle. Lucie Mantoy, St. Jean d'Aulph, France, writes to ask about the owner of the copyright on the book *Typee* by Herman Melville. As Mlle. Mantoy wishes to translate this book, she wants to know from whom she is to get permission to carry out this desire. This book has several publishers and is out of copyright, so that Mlle. Mantoy has no need to write to anyone, but can proceed to put this very fine book into French. Our other letter from France comes from M. Jacques Lohest, Cappelle-au-Bois. The information which he requests is rather difficult to give, as there seems to be no book which adequately answers his question. He wants a dictionary or book which will explain the meaning of phrases and expressions (not especially slang expressions) which are current in America and are used by our writers in magazine articles, etc. There seems to be no book of this kind. For the American definition of words we suggest that he use *Webster's Collegiate Dictionary*. This is published by the Merriam Co., Springfield, Mass. It comes in three bindings, cloth at $5.00, Fabrikoid at $6.00, leather at $7.50. Perhaps this dictionary will help him a little in understanding the meaning of certain words as used in America. . . . Once more we have a letter from Mr. Paul Miller, Rolla, N. Dak. This time he wants to know the address of Miss Jacqueline Overton, the

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writer of *Long Island's Story*, in order to learn the authenticity of her information, whether it be legend or fact. The only way we know of locating Miss Overton is through her publisher, Doubleday, Doran Co., Garden City, N. Y. This firm will forward any letter to its authors. . . . From Youngstown, Ohio, Mrs. W. J. N. Lesher writes to tell of some fine old books which are in her possession. She wants to know whether or not there is any value to them from the collector's point of view. We suggest that she write, giving exact descriptions, to The Old Corner Book Store, Boston, Mass., to Lauriat's Book Store, Washington Street, Boston, Mass., or to Dauber and Pine Bookshops, Inc., 66 Fifth Ave., New York City. These shops deal in rare books and will give any information desired by our correspondent. . . . We believe that any of the following books will answer John Stewart's (New York City) problem and help him through his difficulties. These are: *Roget's Treasury of Words* edited by Mawson and Whiting, which sells for $1.00 without the index and for $1.50 with the index; *Roget's Thesaurus of English Words and Phrases* edited by Sylvester and Mawson, selling for $3.00 without the index and $3.50 with index. These are both published by T. Y. Crowell Co., 393 Fourth Ave., New York City. There is also *Morrow's Word Finder* edited by Paul D. Hugon, the Wm. Morrow Co., 386 Fourth Ave., New York City. The first book listed, *Roget's Treasury of Words*, is a small book, and all three are simple and easy in the matter of arrangement, especially the indexed editions. The price of *Morrow's Word Finder* is $4.00. . . . The well-known story *The Cricket on the Hearth* is by Charles Dickens and, while it is essentially a Christmas story, like everything of Dickens, is good reading any day of the year. This can be found in the Christmas Books of Charles Dickens in the Nelson Century Library, published in two bindings, limp leather, maroon in color, at $2.50 and black morocco at $3.00. There is also an illustrated edition of this book, containing no other story, put out by Harper and Brothers, New York City, which sells for $2.50. This information is requested by Mrs. Hannah Long, Bangor, Me. . . . Another request for the publisher and price of a book comes from J. W. McWhorter, Winder, Ga. The title of the book is *Man's Social Destiny* by Prof. Charles A. Elwood of the University of Missouri. Cokesbury Press, 810 Broadway,

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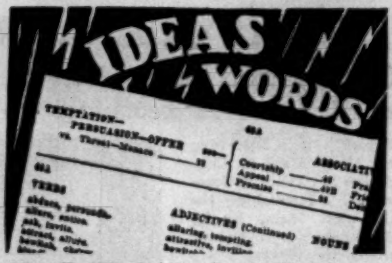

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Nashville, Tenn., is the publisher and the book sells for $2.00. . . . The new book called *The Christopher Robin Story Book* recently published by E. P. Dutton Co., 300 Fourth Ave., New York City, is not a new book of stories about Christopher Robin and all his friends, written by A. A. Milne, but selections of stories and poems from the four original books: *When We Were Very Young*, and *Now We Are Six*, the two books of poetry; and *Winnie the Pooh* and *The House at Pooh Corner*. Dutton is the publisher of all the books, and the price is $2.00 each. Mrs. Philip Armstrong, Chicago, Ill., wrote for this information. . . . Some months ago Florence Foster, Foster, Ala., wrote asking where she could find an edition of *Edwin Drood* by Charles Dickens as finished by Wilkie Collins. As we were unable to locate a listing of this edition, we assumed that it was out of print or that all the editions of *Edwin Drood* had the Wilkie Collins' ending. Like many other people, we have grown up with the idea that there was an edition finished by Wilkie Collins of this last work of Dickens. Our correspondent has written to tell us that none of the editions is published complete, but as Dickens left it, an unfinished manuscript. This aroused our interest and, as our correspondent begged us to locate a copy of the Wilkie Collins' edition, we went deeply into our search for the original publisher of this book. What has been our surprise to learn, at the end of a long and careful search in which we were aided by several librarians (who, like us, had always assumed that there was such a book), that there is no listing of any such edition. In one authority it goes so far as to state that the finishing of this story was wrongly attributed to Wilkie Collins, and we find at least three other names of men who finished it in their own way, but his name is not among them. There seems to be a clue in the following statement to the reason why it was to Wilkie Collins the ending of this story was attributed. "Before the completion of *The Mystery of Edwin Drood* Dickens died at his home. . . . But six numbers of this last work appeared in periodical form. Its author left no notes of what was to follow and the *Mystery* has never been solved. Mr. Charles *Collins*, Dickens' son-in-law, however, in a private letter to Mr. Augustin Daly of New York, who had proposed to dramatize the tale, gave a general outline of the scheme for *Edwin Drood*. 'The

titular character,' he said, 'was never to reappear, he having been murdered by Jasper. The girl, Rose, not having been really attached to Edwin, was not to lament his loss very long, and was, I believe, to admit the sailor, Mr. Tartar, to supply his place. It was intended that Jasper should urge on the search after Edwin, and the pursuit of the murderer, thus endeavoring to divert suspicion from himself, the real murderer. As to anything further, it would be purely conjectural.' . . ." This account is taken from A Library of the World's Best Literature, Ancient and Modern, edited by Charles Dudley Warner and other associate editors. It is to be found in Volume 11. This set of books is published by The International Society. Thus we are unable to locate a copy of *The Mystery of Edwin Drood* as finished by Wilkie Collins, as apparently there is none. It is a mystery how this idea came about, unless it is solved in the coincidence that Dickens' son-in-law was named Collins.

JOSEPH CONRAD

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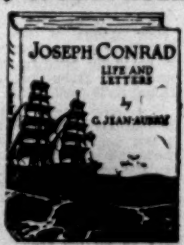

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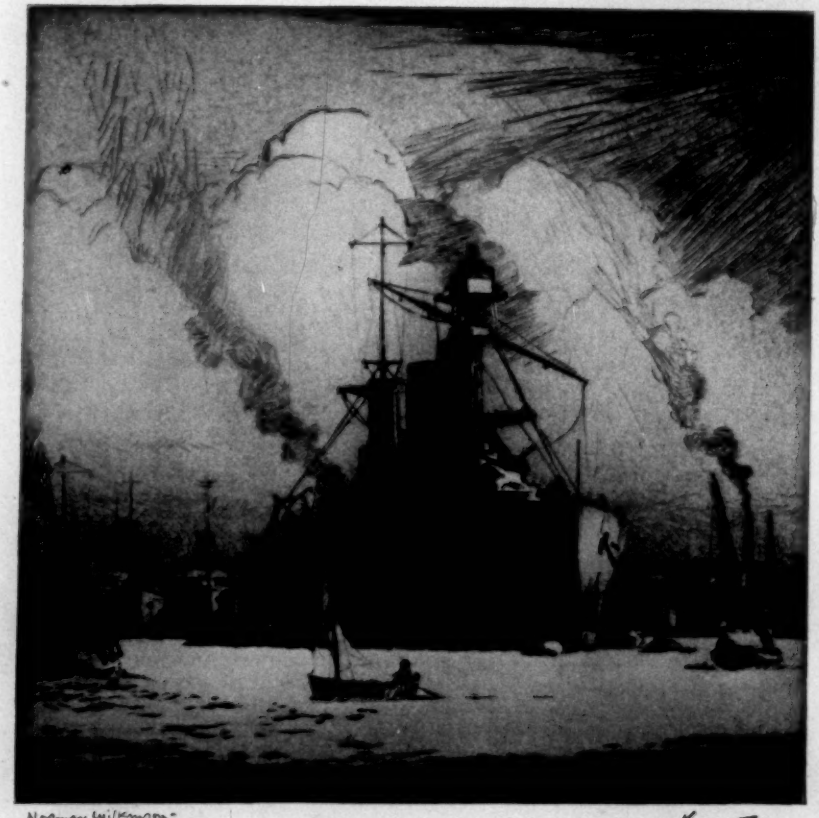

THE PASSING OF THE "LION"

By Norman Wilkinson

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VOLUME 160 FEBRUARY 1930

Harpers Magazine

DJOMBÉ RIVER

A STORY IN TWO PARTS—PART I

BY JOHN W. VANDERCOOK

THE concession bungalow stood on the crest of a low hill which rose above the common level of the woods, so from the long verandah Totton could look westward across forty miles of unbroken forest. Only at rare intervals did the higher branches of some monster tree vary the smooth surface of the jungle roof. In the shadows of late afternoon and when the gray rains beat down, the panorama was like a dark and undulant meadow-land.

Half a mile below the hill Djombé River ran between towering walls of verdure, and around a bend upstream snarled down a steep cascade. Djombé River had decided the selection of the concession. In the roadless and sparsely peopled land it was the one highway. On its changes with the seasons depended every incident of life. In that colossal, voiceless, waiting world Djombé alone had mood and living force. Never for an hour could one forget or disregard it. Totton could hear the murmuring, warning voice of Djombé's waters borne on every wind.

There were no white settlements nearer than the port of Molala two hundred and fifty miles away, a hard, twelve-days' foot-journey through the jungle. Except for a few natives who lived within the limits of the huge timber grant over which he ruled, Totton saw no one from one year's end to the next. But he had been a woodsman always, in Michigan, in Bolivia, in Siam, and at last in the West African Gaboon; and an isolation that for another man would have held endless terror was for him a not unfriendly commonplace.

Totton had lived alone on the hill for eight years before the work on the concession grew too considerable for him to cope with himself. At his request the company had then sent out Eugene Bryce to act as his assistant. Twenty-five years' difference in age and experience kept them from deep intimacy. But for a year they had lived together

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in the bungalow, sat out the months of rain, and then worked side by side for the long months of unremitting sun.

Totton came on to the verandah and, with hands deep in the pockets of his faded khaki trousers, looked out under the ragged, overhanging thatch. The long drought had broken in a thunderous rain that streamed down from a lowering sky all the early afternoon, but now, at sunset, the piling clouds were rumbling away southward. The temperature had dropped twenty degrees and the jungle below him, shining gold and green amid the flowing shadows of the sunset, seemed to stir with renewed vitality. Grass clumps in the yard bent and whispered in a fragrant wind.

Totton walked down the moist clay path to a patent rain gauge which stood on a post near the hibiscus hedge. He looked at the indicator and nodded when the reading confirmed his guess. He flung the water on the ground and carefully readjusted the iron cups. He lifted his head and listened attentively. Djombé River, he knew from long experience, rose quickly when the rains began. The hour of dusk always gave curious clarity to sounds, but the distant roar of Djombé Falls was surely louder than it had been in the morning. . . . He'd better, he reflected, send young Gene down both banks to see that none of the squared timbers were too close to flood-line. It was a nuisance when they were carried away.

Behind him the squat mass of the bungalow was already dark. Someone came on the porch with a lantern.

"That you, Gene?" Totton called.

"Sure thing!"

"You'd better tell Aloki to put the net over the table. That rain'll bring out all the bugs to-night."

Bryce hung the lantern on a hook and came down the steps.

"I've already told him, Jeff. How much did it rain?"

"I figure it about an inch. Maybe a little less."

"I didn't think it was as much as that. I suppose, then, I'd better have a look downstream to-morrow?" Bryce suggested.

"I was just going to tell you."

They fell silent, together watched the dwindling, roseate torches in the west. Totton was tall, broad-shouldered and wirily built. He carried his fifty-one years with casual ease. Bryce was shorter, stouter, and twenty-five. His skin had not yet darkened from the equatorial sun.

Aloki, their negro servant, came out to the porch, trailing a quantity of white mosquito bar. Bryce groped in a breast pocket for cigarettes, took one and lighted it. He nodded over his shoulder.

"Robinson Crusoe notched a stick, but I can tell time from that net thing. I've been here just a year. Remember the night I set fire to it with a butt?" He waved his cigarette.

"You shouldn't smoke, Gene," Totton said soberly. "Save your money instead."

Bryce laughed but found no adequate reply.

Totton nodded. "All right. All right. Do as you like." He slapped his own cheek. "Here they come. Let's get inside."

They walked slowly toward the house. A sickle moon had shown above the horizon, and the top of the forest was painted in tarnished silver radiance. A faint clatter of dishes from the cook-house behind the bungalow, the distant roar of the falls, and the faint shrilling of cicadas in the wood were the only sounds in all their world. They stopped at the foot of the three board steps. Bryce flipped his cigarette away. It made an arc of tiny flame and vanished.

"All very pretty, Jeff, but how have you stood it?"

"You're restless because this job isn't your last. It is mine."

"Rot!"

Totton shook his head. "Don't say that. It is."

Bryce's face lighted. "Oh, I get you. Well, that's a good ambition."

"It's mine. I'm tired. I've had thirty years of the tropics, and it's time for some other kind of life. I want to see some people."

"Some women, huh?"

Totton considered. "I don't think so. Not especially. Not when you get as old as I."

Gene took him affectionately by the arm. "Glad to hear that, Grandpa! You'll be safe to have around the house then if my girl comes out."

Bare feet padded softly along the boards and stopped behind them.

Jeff turned. "Chop ready?"

"Chop ready, massa." Aloki disappeared into the dim interior of the house.

The net hung at the corner of the porch. The homemade wooden table with its plates of steaming soup, the two straight chairs, and the shaded lamp were inside. As they finished each course they put the dirty dishes on the floor, and Aloki slid fresh courses under the net to them.

They said little until the meal was over. There was rarely very much to say. When the boy began to clear away each went to his own room to find materials for the occupation of the evening. Days on the concession began by morning starlight, so the after-supper hours were not formidable.

Bryce reappeared with a tin writing box. Totton, elbows on table and the fingers of his left hand tangled in his sandy hair, leafed through the pages of a heavy ledger, compared it with a smaller book, made occasional notations.

Bryce broke a long silence. "Listen, Jeff." He leaned back in his chair. Totton's eyes lifted at once and he struggled to impart a look of friendly interest to his impassive face. A year with the younger man had given him an unhappy sense of his own failure as a companion. He felt his taciturnity, the accumulated speechlessness of the solitary years that loomed behind him had withered all intimate, important speech. He tried to think of something kind to say, failed, and kept silent. The affairs of the younger man did not interest him. They were so remote and effected him so little.

Bryce cleared his throat uneasily. "Remember before supper I made a crack about my girl coming out? I wasn't altogether kidding. Maybe she will."

He stroked his round chin. "I've just been reading her letters over"—he indicated a pile of worn envelopes on the table—"and maybe I better tell you about it."

Totton lodged a brown forefinger as place-marker in the book before him. "Go ahead."

"I don't want to bore you with my own personal affairs, but I've done something that you ought to know about . . . I don't know as you'll remember . . . I must have told you something about her. . . . Anyway, Marion and I've known each other about all our lives, but we weren't engaged or anything till I got out of Forestry School at Syracuse. I worked then for a while, you know, for the State Park Commission and lived at home."

"You've asked her out here?"

"Yes, in a way . . ." Bryce reddened. "Give me a chance. Her father, old Doctor Crawley, is a little queer. Marion's mother died when she was a little girl, and she's sort of taken care of him all her life. So when we got engaged we didn't tell anybody. We both knew we couldn't marry or anything till her old man died . . .

"Well," Gene put his elbows on the table and shielded his eyes from the lamp, "Well, a few months ago I got to thinking. Suppose Crawley checked out now—what would she do? She hardly knows anybody but me; and I bet you Crawley's never saved any money. So I wrote her a letter and told her if anything happened—I put it that way, understand?—she was to

cable me and come out here. . . . You'd like her, I think. She's had such a rotten life any fellow'd be sorry for her. . . . I hope you're not sore, Jeff?"

"Why, no."

Bryce's round, faintly girlish face lifted and he leaned back. He fumbled in his shirt pocket for a handkerchief and wiped the sweat from his throat. There was no longer any wind, and the night was hot. "When do you figure the runner from Molala will be here?"

Totton stroked the hollow of one cheek with a rigid forefinger. "Tomorrow or next day, I guess. Unless the river holds him up. Why?"

"Maybe there's a letter from Marion. Last one, eight weeks ago, she said the doctor was pretty bad. And the mails are so slow anything may happen." Bryce looked appealingly across the table. "Listen, will it be all right, Jeff? With you, I mean? I should have said something long ago, I suppose."

Totton carefully closed his two ledgers and laid one on the other. "I couldn't think of anything righter." He cleared his throat awkwardly. "Anything at all I can do, I guess you know me well enough . . ." He rose stiffly to his feet, keeping his head bent to avoid contact with the net. "We can talk about it some more when you get your next letter. Good night."

"Thanks, Jeff, I'm going to sit up a little while longer."

Totton groped for the bottom of the mosquito bar and stooped under. The boards of the verandah creaked as he walked away.

Gene idly finished his cigarette and ground it out in a dirty saucer. His young, pudgy hands hovered undecidedly over the pile of letters and then fell into his lap. He knew everything in them. There was no point in going over the same ground all over again . . . He pursed his lips to whistle, after a few notes tapered to a halt. The sound of his own voice suddenly let into his consciousness again that vast, pervading voice that never ceased. Djombé River far away in the darkness seemed to fill the solitude with a sound as of the beating of immense gray wings . . . The jungle night closed in on him like a huge and sweaty hand. With timorous fingers he gathered his things, took up the lamp and went into the house to bed.

Aloki, who lived in a tiny native settlement behind the hill, had a tin alarm clock which went off at five. Coming to the doorway of his hut, he blew three braying notes on a greasy buffalo horn, and the two white men at the bungalow, hearing it, awoke. At five-thirty Aloki brought coffee, fried yams, and bread to the verandah table, and the two men ate. Totton broke the silence.

"Look here, Gene. That messenger will probably show up sometime this morning, and you'll want to see your mail right away. Why don't you cut those small mahoganies above the falls? Then Aloki can run down and tell you when the boy comes. I'll make fast downstream. No use in your going so far."

"Thanks, old man."

Totton went into the house and came out with a ragged cork helmet on his head. His heavy boots clattered down the steps and crunched the earth of the path. In a moment he had gone down the hill.

Behind the bungalow the sun was rising and the darkness swiftly brightened to an orange glow. Bryce lighted a second cigarette and called for more coffee. It would seem strange, he reflected, to have Marion at the bungalow. If things should work out that way. He ran his fingers through his wispy yellow hair. Golly, it would seem funny.

Aloki brought the coffee in a crackled zinc pot streaked with wood smoke. He poured it and went away. Bryce leaned over to drink, and the warm steam rose into his face. He sneezed slightly, and his eyes dimmed. He kept his head bent. His lips trembled.

There was no getting round it, the

year at the bungalow had been pretty bad . . . with no fun, no girls, no one to talk to. . . . There was Jeff, of course. . . . Gene looked out into the clear morning. There wasn't a finer man alive than Jeff, but . . . but—an idea came to him. But Jeff had everything in order. He knew just what he was going to do. Maybe that was the great difference between them, the thing that kept them apart.

Bryce finished his coffee, found his helmet, and walked slowly along the narrow forest trail toward the falls. The jungle was so dense he could not see Djombé River until he thrust aside the giant ferns and grasses. But the sound of the rush and wash of the water where the swollen flood bent over black stones was so compelling that unconsciously he quickened his pace. One always seemed to come upon Djombé River suddenly, so gigantic was the snarl and shock of it. With lips parted and vaguely frightened eyes, he gazed at the sweeping yellow torrent between the high, still walls of green. He laughed ruefully.

Djombé River, too, had plans.

Totton's laborers, a shivering, sleepy group of negroes in dirty loin cloths, were waiting for him in the gloomy shadows near the river bank. Shapeless dark figures in the dark, they sat quiet until he had passed them, then rose and followed.

At this point Djombé River narrowed, and a trough-shaped bridge of woven vines swung high above the current. The structure was suspended from the branches of trees by myriad extensions of the liana ropes. One climbed up to it by a rough ladder of exposed roots. His hands holding the loose, sheerly sloping sides, Totton crossed until he stood above midstream. The negroes behind him, silent and unquestioning, stopped when he did, and the creaking swing of the bridge gradually subsided. At this hour the river, catching the reflection of the dawn, ran like molten gold. Absently, Totton tore off a strip of withered bark and let it zigzag down. For an instant it seemed to hover reluctantly, then was seized and swirled away. His gray, quiet eyes followed it, and he made a slight gesture of his head, as if in friendly affirmation.

Old Djombé knew its business. There wasn't any stopping Djombé.

> That even the weariest river
> Winds somewhere safe to sea . . .

The savor of the unspoken words lingered with a kind of fragrance in his mouth. He grinned slightly at the poem's irrelevance. There wasn't much weary about Djombé River, not up here in middle course. . . . Well, he was in mid-course, too. Fifty-one was nothing. If Djombé River's destination was the sea, so it was his . . . the sea and the lands beyond it. They'd worked together pretty well, and the partnership might as well go on farther . . . down to the sea. It wouldn't be much longer. A check-up of accounts the night before had shown that. There was nearly enough saved to get away. Enough really to start life on after thirty years of saving, waiting. He squared his shoulders smilingly, staggered to balance again, and continued over the bridge.

The timber trails all radiated from the river, none followed it; so to save time they kept along the bank, chopping through an entanglement of high grass, brambles, and stunted palms. Totton kept a little ahead, hacking viciously with a machete at tripping vines.

As the sun rose the jungle steamed; by ten the heat had blanketed the land with utter stillness. They saw a sleeping python wrapped in the branches of a sapling, ignored it, and kept on. Once a gorilla jumped screaming from concealment and flung away across a clearing into a bamboo brake. Sweat poured down Totton's cheeks, his shirt grew clammy, his boots squshed with water. He was panting, and one forearm bore a long, red, oozing scratch. Yet he was filled with a sensation of immense well-being.

He hoped Gene's girl did come out, he thought. Be kind of interesting. He seized a vine overhead with one arm, with a grunt swung himself high into the air and safe across the bulk of an old fallen tree. Fifty-one was nothing! He'd like to see any youngster do better than that!

They reached the first of the clearings where the squared logs were piled. Djombé River had already crept a dozen feet up the sloping bank. Jeff swung his boot through the lapping shallows and a fan of silver water rainbowed in the sun. He smiled with grim friendliness. What a fierce old bastard of a river it was! Never let you forget it, never. It was fun to see who'd win.

Totton returned to Bungalow Hill—Lolill, the natives called it—in mid-afternoon two days later. Bryce, to his mild surprise, came hurrying down the yard. He called out when they were still twenty feet apart:

"She's coming, Jeff! . . . I guess I had a mental wave or something." His tone changed with sudden concern. "You look tired, old boy, have hard going?" His hand hovered to take Totton's arm, then dropped ashamedly to his side.

"You go to hell, young fellow!"

He sat on the top step, stretched out his muddy legs, and leaned back on his elbows. Bryce stood facing him.

"Get your letter?"

"Yes." He had lost eagerness. "Got a letter three weeks old and a cable seven weeks old. And, believe me, not any too soon, either of 'em. I got to start for Molala to-morrow first thing, Jeff. I ought to have started yesterday, but I didn't know where I could locate you."

"Get the logs down?"

Bryce stroked his hair carefully back from his forehead. "I got some of them, Jeff. But I've been kind of busy since I got the letters. I've been packing and—good Lord, any boss'll give a fellow a day off to get married!"

Totton nodded, eyes on his boots. "Sure."

Bryce fidgeted. "I'll have to take that falls gang as carriers down and back," he said. "All right? It'll only take me about a month both ways. You can get on, can't you?"

Totton nodded again. "How do you figure a month? You mean she's on her way now? Right now?"

Gene went into the bungalow and came out with the despatch box. He sat on the top step and took out a cable form. "Look at this."

Totton took it. "Am coming SS *Fernand Vaz* thank you Marion" it read. Curious to say "Thank you" in a cable.

"The letter," Bryce lifted a fat envelope, "got to Molala later, but she sent it long before, of course. Funny we should have figured it out so close." He stopped, gazing abstractedly into the shimmering brightness of the afternoon. "Well, anyway, her old man had been buried a week when my letter got there. Passed out from a hemorrhage in his head somewhere. She says," he wiggled the envelope in the air, "my letter came just at the right minute. She'd been to see their lawyer, and she'd found there wasn't any money. She wrote to say she'd take me up."

There was a pause. Totton still considered his boots. Bryce, dampened, got to his feet. "Well, as near as I can figure it out, the *Fernand Vaz* gets in in about two weeks. I'll just about catch it if I start to-morrow. Then we'll come straight back here." He stopped. The faint roar of the falls seemed to fill the pause insistently.

"Wish to God she'd picked another time of year. That river's getting pretty high."

Totton roused himself. "I guess you can make it. . . ." He craned his head around to look up into Bryce's face. "Look here, Gene." He slapped the boarding lightly with his palm. "Sit down another minute. Tell you what I'll do. I thought of something while

I was away. You remember the other day I said this was my last job? That I was planning to quit? Well, I've figured the money even closer and I'm settled in my mind now I'm leaving the end of the next Long Dries. . . . What I mean is, you can have my job. The pay's a little better, and you two ought to get on fine." He hesitated. "That's all the wedding present I'll be able to give you. You know why. I'm quitting."

Bryce began to stutter his thanks.

"Sure . . . If you're going in the house tell Aloki I want a hot bath."

They stood in the dewy darkness near the hedge. The carriers were already well ahead along the trail. The two men shook hands.

"Any errands, Jeff?"

"Nothing I can think of. Give my regards to Judge Morin when you see him. You'd better let him marry you."

"I'll do that. So long."

"So long."

Bryce reached Molala at dusk the twelfth day from Lolill. The slovenly French traders and some officials of the port were already gathering on the latticed concrete terrace of the Hotel Grand. The pounding of a hidden donkey engine that supplied current to the festoons of electric bulbs mingled with the clink of glasses and the hum of voices. Bryce, footsore, soggy with sweat and the violent rain of the last afternoon, surveyed the scene with a vague smile of anticipation. He found the manager and was given a bleak, pink-kalsomined room under the tin roof. In an hour, shaved, bathed, and dressed in a suit of trunk-wrinkled whites, he came down and stood hesitant on the last step. The narrow open terrace, the bare bulbs, the faded people, the unsure, hurrying negro waiters, and behind all the looming shadow of the equatorial dark gave him a sense of deep excitement. He sought, self-consciously, for a familiar face.

A loud, unctuously rounded voice hailed him by name, and he turned to see a stocky figure disengaging itself from a confusion of chairs about a table. It was Jeff's friend Morin, Judge of the Molala Circonscription.

They shook hands. Bryce was swept into the circle and, while Morin's introductions alternated confusedly between French and English, he eyed the group with furtive curiosity. The men, apparently, were officials; the two fat women with sticky powder on their throats were obviously wives. The resolute looking blonde girl on his left, with the high cheek bones, red lips, and appraising eyes, he couldn't quite place. He took the chair someone scraped forward and examined her through the corner of his eye.

Morin caught the look. "Mademoiselle Nelly, Monsieur Bryce," he explained in a voice audible the length of the café, "you do not know, has been proposed for a ribbon of the Legion?"

"That so?"

The others paused expectantly. "For distinguished colonial service. She has kept more men in Gaboon than palm oil."

The girl, her smile undamaged, flicked Morin's cheek with a soiled handkerchief and spat a swift French sentence at him. The group laughed.

A hatchet-faced young man leaned forward. "Monsieur, you have come from the interior? Have the rains begun?"

Bryce nodded. "Yes, sir. They're early this year. I've never seen Djombé quite so high this time before."

The questioner nodded and relaxed.

Judge Morin explained again. "Monsieur is the Chief of the Marine."

The conversation flooded back into the more familiar tongue and left Gene stranded. In a moment the café boy brought a bottle of White Horse and a tall tumbler of ice. He poured and drank slowly to cover his awkwardness. After a whole year of no one but Jeff it made him clumsy-handed to be with strangers.

He became conscious that the girl beside him was eyeing him. Favorably, he felt. He turned.

"I spik English," she whispered.

Bryce bent nearer, his placid face flushed. Electric lights, ice, and a swell blonde!

"He says," she nodded with an air of tolerant proprietorship toward Morin, "that for one year you have been in the boosh? *So?*"

Bryce agreed, bracing his shoulders a little. She somehow made him seem romantic.

Mademoiselle Nelly leaned across him and sloshed his glass full. Her shoulder touched his.

"How hard it must be for a fine American boy all alone for one year?" Her hard blue eyes glistened, calculating.

"It is, sort of."

Morin was in full career and the rest were silently attentive. The girl put her hand on Gene's arm to silence him. She listened. Occasionally her fingers tensed intimately. Bryce, once more quarantined, attained the bottom of the immense tumbler of whiskey. A fellow, he told himself elaborately, had to be fit to get through a drink like that.

Morin finished and said to Gene in English, "I am telling them about our friend Jeff. What a remarkable man he is. How he has a fixed idea. That he has sacrificed all, women, pleasure, everything, that he may one day live. How relentlessly—how shall I say it?—he has postponed life. It is true, is it not? Yes?" Morin's voice had leveled, was streaked with somber envy.

"I guess that's so."

Bryce's head was swimming. They smiled at him and went on with their talk. The girl edged her chair closer. Her white-stockinged, muscular leg touched his.

"You stay in Molala a long time?"

He looked at her, striving to make each glance conquering. His eyes felt hot.

"Not so long. I just came down to meet the mail boat, then I'm going right back. I sort of have to hurry home, now the river's rising. The trail keeps on crossing it. . . . I'm meeting a . . . a fellow," he added. He blinked. Why had he said that? Well, it was none of their business.

"The *Fernand Vaz?* It comes tomorrow morning! I am soo sorry," Miss Nelly murmured. Her head was so close he could feel her warm breath. Her reddened lips moved stealthily, with infinite suggestion.

He gaped at her, recovered himself, and they began to talk together in low tones.

A platter of sandwiches appeared, and Bryce ate with such stumbling greediness they laughed at him. Now and then, like a rhyme, the words "Marion, mailboat, to-morrow" would bubble through his mind, and with a petulant thrust he would put the matter away. There was plenty of time for that. The hours waned.

A phonograph played and a half-dozen couples danced between the tables, feet scraping sandily on the cement. Nelly had a fierce ardor when she danced. She alone among the women on the floor did not sweat greasily on forehead, upper lip, and in a slow rivulet down the groove between her breasts. She told Gene he danced better than any man in Gaboon. She smiled her admiration of the American gift for drinking whiskey instead of wine.

The gramophone at last gurgled to a halt, and the hotel manager ostentatiously slammed down the lid. One by one the people at the other tables finished their little drinks and went away. At eleven the string of bulbs dimmed to an orange glow, blazed to sudden whiteness, and went out. The pounding of the distant donkey engine wheezed to silence. A smoky lantern at the foot of the stairs that led to the upper rooms made a splotch of dim light in the darkness.

The curfew was accepted uncritically. The two wives had been yawning with stout abandon. They rose. All shook hands elaborately.

"Come to the Tribunal to-morrow," Judge Morin urged. "We will lunch together and talk." The deep shadows of the sleeping town enveloped them. The voices faded away. Feet crunched faintly in the gravel road between the bordering palms, then became inaudible.

Gene stood by the steps, swaying slightly. With vague confusion he realized Mam'selle Nelly still remained.

She took his arm familiarly. "You stay in this hotel, too, hein?" She kept one arm linked with his but stretched with the other, leaning back her head so the coarse bobbed hair hung in a massy silhouette behind.

"I am soo sleepy," she murmured. "Let us go up?"

An oily whirlpool swam round again in Bryce's head. They climbed the stairs. Caution was needed not to stumble. His heart beat with an insistent thudding. With meticulous care he wiped the beads of perspiration from his forehead.

"That's the worst of these coast towns," he explained. "Up in the bush you get a good cool breeze in the evenings, anyway."

Mam'selle Nelly did not reply.

The narrow upper hallway was illumined only by a tiny night wick on a table. Gene reached the door of his own room, and by unflexing his elbow disengaged his arm.

"Good night, Mam'selle. I certainly appreciate having met you."

"You not kiss me?" She moved close to him. His pent-up breath released with a faint moan, and his arm went round her. Her mouth was soft, compelling.

She stirred against him with a motion that flung the blood booming in his temples.

"We make love, hein?" she whispered. "After one long year?" He closed her mouth with his lips, nodding.

The door was just behind. They turned and stumbled in.

Gene came drowsily awake at dawn. The patch of sky through the unglassed window was a radiant blue, and across it trailed rose-gray wisps of cloud. The subdued voices of the hotel servants came up from the yard. There was everywhere a sense of stir and joy and summer morning. His eyes opened and surveyed the yellowed, ragged mosquito net on its suspended frame.

Damn it, he thought. Forgot to put it down. What a fool trick. Have a shot of fever sure. . . . He stretched, conscious of delicious relaxation. In mid-stretch he remembered, with a jerk sat upright, and swung his feet to the floor. He glanced hastily around the room. She'd gone.

Good Lord! The clarity of the first waking instant grayed into confusion. His eyes dimmed with shame, self-pity, and, uncontrollably, his lips curled with pride. He found his watch amid the pile of clothes on the floor. 6:15. He jumped up.

God! there was no telling how soon the boat would be in. He went to the window and looked out. The harbor was hidden by the green tops of palms.

A cracked mirror hung over the washstand, and for a long minute he examined his flushed face and tousled yellow hair. The image smirked back reassuringly.

"Oh, what the hell!" he said aloud. The sound of his own voice made him redden. He bellowed into space for the house-boy to run a bath and bring breakfast to his room.

An hour later in a clean suit, his helmet wetly blue from fresh pipe-claying, Gene emerged in the hot morning sunlight of the deserted terrace. Two café waiters in white uniforms sat dozing against the stucco wall, their brown faces turned imperturbably toward the sun.

He hesitated, looking doubtfully down the shady road. A ragged negro passed with a wheelbarrow, then a fat little Frenchman in moist negligé shirt and *cloche* helmet. Gene found a cigarette, lighted it, and smoked it halfway through.

Then he flung it into the road and sought the manager of the hotel.

He arranged for a second bedroom. Under the circumstances. Only for a couple of nights, at most, he explained with needless care. He was expecting a friend, a lady. Djombé River was rising, and they couldn't fool around.

He left the hotel again and sauntered through the shaded streets toward the waterfront. The clerk of the steamship office was breakfasting behind the lattice of an upstairs verandah. In halting English he shouted down the necessary information. The *Fernand Vaz* had arrived off the bar at daybreak. The tug would reach the quay by nine.

Gene thanked him, followed a steep path that led between two warehouses to the waterfront and found a place at the end of the mail wharf where he could wait. A moored lighter cast a narrow patch of shade.

Except for the intermittent babbling of some negroes rolling palm-oil casks in front of a trader's factory and the splutter of an occasional auto, the waterside was silent. The low iron sheds, the moored dugouts, the rusty, mud-trapped lighters, and the withered palms seemed to shrink beneath the molten pressure of the sky. The tide ran out, and the river tugged and whispered at the loose piles of the wharf.

Struggling with a mood of depression, Bryce got up, walked over the coarse boarding and stood staring toward the sea. It was hard to accept that this was Djombé River, this flat, bright serenity that fanned out seaward through the dark lines of bordering mangroves. . . . Once Jeff, he remembered, had said a harbor was a river in old age.

A speck in the distance shaped out of the heat fog and grew. Gene removed his helmet and wiped his sweating forehead with nervous care. It was the tug. Marion was coming.

A colored clerk from the postoffice, dressed with slightly shapeless perfection in white drill, joined him on the pier. They engaged in desultory, mutually wearisome talk. With maddening sloth the tug drew nearer. Soon they were joined by a half-dozen whites, the men lank, bearded, malarial, the women too fat, too pale, and powder-sticky from the heat. An amorphous, casual company of slinking natives soon filled the wharf. Waterside stirred in anticipation.

The squat tug came up and smashed creakingly against the piles so that the waiting crowd stumbled and nearly lost foothold. It drifted to position and, amid a deafening confusion of shouts, made fast.

Bryce moved forward. A gigantic, ruddy French official in khaki and greasy helmet stepped heavily to the dock and turned aside. Marion appeared behind him.

In an instant her hands were in his.

"Hello, Gene," she said.

"Hello!" He smiled with stiff self-consciousness. Good Lord, he'd forgotten how pretty she was. And she was an inch taller than he, of course.

Her eyes—he'd never properly realized before how darkly blue they were—sought his. Bryce's glance sped uneasily about them and he blushed hotly. The unfamiliar, noisy crowd seemed to stare and smirk. A gaping negro face came close to his for an instant. This girl who had come to marry him seemed a stranger like the rest. Her half-forgotten prettiness increased his embarrassment. A white French face leered at them and he stiffened.

"Aren't you going to kiss me?" she asked.

He pecked at her mouth, and was a little frightened at the clinging passion of her response. Someone brushed against them so violently they staggered. He acutely realized they were in the way.

Bryce became loudly, cheerily busy about the baggage.

No power on earth could have induced the moist *douanier* to question Madame's baggage. In a few minutes the formalities of the port were completed, and Marion's trunks were on their way to the hotel.

They stood facing each other, smiling fleetingly, suddenly alone. The heat, reflected from the iron wall of the customs barn, from the gravel road, from their white clothes and helmets, was like the throbbing exhaust from a great machine.

She was slenderer than he, he realized, and a little taller. About her mouth there was a look of mingled childish wonder, gaiety, and of an insubstantial fear. There were tired, careworn little lines at the corners of her eyes. Her hips were narrow, her white hands delicate.

A thousand things were crowding to her lips, but she made him speak first.

"Shall we walk around for a while or do you want to go up right away?" he asked.

Her eyes, wide with curiosity, drank in the scene around them. "No, indeed."

Bryce cleared his throat, on a note of gaiety which startled him by its unnecessary volume, and said, "I tell you. If you haven't anything better to do just now, we might take a walk up to the Tribunal and see a friend of mine." He took her arm. "I don't know what your plans are, but I'm going to get married!"

She smiled back at him. "I wouldn't miss it for anything. I suppose I'm invited?"

With wide, elaborate gestures, a mannerism unnatural to him, Gene began to point out the streets and buildings and to name the kinds of trees.

The Tribunal of Molala, a two-storey stucco building overshadowed by big trees smelled of sun on stone and rain-drenched leaves and ink and dust. Their feet clattered noisily in the deserted cement corridor. They reached an unvarnished wooden door marked with black letters, "*M. le Juge de la Circonscription.*"

Gene lifted his hand to knock. "All set?" he whispered. His voice shook uncontrollably.

"Wait a minute." She stayed his hand with her fingers. "Gene . . . are you sure you want to . . . sure? You aren't just being sorry for me?"

He stepped back instinctively at the impassioned earnestness that overlaid her words. His shoddy, joking air fell miserably away.

"Question is, do you want to?" he said thickly. "I'm darned if I know why anyone should . . ."

"Oh, so much!"

"Here goes, then," he rapped smartly on the door.

"*Entrez!*"

Judge Morin in moist shirt-sleeves, a limp cigarette dangling from his mouth, sat at a hacked and ink-stained table. He rose with a stare of undisguised astonishment, recovered himself quickly, and greeted them. He ushered them ceremoniously to seats and returned to his own chair.

As they began to explain his look traveled slowly between them. He leaned forward, hands on knees, a stout, gentle, vivid little man with thinning hair. Now and again he smiled brilliantly at Marion, occasionally interpolated a questioning word until he had it all. He succeeded in drawing forth a far more elaborate history than they had at first intended.

At the end Judge Morin asked a question. By his manner he somehow robbed it of any rudeness.

"Mademoiselle, if you will pardon me, at the moment how much money have you? In an emergency what amount could you possibly command? In the whole world? I feel, please, that I should like to know?"

She blushed slightly. "Perhaps a hundred dollars, Judge Morin. No more."

He nodded briskly and got up. "Very well, then."

He got a dilapidated, cloth-bound book from a high shelf and indicated that they should stand up. Sand-dry termites' eggs trickled from the rotting binding as he turned the pages. He stepped into the gloomy, leaf-filtered light near the open window.

Judge Morin read in rapid French, then translated each passage freely into English. They responded confusedly. At last he closed the volume, returned it to its shelf, and looked at them.

"Very good. You are married, then. My best wishes and my congratulations. This is perhaps not entirely legal and in order, but I am in a position to make it so. You are staying at the Grand? Then I will call upon you this evening for your signatures to the proper papers." He took Marion's hands.

"We do things carelessly in Africa, Madame Bryce, but we get them done." He stooped, kissed her fingertips, then straightened up again. His kind eyes seemed unwilling to let her go.

"You have come to a difficult land, my dear," he said. "It is a country of great forests, great rivers, and for the most part very little human men. . . . Again my best wishes. And if at any time? . . . You understand me? I shall be here forever, I think. And always shall I be at your service."

He dismissed them with a bow. They shook hands, exchanged the trivial courtesies, and Marion stepped into the corridor. Morin detained Bryce with a touch.

The judge spoke in a precise, biting undertone, "Last night, my friend, I think you were a very dirty little pig. Good morning!"

The two café boys still sprawled dozing against the hotel wall. It was not yet eleven, and they had not stirred.

They climbed the steps in silence. The upper corridor, chill and echoing in the shuttered daytime twilight, was deserted. Bryce fumbled with a heavy key and opened a door.

"This is your room . . . I . . . I've got that one over there."

She looked at him steadily, and his face suffused a dull pink. He hurried on.

"I figured you'd be tired. And it's only for to-night. If you're willing I think we ought to start to-morrow. This is the beginning of our rainy season, you know."

Marion stepped past him into the room and pushed wide the shutters so the golden morning flooded in. For a moment she was silent, her back turned to him.

"I don't see why you think I'd be tired. I've done nothing for a month but sit still on that boat . . . but of course it's all right." Her voice seemed to hover between scorn and tears, but her face was averted and Gene, by the door, could not tell.

"Then how about starting up country to-morrow?"

"Of course. The sooner the better." She turned, leaned against the window-sill, and faced him. Pulling off her wide-brimmed hat, she tossed it on the bed. Her dark hair clung moistly to her temples. She stroked it back with her forefingers, kept them rigidly there for an instant as if to steady her eyes.

"Gene?"

"Yes?"

"After all, we have a job to do up there, haven't we?"

"Why, sure . . ."

"I mean—a job for me, too? Please, seriously." Her lips trembled. "If there's not, Gene, then I'm just a beggar and I'll die."

"Oh, for God's sake, Marion . . ." His hands lifted and he started toward her. An echo of Morin's words stabbed him and he halted clumsily. No, he couldn't touch her . . . not yet awhile. Something kept him rigid and impersonal. It was as if, illogically, the situation presented a problem of etiquette rather than emotion. Fellows at home were awkward in the presence of best girls. It was almost a tradition. He felt there must be exact and gallant things to say, if only he had not forgotten them. He elaborated lamely.

"Sure, of course. You'll be ever so much help to Jeff and me. You'll make everything different." It was difficult to see her face clearly as she stood there framed against the sky. He faltered, found a cigarette, and lighted it.

"Say, there's a German fellow I've got

to see about handling our logs when they come down. It won't take me more'n an hour. I guess you'll be glad of a chance to get your stuff unpacked and maybe wash up a little, huh?"

He broke a dull pause stutteringly.

"I . . . I tell you. We'll walk around town together all afternoon and see the sights. And shop. Might be a good idea if you bought some stuff, khaki and things, to make yourself some bush clothes when we get to Lolill. . . . You used always to be sewing."

They started inland in the middle of the morning, Bryce on foot and Marion in a pole chair carried by four men. There was no one to see them off. A departure for the hinterland has little glamour. It begins as it ends, merely a silent, trudging walk in the heat of tropic daytime.

A wide street intersects Molala and narrowing, stumbling a little, climbs a low hill behind the town. Turning, they looked for the last time down upon the white roofs and clustering trees of the port and out beyond over the shimmering mirror of Djombé River and the sea. The road dwindled to a footpath, and in another mile the sea and the town were a vague memory. The jungle had closed in. There was a flavor of rot and growth and everlasting summer. The air was gray-green; there were no sounds but the rhythmic pat-pat of the porter's feet and the far-away harsh cries of birds in the tops of trees.

Bryce, helmet pushed back, a folded handkerchief under the band to keep the sweat from his eyes, walked ahead, hands hanging. Perspiration streamed steadily down his face and dribbled itchingly over his bare knees. He kept his eyes on the ground. The steady trudge, trudge through the steaming day left no energy or will for thought. . . . Far within his consciousness, hidden by the beat of blood in his cheeks and the hurt of his feet against the baking earth, was a sensation of gratitude at the postponement. For the time being. . . . Under the circumstances . . . On safari it was too hot to finish sentences . . . or seek solutions . . . or to wonder.

Underwonder-underwonder-underwonder . . . like a drum, like a dry drum beat in sunlight, all thoughts resolved to empty words and words to stupid sounds. And the sounds beat time.

Marion's belongings had been repacked in six new tin boxes, each carried on the head of a Lolill porter. Four tall natives brought up the rear with the pole chair. She submitted to three hours of it but by mid-morning, feeling sore and giddy from the jerking, snapping motion of the seat, she stopped her men and got down. Grinning appreciatively, they hoisted the poles to easy balance on their skulls and trotted forward, the sweat glistening on their bare brown backs. She watched the play of their muscles and the twinkle of their thin legs until they vanished round a turn.

The sound of voices died away and loneliness, like a ghost, gathered huge and still around her. Now and then, somewhere in the green space, a leaf fluttered and there was a murmur like a living breath high overhead where the branches interwove. Lips parted, eyes shadowed with wonder, she stood still and savored it. An increased brightness up above was the only hint of sky.

She pressed her palms against her breasts, her face upturned. Here, she knew, she had come to beauty. Nothing, forever and ever, could rob her of that. After a moment, with a troubled, matter-of-fact little sigh she stuffed wandering bits of hair up under her helmet and began to walk.

At two o'clock they crossed Djombé River. A dugout canoe carried them, the porters, and the boxes over, three by three. A chain of twisted vines fastened to trees on either bank spanned the stream, a distance of more than thirty yards. A black ferryman stood forward in the dugout and dragged painfully hand over hand along the green, leaping cable, keeping the boat's nose upstream and sidling it slowly over.

Bryce, squatting in the bottom and clinging to the thwarts, explained:

"It's Djombé River, the same one that makes Molala a port. The damn' thing twists around so we have to cross it five times on this trip. And there aren't any more ferries after this one, either." His mouth weakly half-open, he looked apprehensively at the muddy water that rushed bubbling past the sides of the canoe. "If the rains haven't carried 'em away, there are some rotten native bridges, though."

The knotty black shoulders of the ferryman strained and heaved, jerked and heaved again. He sang a half-uttered, grunting song. Slowly the canoe edged over, keeling crazily.

"Our bungalow," Gene added, "is just by Djombé River. There's a big sort of cascade behind the hill and when you listen you can hear it always."

He fell silent. With wide eyes she gazed at the twirling, sliding water. The yellow river swept toward and past them with terrific force.

At the end of each day's march they stopped in native villages, huddled, secret little towns in forest clearings deep as wells and in the night as dark. Several families, with simple hospitality, would always vanish, leaving their beehive huts at the disposal of the travelers. Inasmuch as the diameter of a Gaboon native house rarely exceeded eight feet, it was found convenient to set up his cot in one and hers in another. By seven o'clock they had eaten their food and were asleep.

"Wait till we get to the bungalow . . ." Gene said.

And she, "When we get home."

They pressed on rapidly, starting early and halting late. There was real need for haste. Every afternoon dark clouds obscured the sun, the light darkened to dull green, and the sky poured down. Tiny draggled figures in the shining streaks of rain, they plodded on. The bubbling, tepid water, settling in the depression of the trail, fanned sloshing back from the push of their ankles. The skin of their hands and feet puckered as from long submergence in a bath.

A week passed. Bryce always kept ahead, only mistily aware that Marion did not use her chair and walked alone behind the caravan. One fact, concise and terrible, filled his imagining.

The great rains of Africa had come. Never had he guessed they could be so violent. One reckoned rainfall at home by inches in a year, but here one measured by feet in a month. In each wet season water enough fell to cover the whole region to a depth of seven yards. That knowledge loomed in his mind with the hugeness of a fabled beast. And Djombé River, roaring toward the sea, was rising every hour. Four more times he knew it crossed their road. Then three times. Before this all personal things had insubstantial shape, seemed trivial. Later on there would be time.

The ninth morning he heard the rumble of it once again. The path crossed a native farm where burnt, felled trees, indeterminate and evil-shaped, sprawled in a black bed of mud and ashes. The sky was gray, and all distances were diffused in a fine drizzle.

The river lay beyond a clump of trees. When he had come through them he saw with a catch of the breath that the vine bridge, ordinarily twenty feet above the water, sprang and jerked as if it were alive. At one point in its natural sag the flood rushed through it inches deep.

Undecided, he peered into the dripping branches of the anchoring tree. Apparently the strands of liana were still firmly fixed.

When the file of porters came up he gestured vaguely and stood aside. The lead man, after one appraising look, picked his way up the root ladder, tested the bridge with one foot, and stepped out upon it. The rest followed. Gene watched, his fingernails forcing into his clenched palms. Midway the water lapped their knees, and the woven trough sagged dangerously. A few more paces and they had reached the other

side, were already walking on, quickly dwindling in the mist.

The four hammock men came up. Marion, her soaking clothes clinging to her body, was with them. They huddled uncertainly beneath the dripping leaves. The natives, puzzled, eyed the bridge and considered the awkward thing they carried.

"Do you want it?" Marion asked. Her voice was quietly practical. "Because I certainly don't. I hardly use it at all."

Gene wiped his hand across his mouth and shook his head. She nodded at the men. It occurred to Bryce that they had settled this matter long ago. The carriers hastily shouldered it, ran back down the path and, with a joyous heave, flung the thing into the grass.

He watched them stupidly. The lashing murmur of the river seemed to have dulled his senses. With a pang of fear and anger he realized Marion was already making her way over. The four men followed. He was the last to cross.

He was trembling and his face was red. Damn her, she didn't know the river like he did . . . it was her fault anyway, coming out without having sense enough to think of the time of year. . . .

A vision of her young body, her firm breasts, her slender hips, the shape of her thighs accentuated by the clinging cloth of her muddy dress, sprang into his mind and his veins throbbed. . . . No damn' use acting like a baby. He drew in his breath wheezingly. When they got to the bungalow . . .

His passion cooled. When they got to the bungalow, then he'd do anything for her. He sighed and flushed. What a stupid, embarrassed beginning they had made—that business in Molala, then the walk, and the rain, and the river.

He began to dogtrot, splashing and slipping through the muddy rivulets that drained across the path. He supposed he'd looked a coward, letting the others go over first. The next bridge was only an hour farther on. He resolved to get there first and show her. Show 'em all he wasn't afraid. Not of a river.

He soon overtook the end of the procession. Subsiding to a hurried walk, he pushed past.

Marion stopped and stood aside inquiringly.

"I'm going ahead and look at the river. See if it's safe," he explained. With each moment the load upon him seemed to lighten. The trip was nearly done and they had come through it safely. There was only the one more crossing and that would let him recoup his pride before her eyes; in a way, before his own. These exhausting, defeating days after all had been mere prologue.

The first porters, a wet, brown-gray little huddle of figures, were squatting beside their loads in the high grass at one side. He strode on, head up, importantly. They rose silently and followed.

The crossing was the last except for the one just below Lolill. He had noticed it especially on the way down. At that point the river was narrow, deep, and incredibly swift. The straight banks were solid and on a level. A big tree had been felled so its prostrate length bridged the cut.

He whistled a few bars. Bound to be all right. At worst they'd only have the bother of chopping down another tree. It wasn't more than fifty feet. Easy to find a big one growing in the right position.

The sky had begun to thin and grow bluely luminous. The drizzle ceased. Everything was going to be all right. He'd show her.

The great black trunk was still there. Though the bank had been gouged out several feet and the surface of the water was only an inch or two under the log, it was still perfectly sound. When the carriers arrived he motioned them cheerfully to wait.

Marion joined him.

"This is the last but one," he told her loudly, "and the other doesn't count." He scrambled to the log, stopped, and turned his head. "Remember what the

judge told you—about rivers and men? Don't let him kid you. Watch this!"

Arms out, he began to run along the tree. Marion smiled wanly. A recollection came out of the years of a fat little boy on a picket fence—a high fence along a dusty summer lane. "Watch this!"

She screamed. A huge floating log appeared above the swirling surface and bore ravenously toward the bridge.

There was a terrific concussion when it struck, a fearful smashing and rending. The huge trunk writhed upward, vanished. Gene had shot into the air, splashed down and disappeared.

Marion groped for support, and her fingers found the coarse wetness of tree bark. The carriers had thrown down their loads and were running through the high grass along the bank. Queer, birdlike little notes of fright came back from them. In a moment they were gone. She moved to follow them, staggered weakly, and sat down.

She puckered her dry eyelids with an effort of memory. . . . Gene had run across the log. Halfway she had seen him hesitate, grow still with horror. In that instant a massive, derelict log had come like a battering ram around the bend and plunged against the bridge. There was not room for it to carry safely under. The impact had catapulted Gene into mid-torrent. The log, forced from its resting place on the far bank, had twisted, splashed, and swept magnificently away. There had been no possibility of hope. No one could live in Djombé River in the time of rains. . . . So Gene was dead. She was alone.

This was the end. Her eyes slowly dimmed with tears. The great adventure, then, had come to this. The bright dreams of the lonely years, the shining world, a man who wanted her, a man to help, to love—all these swept away in the gray, empty jungle rain by a river—by Djombé River. Long, slow moments passed.

A wood pigeon cooed faintly in a treetop. The silence, the desolate loveliness of the woods pressed down upon her, an irony of immortality and peace.

She said aloud, "*Djombé River.*" What a quality of awe and everlastingness was there. She rose to her feet, went to the bank, and dropped upon her knees, letting her hands dangle in the water. How cool, how living was its touch. It tugged lightly at her fingertips and she drew them back, afraid. She gazed wonderingly up the dark cavern of the overhanging trees from which the river came. . . . Perhaps, farther on, farther on . . .

Farther on among the years there might still be a place or a task that wanted her.

She faced the gathering certainty of days. Gene hadn't. Not at all. He'd never touch her, never kissed her. He was just . . . being kind. Poor Gene. Sobs flooded her throat, tears her eyes, and she crumpled down, a lonely, weeping little figure in the high wet grass by the river. The wood pigeon cooed again. The raindrops pattered in a stir of wind.

An hour later the carriers reappeared. A mile downstream the trunk had foundered amid overhanging bushes and was held fast. But there was no trace of the drowned man. They were still whispering excitedly, re-enacting the accident with wide gestures. They stopped at sight of Marion.

The headman, a tall, middle-aged negro in ragged shorts, touched her gently on the shoulder.

"Mammy. We make bush house here for now. To-morrow we cut tree and go for Lolill. Old massa he wait for there. We no find young massa. He done finish. . . . Papa Djombé. . . . Black boy say they be . . . they be sorry." His lined brown face puckered with sympathy. "We be your boy now, Mammy. We go for Lolill?"

She looked up at him, slowly nodded.

(*To Be Concluded*)

THE DEAR OLD CONSTITUTION

BY CHARLES A. BEARD

ALL over this broad land young orators are preparing wordy encomiums on the Constitution of the United States; pedagogues, frequently under statutory mandates, are "teaching the Constitution," especially the parts bearing on "the duties and responsibilities of citizenship"; and patriotic societies are distributing by the thousands copies of that wonderful document. The youth of the country, above all the aliens in our midst, must "understand" it and respect it. And if the National Security League, the Daughters of the American Revolution, and similar lifesavers are to be accepted as high authority, an "understanding" of the Constitution will fend off innumerable evils, including Bolshevism, the passing of dividends, defaulting on coupons, and declines in the stock market. In view of all these activities, carried on with tremulous trepidation, it seems appropriate to seek for the anagoge of this mysterious instrument of salvation. What, in reality, is the Constitution of the United States?

No question could be more important. All that is done by the Government of the United States—Congress, the courts, the President, and the hierarchy of federal officials—is controlled by the Constitution, at least, is supposed to be authorized directly or indirectly by its provisions. State and local governments, of course, are also controlled by it. Our Government, therefore, stands in sharp contrast to the Parliament of Great Britain—King, Lords, and Commons—which, to use the language of the commentator, Blackstone, "hath sovereign and uncontrolled authority," and can "do everything that is not naturally impossible." This fact colors all political life in America. Great public issues are not debated here solely on their merits, in relation to public welfare, convenience, necessity, or efficiency. With respect to every one of them the question is asked, "Is it constitutional, is it sanctioned by the historic document handed down by the Fathers?" If a proposal involves an amendment of the Constitution deep sentiments are aroused, especially among opponents of the suggestion; it is felt that something transcending the practical needs of practical life is at stake, something almost sacred. Indeed the American Bar Association reports that every true American citizen should declare, "The Constitution of the United States ought to be as actual a part of my life and my religion as the Sermon on the Mount." While other citizens might hesitate in placing the clauses of the Constitution on a parity with the "divinely inspired teachings of Jesus," nearly all would doubtless agree that it is not to be treated lightly or to be altered without great deliberation.

Hence there are substantial, as well as sentimental grounds for asking, What is this marvellous instrument—the Constitution of the United States? Perhaps nine good citizens out of ten will reply immediately that it is a written document, so simple in style that the wayfaring man though a fool can read and understand it. Unquestionably many passages in it are so plain as to admit of no doubt. "No person shall

be a Representative who shall not have attained to the age of twenty-five years. . . . The Senate of the United States shall be composed of two Senators from each state. . . . [The President] shall hold his office during the term of four years. . . . The Congress may determine the time of choosing the [presidential] electors and the day on which they shall give their votes; which day shall be the same throughout the United States." If all the clauses of the Constitution were so precise and transparent, so definite and mathematical in terms, then it might be said with some warrant that a citizen who has a copy of the Constitution before him is in the presence of the whole instrument and can entertain no doubts as to what it is that confronts him. If this were true the present article might well stop at this point.

But unfortunately for any simple answer to the question, "What is the Constitution?" many of its provisions are not clear or, at all events, are composed of words susceptible of more than one interpretation. It is a lesson in humility to take the famous document and extract from it all the clauses that are not self-evident, that call for extrinsic aids in explanation. For instance, the Preamble announces among other purposes a design "to establish justice . . . promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity." Article I stipulates that "direct" taxes must be apportioned among the states according to their respective populations and that duties, imposts, and excises shall be "uniform" throughout the United States. Article IV says that "the citizens of each state shall be entitled to all privileges and immunities of citizens in the several states." The Fifth Amendment declares that no person shall be "deprived of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law," that is, by Congress; and the Fourteenth Amendment adds that no state shall "deprive any person of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law."

What are direct taxes? What are the privileges and immunities of citizens in the several states? What is due process of law? Can intelligence, no matter how profound, can "natural reason," no matter how keen, find the answers to these questions in the Constitution? Such passages are meaningless in themselves; they can only be understood by reference to a great body of knowledge and practice outside of the Constitution. More than this, they are vague and indefinite and may be fairly and honestly interpreted in different ways by authorities equally competent and equally sincere in their quest for the truth in the matter.

If for practical purposes a large part of the Constitution is meaningless except when authoritatively explained elsewhere, the explanation itself must become in some organic way a part of the language of the Constitution when it is read; otherwise it is, in its indefinite provisions, a collection of empty formulas. In any case it is not a printed document at the end of a text-book that controls the political authorities in the discharge of their duties; it is a printed document explained by judicial decisions, precedents, and practices and illuminated by understanding and aspiration. In short, the real Constitution is a living body of rules carried into effect by living authorities.

II

Who, then, makes the Constitution an instrument of control, by answering the thousands of questions which its raises and leaves unanswered? According to the formula of the child's book in civics, it is the Supreme Court of the United States, or at least a majority of the judges, who "interpret" the Constitution. But even a superficial examination of the instrument itself reveals a fatal weakness in this contention. Federal courts are not instructed to interpret

the Constitution. They are given a field of work, a jurisdiction, and it extends only to cases in law and equity arising under the Constitution, the laws of the United States, and the treaties made under its authority, and certain other enumerated cases.

Now, all problems arising under the Constitution cannot be formulated into cases, or actions between parties, and carried before the Supreme Court. Moreover, the Court has repeatedly ruled that some cases are political in character and lie outside its jurisdiction. If for the sake of argument, however, it be admitted that the Supreme Court in final analysis answers all questions arising under the Constitution, then it is proper to ask, What Supreme Court? Judges die. Times change. New Presidents are elected and nominate new judges to fill vacancies on the bench. The Court under Chief Justice Marshall, an ardent Federalist, is not the same Court as that under Chief Justice Taney, an ardent Democrat. Sometimes new judges reverse the opinions of their predecessors, give an opposite meaning to the Constitution. Since this is so, it follows that nothing is settled definitely by saying that the Constitution is the document as expounded by the Supreme Court.

And, as we have said, that is not the whole truth. It is the duty of Congress also to interpret the Constitution. The Supreme Court has declared as a fixed principle that it will respect the interpretations of Congress and will overrule them only when they are clearly and palpably wrong. Furthermore, it has on more than one occasion cited a long line of laws enacted by Congress in support of its own opinions, to show that the Constitution means what Congress has assumed it to mean. With respect to many other matters which do not get into the form of cases in law and equity presented to the federal courts, Congress makes its own interpretation of the Constitution and establishes precedents of great weight. All the vast body of federal law—thousands of acts that have never been brought before the courts, or if brought before them have been sustained—presents interpretations of the Constitution. And when a law of long standing is attacked in the courts, judges are loath to impugn its constitutionality. Its very age may turn the balance in the minds of doubtful judges and give it the sanction of a correct interpretation. Again and again bills assailed as unconstitutional in the House and Senate by lawyers of undoubted competence have been passed and made the law of the land. When we ask, therefore, Who interprets the Constitution? we must answer, Congress in its sphere—that changing body of members elected by popular vote.

Likewise, in his sphere, the President of the United States by his decrees, orders, and actions gives meaning to the Constitution. Many of his interpretations are "political" in character; and the Supreme Court will not inquire into their legitimacy. Others are discretionary, and these, too, the Court has said, must be left to his judgment. Does the Constitution authorize the President to have a cabinet and to consult its members as a collective body? The written document is silent. Precedents stretching from Washington's time to our own settle that point in the affirmative. May the President, on his own motion, send troops out of the United States and wage war? Very explicitly the Constitution vests in Congress the power to declare war. Yet President Wilson sent American soldiers as far away as Russia in 1918, and in effect, whatever the theory, they waged war on the Bolsheviki, against whom Congress had not declared war. Many times Presidents have dispatched troops to Caribbean regions and to distant parts of China to wage war or to be in a posture to wage it without any express authorization from Congress. These precedents form an important interpretation of the provisions of the Constitution respecting the President's powers, and it is not likely that they will be challenged by the

Supreme Court in any case of law or equity.

Strange as it may seem, the Constitution is given meaning also by men and women who hold no office in the Federal Government—by the leaders of political parties. Indeed, political parties are important interpreters of that document. Innumerable examples may be cited. The Constitution states that the Speaker is chosen by the House of Representatives; in fact, it merely ratifies the choice made by a caucus of the party having a majority of members in that body.

A still more striking illustration is that of the election of the President. It seems clear beyond doubt that the framers of the Constitution intended that the presidential electors, chosen as the legislatures of the several states may decide, should actually choose the President. Hamilton in the *Federalist* frankly said that it was desirable "that the immediate election should be made by men most capable of analyzing the qualities adapted to the station, and acting under circumstances favorable to deliberation." He added that "it was also peculiarly desirable to afford as little opportunity as possible to tumult and disorder" in connection with elections.

Yet, as everybody knows, in spite of what seems to be the plain intention of the framers, the electoral system did not function as the Constitution contemplated, after the retirement of President Washington; the electors have been reduced to mere dummies, without any will of their own, who vote for the candidate of their party for President, the candidate nominated by a party caucus or convention wholly outside the Constitution. Nor is it likely that this historic interpretation by political parties will be overturned by a ruling of the Supreme Court. Who decides what the party interpretation of the Constitution shall be? Those who look to the written document for illumination on this point will not find any.

III

Since many parts of the Constitution admit of more than one interpretation, and since public authorities and party leaders in their practices must determine in fact what the Constitution really is as a living instrument, it follows that, in adjusting their operations under the Constitution, they must seek the answers to many questions. What does it authorize? Is this or that action forbidden, commanded, sanctioned, or permissible? And, in their searching, how do the interpreters find the answers where the way is uncertain? By taking the words of the Constitution and consulting a dictionary? Although a justice of the Supreme Court has said that even the spirit of the Constitution "is to be collected chiefly from its words," the difficulty is not cleared up. The adverb "chiefly" leaves a great gap to be filled by some process other than a search for definitions of the words. It is true that the Court has on more than one occasion used Webster's dictionary in hunting for clues to the cabalistic symbols of the Constitution, but the enlightenment to be attained by that method is limited. Those whose business it is to interpret the Constitution have other and more important methods at hand—methods sanctioned by high authority and long usage.

Among the controlling principles of interpretation recommended by reason and custom is the theory that the "intention" of those who made the Constitution should govern. No other doctrine seems more rational and inevitable. It is expounded with great cogency by Chief Justice Marshall in the celebrated case of Marbury *vs.* Madison, and runs as follows: "The people have an original right to establish, for their future government, such principles as, in their opinion, shall most conduce to their own happiness." This, he says, is the basis on which the whole American fabric has been erected. "This original and supreme will organizes the government,

and assigns to different departments their respective powers." Then, in dealing with the authority conferred upon the judiciary, the Chief Justice asks about "the intention of those who gave this power." Although he speaks in another connection of what "the framers" of the Constitution contemplated, the underlying theory of his argument is that it is the "original and supreme will" of the people which is to be discovered and given effect in interpreting the Constitution. In American political reasoning nothing appears more axiomatic.

Yet in applying this controlling principle to an interpretation of the Constitution disconcerting difficulties arise. A search for "the will of the people who made the Constitution" leads into a Serbonian bog. Under this head must be included the members of the constitutional convention who drafted the Constitution in 1787, the members of the thirteen state conventions who ratified it, and the voters who elected the delegates to these ratifying conventions. Conscious of the difficulties involved in disclosing "the intention of the makers of the Constitution," judges of the Supreme Court have frequently, if not generally, limited their inquiries to the "intention of the framers," the aims of the men who drafted it in Philadelphia. The Constitution, declared Chief Justice Taney in the Dred Scott case, "speaks . . . with the same meaning and intent with which it spoke when it came from the hands of its framers."

If the inquest be limited narrowly to the intention of the framers of the Constitution the solution of the problem is not easy. Of course at the outset all the clauses, indeed, many fragments of clauses, must be treated separately and taken as items voted on in the constitutional convention. Some of them were carried by a narrow majority, and in such cases it is the intention of the particular majority that comes in question. Now, no stenographic minutes were made of the debates in the convention; our information as to what the members said about the various clauses is limited to fragmentary notes taken by James Madison and a few other members. On none of the clauses did all the members speak; on few if any did a majority speak. Since we do not know what all the speakers said on the respective issues it is impossible to discover what their "intention" was.

With respect to some propositions the members who framed them differed as to their meaning. This is especially true of the sections dealing with the judiciary.* As a matter of fact, Gouverneur Morris, in speaking of his work in shaping up the language of the Constitution, distinctly states that, owing to conflicting opinions in the convention over the subject of the judiciary, he found it necessary "to select phrases which, expressing my own notions, would not alarm the others or shock their self love." This is not all. Over the most fundamental of all rules of construction, two members of the convention who favored the Constitution took diametrically opposite views as to the intention of the framers, within two years after it went into effect. In discussing the constitutionality of the first Bank, Hamilton held that the Constitution should be construed liberally with reference to great ends; Randolph with equal tenacity maintained that it should be construed strictly with reference to its express language.

Nevertheless, those who are called upon to expound the Constitution continually speak with confidence about "the intention of the framers" and cite speeches, letters, and papers to prove one interpretation or another, even though their constructions are frequently opposite in upshot. Undoubtedly light can be thrown on the meaning of the Constitution by reference to the writing of the Fathers; but the intention of the collective framers, as to points susceptible of various meanings, re-

* Beard, *The Supreme Court and the Constitution*, pp. 15ff., 51ff.

mains about as mysterious as the Delphic oracles.

If reference is made to "the will of the people who made the Constitution," the mystery deepens. What, for example, was the intention of the several hundred men who composed the thirteen state conventions called to ratify the Constitution? In some cases only the most fragmentary notices of speeches made in those conventions have come down to us. In none of them were all the indefinite phrases of the Constitution fully expounded and agreed upon. What the majority in each case may have thought about many of these phrases, whether they thought about them at all is not known, can never be known.

When this quest is extended to the will or intention of "the people" the twilight deepens almost to stygian darkness. About three-fourths of the people entitled to vote did not take the trouble to participate in electing delegates to the several conventions. In some cases, New York, for example, a majority voted against ratifying the Constitution as submitted by the framers. How many of the people who did vote had read the Constitution and made up their minds as to their "intention"? History is silent. What was the intention of the people who voted against the Constitution and yet saw their elected delegates ratify it in spite of their "will"? It is useless to pursue this inquiry farther. Those who are given to exactness in the use of language will be chary about speaking of "the intention of the people who made the Constitution." Space forbids a treatment of the "makers" of the amendments.

IV

As a matter of fact, whatever the strict theory respecting the intention of the framers which binds us all, the courts, Congress, the President, the party leaders, and the laymen called upon to interpret the Constitution, to determine what it is in reality, are not controlled by the results of a quest for that intention. When seeking to discover what can or cannot be done under the Constitution, they do not confine their studies to the words and purposes (if known) of the men who made and ratified the Constitution. They also resort to processes of reasoning, to psychological devices, and to a bewildering assortment of historical claims, assertions, and inferences. They cite history, both oral and written; they refer to their memory of what was done or intended. They make use of dictionaries, quotations from the Bible, and illustrations from preceding judicial decisions, acts of Congress, speeches by statesmen, and official documents by authorities presumed to be competent. In practice, therefore—and it is practice that counts—the Constitution is interpreted by psychological processes, which can be understood only through a study of the human mind, its nature, its laws, and its workings, and the interpretations are verbalized by the use of extracts from an ocean of printed pages and a maze of oral traditions.

Among the mental processes useful in discovering the meaning of the Constitution that of "logical reasoning" has been perhaps most commonly employed. At all events it is most prominent in the great decisions of the Supreme Court. Chief Justice Marshall was noted for his use of this instrument. He was sparing in his citation of precedents and speeches to prove his points. Nowhere is his method better illustrated in its strength and weakness than in the case of Marbury *vs.* Madison. Though he speaks of the intention of the framers and the people from whom the Constitution emanated, he does not cite long statements from them to prove his proposition that the Supreme Court has the power to set aside acts of Congress when it deems them unwarranted by the Constitution. He uses logic. "It seems only necessary to recognize certain principles," he says, "supposed [by whom?] to have been long and well

established [by whom?], to decide it." Here in brief is his syllogism:

Premise: The people have made the Constitution, established the departments of government, and assigned powers to each of them, and this Constitution is declared to be the supreme law of the land.

Premise: The Supreme Court has taken an oath to uphold the Constitution.

Conclusion: When an act of Congress (admittedly inferior law) conflicts with the superior law, the Supreme Court cannot enforce it but must declare it null and void.

On its face, nothing could seem simpler, but critics of the decision from Jefferson's day onward have been unable to accept it as inescapable. The logic of their interpretation may be formulated in this fashion:

Premise: The people have made the Constitution, established the departments, and assigned powers to each of them, and this Constitution is declared to be the supreme law of the land.

Premise: The President has taken an oath to uphold the Constitution.

Conclusion: When a decision of the Supreme Court (admittedly inferior to the Constitution itself) conflicts with the superior law, the President cannot enforce it but must declare it null and void.*

Hence it would appear that this "logic" which is so frequently employed in discovering the meaning of the Constitution is in reality not an instrument of inevitable finality, but a two-edged sword which cuts both ways. Indeed the experts in logic differ violently among themselves as to what their subject is. Some hold that it is merely concerned with words; others contend that it is an instrument of knowing or a way of discovering truth; still others maintain that it is concerned with both the form and the matter of thought and cannot be separated from either. Whatever the upshot of their debate, it is certain that "logical reasoning" is only one way of discovering truth, at best a dim and uncertain way, and not the way most effectively used by science in making its amazing triumphs. Powerful minds, equally logical and, for practical purposes, equally informed, often arrive at different ends by the logical method. Hence its frailty as a reed of reliance.

Its inadequacy as an instrument of acquiring knowledge concerning the meaning of the Constitution has been recognized by the Courts and other authorities called upon to expound that document. Judges of the Supreme Court, in explaining the instrument, have frequently referred to the "nature of the system," "the spirit of the Constitution," and its "general spirit." Marshall remarked in the Dartmouth College case, with respect to a certain contention, that the framers of the Constitution "could never have intended to insert in that instrument," an idea "repugnant to its general spirit." Long afterward another judge maintained that there are certain limitations, though not clearly expressed in the Constitution, "which grow out of the essential nature of all free governments." A dissenting judge protested against this allegation, saying, "Courts cannot nullify an act of the state legislature on the vague ground that they think it opposed to a general latent spirit supposed to pervade or underlie the Constitution, where neither the terms nor the implications of the instrument disclose any such restriction." Other dissenting judges have filed similar protests, but still it remains a custom for those who undertake to interpret the Constitution to derive meaning from its "nature" and "general spirit."

Like the logical method, however, this process is beset with perplexities because two minds equally conversant with the nature and spirit of the Constitution may arrive at opposite conclusions as to what the nature and spirit

* See J. A. C. Grant, *American Political Science Review*, August, 1929, p. 673. Spearman, *The Nature of Intelligence*, chapter xviii.

authorize. In practice judicial reflections coming under this head embrace fragments from acts of Congress, groupings of several related provisions of the Constitution in one bracket with a view to making many phrases illuminate the particular point in question, extracts from the *Federalist* and other writings of the Fathers, and similar materials, more or less controversial, verging in the direction chosen by the expounding judge or authority.

V

Since, under all these methods of exposition, men of great logical powers and wide information often arrive at opposite conclusions respecting the meaning of the Constitution, it seems to follow that their conflicting judgments are due to something inside of their minds, that is, do not flow inexorably from the plain language of the instrument itself. What, then, is this mental force or substance that inclines the mind to one side or the other? Out of deep knowledge and long judicial experience, Justice Holmes made a satisfactory answer when he said, "General propositions do not decide concrete cases. The decision will depend on a judgment or intuition more subtle than any articulate major premise." This removes the explanation of differences of opinion concerning the indefinite clauses of the Constitution from the realm of verifiable exact science, which ordinarily proceeds by drawing conclusions from observing external things that have weight, form, and mass capable of precise description, and makes the operation of constitutional interpretation primarily emotional in character—a matter of feeling and sympathy.

Thus we are led to inquire, Whence springs the intuition or sympathy which inclines the mind to one side or the other? Is it inherited with the flesh and blood? Are babies from birth strict or liberal constructionists by inheritance? Or are these intuitions and sympathies acquired from associations—political, economic, and cultural? If the issue is concretely considered there can be no doubt of the answer. With reference to interpretations of the Constitution by the President, Congress, and political leaders, it is openly admitted that their inclinations are connected with partisan sources—using the term in no invidious sense. Chief Justice Taney, a Democrat from the slave-holding state of Maryland, thought that the Constitution did not confer upon Congress the power to abolish slavery in the territories; President Lincoln, a Republican from the free state of Illinois, with equal sincerity, thought that it did. At one time a political party that believes in the strict construction is in power; at another time, a party that advocates the liberal construction. Thus the Constitution means one thing in one season; another in the next. With a change in parties comes a change in its nature. And changes in parties spring from changes in public opinion, in the conditions and beliefs of the people, or at least of the thinking and articulate section of the population.

Although none will deny that partisan considerations deeply affect, if they do not control, interpretations of the Constitution by the political departments of the government, many contend that the judicial branch of the government is not, or ought not to be, influenced by any such considerations. But this raises some interesting speculations. Judges are chosen by political branches of the Government, by the President and Senate. Do the appointing authorities, in selecting a judge, ignore his previous career, the decisions he has rendered, if he has been a judge in a lower court, the views which he has advocated as a lawyer at the bar? The correct reply is that they do not. The history of appointments, as far as it is recorded, makes this answer emphatic. It is true that Theodore Roosevelt once indicated that there was a large element of chance in the selection of judges, which is un-

questionable. When asked whether it would be possible in the United States to pass a tax law as radical as the Lloyd George budget of 1909, he replied laconically, "It would depend upon whether a Judge of the Supreme Court came down heads or tails." But in making appointments as President he took no such anarchic view of federal jurisprudence.

In a long letter to Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, written in 1902, with reference to filling a vacancy on the Supreme Bench, President Roosevelt explained the considerations which controlled him in making the appointment and which, he thought, should always be controlling in such cases. "In the ordinary and low sense which we attach to the words 'partisan' and 'politician,'" said the President, "a judge of the Supreme Court should be neither. But in the higher sense, in the proper sense, he is not in my judgment fitted for the position unless he is a party man, a constructive statesman, constantly keeping in mind his adherence to the principles and policies under which this nation has been built up and in accordance with which it must go on; and keeping in mind also his relations with his fellow statesmen who in other branches of the government are striving in co-operation with him to advance the ends of government. Marshall rendered such invaluable service because he was a statesman of the national type, like Adams who appointed him, like Washington whose mantle fell upon him. . . . The Supreme Court of the sixties was good exactly in so far as its members fitly represented the spirit of Lincoln. . . . The majority of the present Court who have, although without satisfactory unanimity, upheld the policies of President McKinley and the Republican party in Congress, have rendered a great service to mankind and to this nation."

With this preliminary out of the way, President Roosevelt then turned to the character of the man under immediate consideration for appointment, Oliver Wendell Holmes, of Massachusetts. "Now I should like to know," he said, "that Judge Holmes was in entire sympathy with our views, that is with your views and mine, and Judge Gray's, for instance, just as we know that ex-Attorney General Knowlton is, before I would feel justified in appointing him. . . . I should hold myself as guilty of an irreparable wrong to the nation if I should put in his [Gray's] place any man who was not absolutely sane and sound on the great national policies for which we stand in public life." Then President Roosevelt added in a postscript, "I should know about Judge Holmes as soon as possible. How would it do, if he seems to be all right, to have him come down here and spend a night with me, and then I could make the announcement on the day that he left, after we have talked together?"

Besides taking this broad view of the function of federal judges as statesmen, President Roosevelt also referred to a particular matter—the attitude of the Court toward modern social legislation. Judge Holmes' "labor decisions," he remarked, "which have been criticized by some of the big railroad men and other members of large corporations, constitute to my mind a strong point in Judge Holmes' favor. The ablest lawyers and greatest judges are men whose past has naturally brought them into close relationship with the wealthiest and most powerful clients, and I am glad when I can find a judge who has been able to preserve his aloofness of mind so as to keep his broad humanity of feeling and his sympathy for the class from which he has not drawn his clients. I think it eminently desirable that our Supreme Court should show in unmistakable fashion their entire sympathy with all proper effort to secure the most favorable possible consideration for the men who most need that consideration." If "necessary" this letter was to be laid before Mr. Holmes.

In seeking for judges in general harmony with their views of large public policy, Presidents have often found it

necessary to choose men from their own political party. The Federalist President, John Adams, appointed to the post of Chief Justice, John Marshall, an ardent Federalist who had served his party as a member of Congress and as Secretary of State. His successor, Roger B. Taney, a Democrat who had held the post of Secretary of the Treasury, was chosen by a Democratic President, Andrew Jackson. When Taney died in 1864, the Republican President, Abraham Lincoln, put in his place, Salmon Chase, who had been head of the Treasury Department and was an aspirant for the Republican nomination for President in the very year of his appointment. Chief Justice Taft was a Republican President of the United States before he was elevated to his high judicial post by President Harding, a member of his political party. Exceptions serve to prove the rule; if President Taft gave the chief justiceship to Edward D. White, a Democrat, he chose a man whose public record presented no violent opposition to the general public policies of the party in power. After all, is it conceivable that the appointing authorities would select a judge who would so interpret the Constitution as to declare null and void significant measures of Congress which they deemed vital to the welfare of the country? In this there is nothing invidious. The fact that they espouse these measures is evidence that they believe in their constitutionality as well as their utility to public welfare. To work for them, and then choose judges to defeat them would be a strange procedure.

Indeed high and responsible political leaders have more than once taken the position that it is proper to use the appointing power to secure new judges who will reverse the decision of their predecessors on fundamental issues, reinterpret the Constitution, discover that it does not mean what it has been interpreted to mean. "We think the Dred Scott decision is erroneous," said Lincoln, shortly after the Court had rendered its opinion. "We know that the Court that made it has often overruled its own decisions and we shall do what we can to have it overrule this." And the Democratic party, in its platform of 1896, criticized the decision of the Supreme Court holding void the income tax law of 1894 and declared that it would be the duty of Congress to make use of the power "which may come from its reversal by the Court as it may hereafter be constituted," with a view to enacting legislation similar to that recently invalidated by this tribunal.

It was after reviewing such indubitable facts that the great commentator, Judge Cooley, came to the conclusion that the Constitution is not a mere written document with a determinate meaning that never changes. "We may think," he says, "that we have the Constitution all before us; but for practical purposes the Constitution is that which the Government in its several departments and the people in the performance of their duties as citizens recognize and respect as such; and nothing else is. . . . Cervantes says: 'Everyone is the son of his own works.' This is more emphatically true of an instrument of government than it can possibly be of a natural person. What it takes to itself, though at first unwarrantable, helps to make it over into a new instrument of government, and it represents at last the acts done under it."

If this statement by Judge Cooley is true, and the authority for it is unimpeachable, then the theory that the Constitution is a written document is a pure fiction. The idea that it can be understood by a study of its language and the history of its past development is equally mythical. It is what the Government and the people who count in public affairs recognize and respect as such, what they think it is. More than this. It is not merely what it has been, or what it is to-day. It is always becoming something else and those who criticize it and the acts done under it, as well as those who praise, help to make

it what it will be to-morrow. Indeed an eminent authority, Frank J. Goodnow, recalling how difficult it is to amend the Constitution and how the courts show a tendency to block changes made imperative by new conditions, contends that criticism of the backward-looking decisions of the Supreme Court is necessary to force the continuous readjustment of the Constitution to new requirements. "In these days of rapid economic and social change," he says, ". . . it is on this criticism, amply justified by our history, that we must rely if we are to hope for that orderly and progressive development which we regard as characteristic of modern civilization." And criticism is authorized by the Constitution, for that instrument makes clear provision in Article V for its own amendment by regular political processes. This contemplation of change is a criticism, a partial repudiation, or a confession that the original falls short of the ideal, at least, the ideal always in the process of becoming.

ICE STORM IN SPRING

BY KATHERINE GARRISON CHAPIN

WHAT hand strange and magical, or what cool breath
Has touched this land? Like a white death
Stiffening each bud and leaf, tracing each curve
Of the drooping bough, and the soft delicate swerve
Of the long dry grasses that bend beneath
The weight of each icicle lying like a slim sheath.
The round buds are haloed in glass translucent and clear,
Each pine needle is topped with a bright crystal spear.
Not a breath stirs, not the faint winged flutter of a bird,
In this frosty stillness. But all unheard
Under the whitened bark the sap rises and flows
Like blood in a cool pulse, like water under the snows.

How mysterious is this swift invisible frost
Molding intangible beauty. Nothing is lost,
Even the mist from the river, even shapes
The wind has blown on the water. Nothing escapes.

Walk not abroad on a night of sleet, or stress
Of icy wind, or of still cold, unless
Your breath and your words
And the thoughts they bear
Are fleet and beautiful.
You will find them there
When day breaks,
Clear-shaped, lovely, apart,
Or else like long cruel silver arrows
To strike at your heart.

THE NEW SKIRT LENGTH

BY WILLIAM BOLITHO

IN FASHION is the only clue, I believe, to woman's mind, quite unconfused by conscious or unconscious imitation of men. There, anyway, we may be sure that we have something to study that is not some woman's repetition of what some philogynist man thought women ought to think.

In other words, I reject the explanation of the secret fashion caucus of Paris which raises or lowers skirt hems, clips or extends hat brims, starves or fattens the secondary sexual characteristics according to its members' simple business interest. You have probably heard of this fashion caucus through the deepest and most reliable business man of your acquaintance, because such men have a pure and primitive strain of poetry in them which draws them to make dramatic myths to explain natural phenomena. Ask them the name of the man who caused the Wall Street stock-quake. They will give it to you naïvely just as the hard-bitten hunters of the Stone Age sang of the elephant, standing on the tortoise, whose nervousness caused the earth periodically to shake. Minds near nature, alone adapted to success in the modern business world, naturally work out little pictures and personal cosmogonies. But ask them whether the same dictators who lowered skirts because they wanted to sell more silks and stuffs were in power when skirts first reached the knees, and what have they to say?

Paris and Lyons certainly enjoy the change in style; they felt out for it anxiously and eagerly. But before the moment was ripe for it, before the invisible forces working in womankind gave permission, they would not have dared to set it going. The prestige of Paris herself could not support another harem-skirt fiasco. The day her fashions cease to attract, to make a contact (for there can be no attraction across a vacuum) with the unexpressed deeps of women's ambitions and desire, the game for Paris is up. The mere prestige of her name can no more set fashions than can the Queen of England.

The true reason why Paris, in fact, preserves her enviable monopoly in fashion, over all the determined, painstaking, and often wickedly unfair attempts of other capitals to supplant her, as both Berlin and London in the last decade found out, is not because the Worths and the Lanvins are better business people. They are certainly extremely dour and hard; probably, after the oil people, one of the hardest business groups in the world. But it is because they have themselves, in some degree, and employ others who have it even more, an almost infallible intuitionary power of anticipating the constantly evolving ideal of themselves that the collective subconscious of womankind contains. There is an absolute, a pure objective, that is, in their creations; and it is this in the "fashion" which is the value of a study of it.

Usually, by a perverse trick of the mind, going out of its way to find difficulties, people who embark on any consideration of the subject of fashion plunge straight away into the dark intricacy of morals. Short skirts immediately become an outward sign of sexual freedom, under any of its custom-

ary synonyms: looseness, "vulgarity," sin; any serious-minded ethical conservative will give you rapidly a thick thesaurus of them from his own sermons. The same people are rather slow to follow their logic into fervent praise of the new style, which overlaps the knees, if not the ankles. But let us say that that will come; that within a Sunday or two we shall hear the Paris devil given his due, and a brilliant counter-attack of good over ill put in all the communiqués of the Holy War. I am unable to believe a word of it.

That is to say, I reject the moral hypothesis as heartily as I do the big business one. Women's fashions do not follow any fluctuation in heat, any thermodynamics of sex. Those who believe that the revelation of knees was a gigantic, collective invitation have too lately come to town. They probably are *naifs* who also communicate in the touching faith of our very youngest writers in the chastity of Victorian times; and may learn quite a lot of worldliness if they would push their theory so far as one day to try to accost a bathing beauty on Deauville beach.

Perhaps the belatedness of preachers to hail the signal reformation in the long skirt may have a cautiously sensible reason.

The simple refutation of this interesting view, however, is to recall the concomitance of bobbed hair with the shortened skirt, and the distinct, obviously natural tendency of the coiffure to vary directly with the new length. How is this to be explained by those who regard the length of the skirt as an index of morality? Or is there anyone who dares to say that hair-cutting, too, is a sign of free love? Yet that cropped heads and short dresses, long hair and long dresses do have some indissoluble connection any pretty woman will assure you.

The fact is that the whole matter—as I started by saying indirectly—is the sex's own business, as mysterious, finally incommunicable and miscellaneous as that "business of Egypt" on which George Borrow's gypsy heroes were always slinking through the world's horse fairs and heaths. Does a woman dress to please men? Do fishermen choose their baits to please the fish? Do poets take to writing to please women? Or millionaires found utilities to please their women? All of them trick questions, with the same catch.

For if women dressed to please men, the simplest way would no doubt be not to dress at all. I know there is a certain curious feeling to be found sometimes among men, a reaction of something like rage to nakedness. You find occasional manifestations of it in the correspondence columns of newspapers—men who are, I am prepared to believe, genuinely wrathful at the sight of little midinettes crossing their legs on the opposite bench of the subway car. Italian music-hall audiences, nearly all men, make quite ugly manifestations when an actress is too generous with, or careless of her charms. Southern men generally—it is one of the few indisputable signs of inferiority I can notice in them—are liable to this curious behavior, which, whatever it is, is certainly complicated. Sometimes, though rarely, it is the result of genuine ascetic feeling, more often it is base irritation at being tormented, or possibly, in the last resort, it is some men's normal treatment of a woman who appears even symbolically to yield to them. But such are abnormalities of sense and breeding, mere curiosities which need not distract our attention. The normal man prefers and is pushed by his instinct to desire the minimum of resistance in a woman, even to the quantity her dress opposes to his eager eyes.

It is no more part of the normal woman's interest to accord him this than it is for the fisherman to insure that the bait falls at the first nibble off the hook. Nor is the contrary, except to comic artists, true. The hunting metaphor is a dangerously shallow view of the attitude of either sex to the other, unless you are content to believe that the larger part of

the enticement of life is nothing but a sort of cruel practical joke, like the cheese in a mouse trap. The wisest words I have heard on the subject are those of a tough sergeant-major to a callow newcomer in one of those trench discussions with which we enriched the time. The youngster set out the proportionately huge total of all that he had ever earned that had been spent on women and started to complain. My philosopher, however, replied, "Well, what is there to spend on—except women?"

A profound remark if it is extended to include all effort, the tears of poets, studious nights, rich men's risking, soldiers' blood. The reward of these—and in almost all the really highest instances the more or less known motive—is the worship and hope of possession of an ideal woman; though, no doubt, many a man inferior to Shakespeare or Beethoven or Newton has got along with some more abstract goal. We are not concerned with them, for women do not dress for them.

It is, therefore, to satisfy this desire, and to supply this mark and motive, that woman—I am speaking in a vast generality, whatever may be true of the individual you may have in mind—dresses herself in fashion, as a part of her whole life attitude. Ungrateful man—she does not want to catch you but to give you something to hunt through the skies. And it obviously follows that this composition of an ideal is not only very much more than a vulgar sexual trap—as Bernard Shaw would have it—but has the very loftiest social, religious, even metaphysical implications.

II

It also follows that there are numberless chances of mistakes. The voice of instinct is sublime but often still and small, almost inaudible; and even at that—so infinitely complicated is the world of circumstances we have made—the voice of instinct is capable of error, I suppose. Some such thing I guess to have been behind all "eccentricités" in fashion—curiously enough, a technical word among the Paris couturiers. Some of the excesses of the short-skirt era—the visible garter, the reckless maquillage, especially the brief appearance of a mode in purplish face powders and too dark lipsticks, seem to me to be a plain example of the maladroit searchings of an instinct which has momentarily lost its way.

For, in this bobbed-haired short-skirtedness it had undoubtedly lost its way. We shall see the reason later. As an ideal—passing over for the moment that it was composed under great and unexampled stress—it was too simple, too boyish, too unromantic (how should I put it, for it is radically connected with the whole *motif* of the age), too unimaginative. It prefigured, and here the moralizers were right, a companionate ideal. The girl of the epoch came closer to man, in the compassionate mood of the whole woman spirit. She was dressed to sit beside him in his airplane or racing car, those toys, to go with him to games, to dances he was too *tired for*, as well as to work in his offices and looms. To make up for the war, woman gave him something easy, so far as her immanently brooding wisdom ever allows her to give.

Though I dismiss as ludicrous the idea that the coefficient of seductibility, if it could be figured out, was any different in our age from what it had been in any preceding metropolitan age—except for certain small, if noticeable classes of women—still I hold that the ideal woman, prefigured in the bobbed-haired, short-skirted fashion, was specifically easy. She acquiesced in the decay of the whole ritual of politeness, the ceremonial usages which have grown up immemorially around her cult. And so by coincident necessity, the age of short skirts was the age of bounder men; the stupid and rough time of all after-war.

But though underneath, like the river Alph, subterraneanly ran this thread of

sex-compassion, there was another motive which doubled it, which was sufficiently strong in itself to have swept it away utterly, if instead of going in the same direction it had opposed it. This was the obvious economico-social motive. Coincident with the lowering of the male capacity for idealism was the entrance of women into self-support. There is a utilitarian as well as a mystical reason for the short skirts that cannot catch in a subway door, for the short hair that saves an hour's brushing nightly to tired stenographers.

Only when these twin factors are retained together in the mind does the reversal of the new style stand a chance of being understood for what it is, a development of social as well as of cultural interest. It is in part, that is, a sign of a change in woman's ideal of herself, a heightening of the standard for men. A few years ago she stepped down half in pity at the incapacity of the war generation, who showed their dispiritedness in their materialism, and at their discouragement, which led as a matter of notoriety in many of the more sensitive to abandonment of the woman ideal altogether. Now she steps up again onto her throne. The times have changed. Romance has come back. Woman takes back her ancient prestige.

And the second factor? How is the wage-earner to follow the fashion?

The answer is (and it leads to the most curious deductions) that she cannot. Will not, or cannot, it will come to the same thing. Let me venture to guess what will happen.

III

Last year—for it was last winter that the first signs of the change occurred in the evening gowns of the most fashionable—there was a hesitating feeling among women, as you will note if you look back through the files of their own columns and fashion papers, that long dresses, even trains, were the thing for this special use only. Of course the signs of compromise and transience were very obvious at this moment. Only for evening, and only long behind. Much as the clerk puts on for occasions of ceremony the eighteenth-century tail coat and stiff shirt, so—if the movement had not been urged on by the deeper forces—might the long skirt have been stabilized as special wear in every girl's wardrobe.

But here it could not stay. And in the next stage there was an almost violent effort—resolutions, club feeling, and all the rest—to stop the fashion before it led inevitably to what the unleisured working woman most feared. And here we are at present. The Park Avenue parade, the stage, the natural leaders of the sex—that is, in "woman's business"—have verifiably adopted the new fashion, by day as well as by night; and I conjecture that its physical complements, not only long hair, and fuller forms, now made possible, will not be long in coming. But the working girl, to her despair, cannot follow it. Let us watch her for a few years desperately trying.

And then the most curious and unexpected result: it looks as if in a few years sumptuary distinctions which were practically killed by the mechanical revolution may come back for women; that for the first time for one hundred and fifty years the men of a city will be able to distinguish at a glance the lady of leisure from the rest, as easily as a Chinaman can tell a mandarin in a street.

I need not insist on the tragi-comic aspects of this strange reaction. It may well have some bearing even on the political developments of the future; for has not the central glow, the blue at the base of the flame in all revolutions been the fierce jealousy of women of the people for the jewelled and befurred fair ones of the rich? The whole movement of fashion up to this point had indeed been still farther to lessen class distinctions in dress. Synthetic silk stockings, simplicity of cut, standardization of ornament—all these were working in this way, which now an upheaval from

the depths of the fashion has wrecked. In the face of this, the philosopher has not to regret or praise, but simply to notice that whatever its effect, the fact is there. Justly or no, the woman of fashion, from courtesan to stage-star, has separated herself from the mass of her sisters in the way of her dress.

It is the premonition of this, it may well be, that is the cause of the bitterness with which the excluded have met the news of the new fashions. I cannot see what could be done about it, even if fashion were in the least degree influencible by reason. Only ten years ago executives tried to stop the short-skirt vogue among their employees by regulation and edict. Perhaps it is they who would be the decisive obstacle to any despairing attempt of their girls to let their hair grow, and to follow the beautiful, impracticable mode.

Leaving this rather sad side of the question, there remains the spiritual one. The fashion is, as I said, the expression of an inner ideal, which now changes. Is it that women, in their collective instinct, intuitionally, now know that the inferior age, the age that never produced a first-class poem, the hobbledehoy, mucker age of overgrown schoolboys, ruled with hands oily from their toys, the new machines, is over? That a new generation is coming of men who are not discouraged and sulky at the vision of woman with her whole prestige, but fired by it to efforts of the heart, imagination and will, that their elder brothers were incapable of? It may be so. I hope devoutly it is so. We were due for some reaction. I was afraid that it might have been pietistic, puritanical, like the wave that Victoria brought in after the grand days of the century, with her corsets and moiré silk. There is a chance, and it is my final reading of the new fashions, that we are to be given something better and finer: nearer, that is, to the only ideal which will ever satisfy philosopher and poet alike: the complement of the hero, the great lady in whom beauty and heart and head equipoised together, grace and distinction and a certain remoteness restore that imaginative prestige, not only to her sex, but to the whole life of men on earth.

THE EIGHT-DOLLAR PUP

A STORY

BY PHILIP CURTISS

THE Perriers had always given their dogs "real" names for, as Mrs. Perrier once pointed out, you would not call a child or even a faithful hired man "Spot" or "Dash." There had been, for example, Titus, the old Gordon setter whose almost centenarian existence had practically covered the span of the Perriers' own married life. Then, at various times, there had been Frank, the pointer, Emil, the dachshund, and Benjamin Cibber, a picturesque but not very responsive little Skye. There still was Charley, a big, mongrel police dog and, although the Perriers had never really gone in for the family idea, they had once had a broody little Airedale named Mrs. Harris. Names seemed to suggest themselves as a rule as soon as an animal walked on to the premises, but when the black cow dog appeared, there was a pained and uncomfortable silence.

It was Andy Payson, a vociferous and determined gentleman on the other side of town, who was really responsible for the cow dog craze in West Gosset; for just as a man who has been dining for weeks in the smartest hotels will suddenly have a craving for a doughnut and a dill pickle, so did Andy break out one evening:

"You know, I'm getting awfully sick of these German schnautzhounds and Popperdene terriers that are judged merely by the length of their ears or the number of wrinkles on their noses. What has become of what we used to call ordinary 'shepherd dogs' twenty years ago? I don't mean collies, exactly, and I don't mean those long-haired English sheepdogs. I mean the kind of dog that you used to see in every farmyard, asleep under a lumber wagon. When I was a boy we had a dog like that, and I swear that he could do everything except read and write."

"I think I know where you could get one," replied August Perrier promptly. "There's a man in Vermont who has been advertising for years in the farm papers. He calls them just what you do—old-fashioned shepherds for driving sheep and cows. He'll sell you a male pup for eight dollars and a female for three."

The whole company burst into a laugh, headed by Molly Payson.

"But can't you just imagine," she hazarded, "what they would be like—at that price?"

"I'll bet," retorted her husband, "that they would be a lot better dogs than that little beast of an undersized Scotty for which you paid seventy-five last year. He didn't have a brain in his head and all he thought about was his own little self."

"Well, Scotties are like that sometimes," confessed Molly. "It's their temperament."

"But what I want," exclaimed Andy, "is a dog that will look up and thump the floor with his tail when I come into the room."

"Yes, I have noticed that trait in your makeup," replied Molly quietly.

"No, but I'm serious," retorted her

husband. "You telephone me that address, Gus, and I'll risk eight dollars."

He was as good as his word, and so was August Perrier. Within a week there arrived at the West Gosset express office an ordinary wooden box which was labeled, "Superior Baked Beans," but when the three crude slats were pried off the top, out stepped a dapper little gentleman whose composure and manners were so perfect that they brought tears even to Molly's eyes. "Ah, yes," his demeanor announced, "you are the people I have come to see. Now if you will kindly show me where I can wash my hands . . ."

True to his boyhood memories, Andy named him "Shep," and within a week he was the sensation of the village. Everybody seemed, long ago, to have known a dog just like him. He was black, in the main, but with a white nose, white collar, and fluffy white shirt-front. His legs and his jaws were faintly tinged with light brown, like autumn foliage, and over each eye was a single tan spot. As he grew in size, his tail became a great curving plume, and when he stood on a rock to gaze over the landscape he looked like a dog in a steel engraving of the year 1873. As Molly said, all he needed was three sheep, a sleeping child, and Melrose Abbey in the background and, underneath, the line "Man's Faithful Friend."

And brains? In the case of Shep it was libellous to say that he could do everything but talk. Given the key word and the right expression in your eye, you could make him wail up and down for minutes, like an old man complaining about his feet. Andy Payson, of course, was almost unbearable in his pride. He spent hours and hours teaching his protégé to walk at heel, carry newspapers, and open doors with complicated latches. About the only thing he didn't do was send him to Yale.

The next spring August Perrier himself caught the fever and sent his own check to the same address. What he got was—well, just about what he could expect for eight dollars. This time when Mrs. Perrier saw the box opened all she said was, "Oh." Inside was a crouching black creature that might have been a young Newfoundland and then again might have been a trained seal. If Shep, so to speak, had come off the train putting on his kid gloves, this little fellow gave the impression of having a lollipop in each hand. One could see in his coat and his attitude the whole history of his night's travel, and the general effect was that of a very dirty baby with his spirit ruffled, his milk bottle gone sour, and his bib twisted under one ear.

If it is true that intellect and untidiness go together, this little fellow was certainly an illustration of the rule, for within a week it was obvious to the Perriers that he was like no other pup they had ever seen. He was a thinker, a hobbyist, an isolated and eccentric soul. If he had been a child he would shortly have begun to collect stamps or display an interest in mechanical drawing but, being what he was, he became that rather rare creature—a hermit dog.

He seldom played with other dogs, and the attempts which he did make were always followed by disaster. If there was a hole within two hundred yards, he would always manage to fall into it, and even when running by himself, his big back legs would suddenly cave in and go flop. When chasing another dog he would never seem to see the bush behind which the other dog had dodged, or else his ungainly frame could not stop in time, and he would go crashing into it. When, in his slow, tardy way he would try to wrestle with neighboring pups, it would be like watching a fight in a dream. All his muscles seemed to be made of fluid or sand; his pushes, somehow, would never reach home, and his barks would never detonate. But, strangest of all, no matter what happened to him, he never changed expression. Pushed down the cellar hole or rolled in the mud, his eyes would always remain thoughtful and acceptant.

As to his exterior aspects, alas, Helen Perrier had seen the whole truth when she had opened the box. An exact catalogue of his features might possibly make him seem worse than he actually was, but in general his appearance was that of an ebony sheep. His body was large and round, his head was small and pointed, and his coat was a sort of curly chinchilla. He seldom trotted from place to place, like other dogs, but almost any time one could catch him on the sky-line, going somewhere at a slow walk. He may have been a little farsighted, or else some of his ancestors had had hair over their eyes, for when you spoke to him he would lift his head rather higher than usual and gaze at you down the bridge of his nose, like a man with his reading glasses still on.

To name such a dog was naturally a bit of a problem, that is if one wanted a name that would really probe the depths. For a week or two he was called simply "Pup" or "Bub," but one day when Helen Perrier was watching him from the east terrace she suddenly called to her husband:

"August! August! I know what I'm going to call him. His name is Joel!"

Perrier appeared behind the screen door. "Why Joel?"

"I don't know," replied Helen, "but he *looks* like Joel."

Strangely enough he did and, as if he had only been waiting for this to be settled, he seemed to calm down from then on and live the part. He did not at once, of course, abandon all attempts to wrestle with dogs of the neighborhood, but more and more he apparently realized his limitations and proceeded to carve out a life of his own. It was not a great life, but then, as he would have been the first to admit, he was not much of a dog.

Sitting on a little hilltop just behind the house seemed to be one of the major features of this new and permanent existence. Just what he found there to interest him one could not imagine. Possibly he was hoping that some day there would appear over the horizon some other dog who was interested in stamps. He had no bones there, no rabbit thickets, yet there he would remain for hours at a time. Frequently the Perriers would leave him there when they went out in the car after luncheon and find him still there when they came back late in the afternoon. At their appearance, to be sure, he would come galloping heavily to meet them at the garage door; but that could not have been the whole purpose of his lookout for, as soon as he knew that they were safe in the house, back he would go to his hilltop.

Then, little by little, he developed other occupations, mostly agricultural. For one thing he loved to watch anyone plant anything, such as beans or onions, where he could sit in contemplation at the head of the rows. When the worker came up to his end of the field he would give one short wag and then move over to the next row. In his relations to the Perriers themselves he could have been called neither affectionate nor unaffectionate and he did not seem to care a great deal about coming into the house. When patted on his coarse, curly head he would look grateful and would wag his tail, which meant in his case a slow, undulating movement of his whole hind quarters. On the other hand, he did not demand to be a part of everything, as when visitors came to tea. After such visitors had exclaimed and gushed over big Charley and put him through all his tricks, one of them might happen to glance out of the window and say, "Hullo! What's this?"

"Oh," one of the Perriers would answer, "that's our *other* dog."

Thus life drifted on for a couple of years, and so unobtrusively had Joel sunk into the background that the world failed to notice the day when the hilltop no longer remained his chief point of attraction. The Perriers' dining room was on the west side of the house, and one noon, at luncheon, Helen suddenly laid down her fork. Her eyes were fixed on the open window.

"I don't want to say anything," she remarked, quietly, "but I do believe that a bit of scandal is developing in the neighborhood. That is the third time this week that Joel has been up to call on Miss Craggs."

With the liveliest interest August Perrier followed her look, since it was the most extraordinary thing for Joel even to leave the yard. Yet there he certainly was, coming slowly down the road, with his sheeplike body and his pensive walk. Unlike any other dog, he did not stop to sniff at any side-attractions; he did not break into a frolic as he reached the gateway, or make any violent pretenses that he had not really left the place. Instead he continued straight ahead, with his calm, old-man's pace, and disappeared around the ell of the house.

"I thought there was something in the wind," continued Helen, "when I saw him walking up there the other day. At first I was going to call him back, but it was so unusual that I decided to watch him and see what would happen. And there's where he went, straight as an arrow. He turned in at the arbor and went up the front path, just as if he'd had a date."

"He probably had," laughed Perrier. "You don't suppose she has a Pekinese or something?"

"Not a thing," replied Helen, promptly, "not even a cat. I believe it's Miss Craggs herself that is the attraction. She came out to meet him yesterday as he went in."

"Well, by George!" laughed Perrier. "If they wouldn't be an ideal couple! They're positively made for each other. She's got lots of money, and he'd give her a certain intellectual tone. Can't you see them, in the winter, driving around in her limousine in New York?"

"To the life!" agreed Helen. "Their habits would fit to a T. Every morning she could drop him at the dog department of the Metropolitan Museum or some place where he could fuss around with a few old manuscripts on 'Dog Life Among the Assyrians.' Or he could lunch with that new Russian dog who had just arrived from Mongolia where he had dug up the most fascinating prehistoric bones, proving that the gazelle hound was really descended from the zebra."

"And at night," chuckled Perrier, "they could go back to that old house of hers in Fifty-Seventh Street where they could sit in front of a fire with nobody but themselves and the servants. She could do lace work and talk about her rheumatism, and Joel could correspond with a few famous savants or write up the notes that he had made during the day."

"Of course," added Helen, "there would be a few old friends with whom they would dine occasionally. And two or three times a winter they would go out to some staid old opera like 'Tristan' or 'Die Meistersinger.'"

"But never," suggested Perrier, "to anything like 'The Follies' or Eugene O'Neill."

"Oh, never!" agreed Helen.

"As nearly as I can see," said Perrier, "Joel's future is settled. What do you suppose we ought to do to bring them together? Perhaps Charley ought to give them a tea."

"We'd better do nothing," said Helen emphatically, "if I know Miss Craggs!"

Having been a neighbor for at least twelve summers, it could fairly be accepted that Helen Perrier was an authority on Miss Craggs, but as a matter of fact it was shortly evident that no pushing on anyone's part was needed to forward the budding romance. Every morning, without looking either to right or to left, Joel would go solemnly up the road and Miss Craggs, meeting Helen one afternoon, confessed, almost blushing, "You know, I've never cared much for animals but I do rather like to have him around." In a week the affair was flaunting and open and in another week, due to Perrier's efforts, it was the talk of the town. Andy Payson, in particular,

seized on the idea and spent whole hours laying out great plans for what he called "the love life of the Joel Perriers."

"I think I'd like to have them married under the apple trees," he commented, one evening, "but considering the age and dignity of both parties, we don't want anything of a splurge—just, perhaps, a few of his colleagues from Harvard and the University of Michigan and a few of her oldest friends from Washington Square. We must have a bishop, of course, and I have no doubt that they'll get a cablegram from the Duchess of Kent."

"And as they come out to their carriage," suggested Perrier, "six handsome greyhounds should be lined up, forming an arch of crossed mutton bones."

None of these remarks, naturally, was allowed to come to the ears of Miss Craggs herself, for hitherto Miss Annie Craggs had not been an individual with whom West Gosset had taken many liberties. She was, as Perrier's comments might have implied, a person now well in the autumn of life, and her career in the village had been marked by that peculiar combination of a soft heart and a cantankerous manner that seems to be the unfortunate handicap of many wealthy old ladies. In her appearance, certainly, there was nothing very redoubtable but, possibly because she had lived all her life in the fear of being imposed upon, there had grown up around her a tradition of causticity that had resulted in her being left severely alone.

That this isolation might possibly be undeserved it had apparently remained for Joel to discover. How he had nosed out Miss Craggs's front porch in the first place could never be learned but, having once formed a habit of going there, it was easy to see why it was a place exactly after his own heart. There was so much neatness at Miss Craggs's house and such complete silence. There were no other dogs there to irritate him with their continual fighting and not even a cat to make an occasional pass at his nose. It was so peaceful after breakfast to go up to that perfect piazza and sink down with a heavy thump. Or, in the long afternoons, there was no better place in West Gosset for a dog to sit, panting slightly and thinking of this and that. Even if Miss Craggs or one of the maids patted him occasionally or urged him to move, it was done with such timidity and hesitation that a dog had time to prepare his nerves.

For a time August Perrier half expected that Miss Craggs would offer to buy Joel, in which case he was prepared to toy with the idea of offering him as a gift. It was not that he didn't like the black pup but he could recognize destiny when he saw it and would never have been willing to stand in the way of a larger and finer career. Lacking, however, any such overtures from Miss Craggs, Perrier wisely refrained from taking the first step. Having sprung, himself, from much the same New Englandish atmosphere, perhaps he understood the old lady better than his wife did. Any definite or final suggestion might very easily have frightened her into an attitude of resistance that would have ended Joel's summer then and there.

So matters rested, with great tact on both sides, until one lazy afternoon when Helen Perrier lay reading in a steamer chair on the terrace. Suddenly she felt a shadow cross the bricks at her feet and, looking up, saw an elderly parlor maid with a light cape thrown over her uniform.

"Please, Mrs. Perrier," said the maid, "Miss Craggs sends her compliments and she wants to know whether anything has happened to Joel."

Helen hitched up in her chair with apprehension. "Joel? Why, not that I know of. He was here for his dinner. I saw him not long ago."

"He wasn't up at the house yesterday," explained the maid, "and he wasn't to-day. Miss Craggs didn't know . . ."

If Joel was not at Miss Craggs's there

was only one other place where he could possibly be, and Helen rose hastily. Sure enough, there was Joel on his hilltop, his head on his paws and his back to the sun. Helen gave a shrill whistle, and Joel vaguely lifted his head. The signal was repeated and, realizing at last that it was really for him, Joel slowly rose, shook himself, and came down the hill. At sight of the maid he gave a guarded wiggle but that was as far as he went.

"Take him up now if you wish to," suggested Helen, and quite eagerly the maid urged:

"Come on, Joel."

Again Joel gave his little wiggle but he did not move from his tracks.

"Go on, Joel," added Helen. "Go see Miss Craggs."

For answer Joel turned his head and looked up at her eyes. "Is this an order?" he seemed to be asking and, when Helen assured him that it was, he waddled off in the wake of the maid. Yet, half an hour later, when Helen looked up from her book, there was Joel again at the top of the hill.

When Perrier came home his wife related the incident and, as a first guess, Perrier pulled up Joel's forehead to look at the whites of his eyes.

"Oh, he's not sick," broke in Helen, quickly. "I thought of that but he's eaten all his meals."

"Perhaps the chauffeur kicked him or squirted the hose on him," suggested her husband.

"Never in the world," answered Helen, "not that nice old Garrity. No," she insisted, "for some reason or other he's simply 'off' Miss Craggs. In some way she must have hurt his feelings."

"Poor Miss Craggs!" grinned Perrier. "Can't she even get on with the dogs?"

For about two days longer the mystery continued, then one morning Perrier burst into his wife's dressing room.

"I believe I've got it," he exclaimed, "—what's wrong with Joel! He's got a rival. He's simply jealous!"

Helen looked up with the fixed expression of one who at last hears the truth. "Not another dog?"

"Dog nothing!" said Perrier. "Another man. I just saw Miss Craggs going by in her car, and on the seat beside her was the foppiest little old gentleman with a very red face and a snow-white mustache."

"George Dallingham Smith!" murmured Helen. "I might have known it. I've heard that he's been trying to marry her for thirty years. He *is* the kind of man who would kick a dog—not nastily, I mean, but if the dog tried to jump up on him or lick his spats."

"They ought to go out in a field," suggested Perrier, "and shoot it out."

"But what a fool!" laughed Helen. "I mean Joel—to go off and sulk. As nearly as I can see, he has made more progress in two months than George Dallingham Smith has made in thirty years."

"Why don't you go and tell him that?" suggested Perrier, but his wife gave him a wicked little look.

"Is it ever any use," she asked, "to try to tell anything to anyone who's jealous?"

Nevertheless, between them they seemed to have arrived at a correct diagnosis as, from then on, the presence or non-presence of George Dallingham Smith in West Gosset could be fairly judged by the actions of Joel. It might very well have been that Joel never actually *had* tried to jump on George Dallingham's trousers or lick his spats, but there were plenty of other minds in West Gosset that could state emphatically that no household was ever the same after George Dallingham Smith was once in it. If Miss Annie Craggs represented the chill and cautious side of old Victorian life, George Dallingham Smith represented the sprightly. He was the kind of man who would spring about like a grasshopper all his days and then, at the end of them, would write his memoirs. He was probably the most endless talker that Heaven ever created

and he loved to joke at his friends with roars and chuckles. He was the kind of man who was always popping up to rearrange and suggest things and, if the truth were known, he had probably tried to show his appreciation of Joel by poking him with his walking stick or rolling him over by his ears. At any rate, whatever the facts, Joel made it perfectly evident that between Miss Craggs's piazza plus George Dallingham Smith and his hilltop minus that gentleman, he for his part preferred the hilltop.

If Joel had only been a little more intimate with George Dallingham Smith's private affairs he might perhaps have been more tolerant; for it was distinctly to the old gentleman's credit that while, for many years, he had been very eager to marry Miss Annie Craggs, it was only recently that it had become at all necessary that he should marry her. It was not George Dallingham's fault that he had been born with a sociable nature, a love for travel, and very little else, nor was it to his discredit that an income which thirty years before had been regarded as ample, not to say magnificent, had slowly shrunk into very ominous proportions. With his familiar world evaporating all about him, it was only natural that he should cling with greater and greater tenacity to the few friendly firesides which remained, and if he suddenly appeared three times in West Gosset in a single summer, it was only what he would have been glad to do thirty-five years before when, in his way, he had been quite a dashing beau, and Miss Annie Craggs had been principally known as a gaunt, reserved, and not very popular girl.

But all this Joel, naturally, had not quite the vision to see. All that he could grasp was the fact that George Dallingham Smith was a very noisy and trivial person, and that when he was present Miss Craggs's piazza was gone all to pot. When G. D. was out of town, with the regularity of clockwork, Joel would go up again and live with Miss Craggs; when G. D. returned Joel would go back to his hilltop and, with that uncanny instinct which is one of the most mysterious facts of dog nature, he never mixed his dates.

The Perriers, for their part, scarcely knew with which one to side, for while Joel's point of view was obvious, yet, as the summer wore on, they found themselves falling into an amazing fondness for George Dallingham Smith. Unlike Miss Annie Craggs, George Dallingham could not spend a week in a given neighborhood without becoming on intimate terms with its principal families. He formed the habit of dropping in at all hours of the day and, seen thus at a closer view, his friendly, guileless little ways became most disarming. Underneath his pomposities and his affectations he really had a very kindly, simple nature and, as the tragedy of his situation became more apparent, the Perriers began to root openly for his suit.

It was, in fact, this sociability of George Dallingham's that in the end threw Joel completely off his stride and precipitated the climax. One afternoon, while Joel was napping lazily on his hilltop, Miss Annie's open car came out of her driveway and down the road with two figures plainly visible, the chauffeur at the wheel and beside him George Dallingham Smith. Now, if there is one thing that a modern dog learns sooner than anything else, it is to distinguish the sound of a familiar car from any other, and at the well-known hum Joel sat up with interest. Then, seeing who occupied the front seat, the light in his eyes grew suddenly dull. Slowly turning his head, he watched the car until it had passed a turn in the road and then he sank down again to his meditations. It is not actually on record that he said, "You little squirt!" but it might just as well have been.

Half an hour later the same familiar hum came back up the highway, and again Joel roused himself at the sound. This time, however, he did not merely

remain in a sitting position but, with a glad, incredulous bound, he rose to his feet. "Can this really be true?" he seemed to ask himself, for now the car contained but a single figure, that of old Garrity, the chauffeur. Previously this had meant only one thing and, still not believing his good luck, Joel watched the car in every inch of its progress, his ears drinking in each change in its tune as it shifted gears, turned up Miss Annie's steep drive, and passed around the other side of her house. When finally he heard a rumbling crunch as the garage doors rolled shut, it seemed completely conclusive. With a leap that was almost kittenish, Joel galloped up the road.

But George Dallingham Smith had not left town. He had merely gone to the railroad station to send a telegram, a telegram so exultant and so personal that he had sent it in French. Then, overcome by the splendor of the day and his own private happiness, he had been seized with the idea of walking home and, almost bursting with a boyish eagerness to confide in someone, he stopped in to chat with his new friends, the Perriers.

One look at his face told Helen the whole story. The merest hint on her part caused the honest old gentleman to babble forth the great news and Perrier rushed to the house for champagne. The Paysons dropped in before it was properly iced and, as the presence of a bottle of champagne on the lawn in the middle of the afternoon was a thing that called for explanations, they also were shortly in possession of the truth. One good bottle called for another; George Dallingham Smith was presently elected a member in full standing of the ancient and honorable community of West Gosset; and even when, standing up with his glass in his hand, he made a speech beginning, "My dear, good friends . . ." and recited forty lines from "Lucille," everybody cheered. Only when the party began to break up did Helen glance a little anxiously at the guest of honor and suggest tactfully to her husband:

"August, you haven't had a bit of exercise all day. Why don't you stroll up the road with Mr. Smith?"

The lift of her eyebrow was not lost on Perrier, and most genially he agreed; but Helen's precautions had been entirely unnecessary, for the two men had not walked a dozen steps when Perrier saw that George Dallingham's flush and a certain dampness of the eye were entirely due to honest sentiment and not to Sillery 1914. At Miss Annie's gate the younger man was quite ready to turn back, but the blissful Romeo would not hear of this for an instant.

"Oh, come on, come on, my dear boy, come up to the house," he insisted, the note of the proprietor already in his voice. "My blessed Annie will be delighted to see you. I told her I was going to tell the whole universe and you *must* say a word."

Linking his arm boisterously into Perrier's, he led the way up the path, then, suddenly overcome with natural confusion, he began to hesitate. On the piazza sat Miss Annie Craggs in her favorite straight-backed wicker chair and at her feet was Joel.

"My dear—" began George Dallingham Smith, but at that moment Joel looked up. Before him he saw the human being he most despised on earth —and not only that, but arm-in-arm with a man whom, up to that moment, he had believed he could respect and trust.

"If it had only been any other dog," as Perrier said afterwards, "you might have known what to expect. Old Titus, for instance, would have leaped at his throat and Charley . . . well, Charley would have ordered another bottle of champagne."

But this was not Titus, the crusty setter, nor was it Charley, the prince of mongrels and friend of the world. It was only Joel, the hermit shepherd, and, without a look, without a turn of his head, Joel rose to his feet and walked slowly away. Not many times in his

life had Joel been called upon to express emotion, but he was certainly a master of sheer, cold contempt.

Half an hour later Perrier himself followed and at his own gate he found his wife waiting. She asked but a single word:

"Well . . . ?"

Perrier laughed in a confused, unsettled sort of fashion. "From somewhere out of a pious youth," he answered, "I seem to remember a sermon I once heard on The Prodigal Son. 'And amidst all the feasting and rejoicing there was one who had no gladness in his heart, who did not approve of the festivities and had no intention of taking part.' And you know," concluded Perrier, "it has always been the elder brother for whom I myself have had a sneaking sympathy."

"You have the gift of tongues," replied Helen, "but you still leave me hazy."

"It was Joel," explained Perrier. "He was there on the piazza when we arrived, and you ought to have seen his expression. He looked, he sniffed, and he folded his tents. Honestly, I thought he was going to hand me back his collar and license."

"Oh, the poor darling!" exclaimed Helen. "Where is he? We must find him at once."

Rapidly she led the way around the house and, of course, there was Joel, again on his hilltop, his head on his paws, his nose toward Miss Craggs's house and the setting sun. As Helen came up the slope he turned one lusterless eye and gave his tail one thump in the dust, but, with a manner she had never yet used to this queer gallumux, Helen lifted his head and held it in her lap.

"Poor Joel!" she said, "I know how you feel. But don't mind, old man. At any rate, *we* love you and you still have us."

"By Jove!" exclaimed Perrier, looking down at them, "You know, I don't believe that we really *could* have given him up."

Gently parting the big, woolly ears, Helen leaned over and kissed the flat, chinchilla spot on the top of Joel's head.

"There now," she said, as she rose to her feet, "perhaps you'd like to be left alone."

"At a time like this," agreed Perrier, only faintly smiling, "I imagine that one does not exactly want to chatter."

He slipped his arm through his wife's and they started down the hill, but, when they were a dozen steps away, again Joel lifted his head and looked thoughtfully after them. Then, probably, he did the strangest thing that he had yet done in his life. Slowly he rose to his feet and followed them—straight into the house.

A BURGLAR LOOKS AT LAWS AND CODES

BY JACK BLACK

The author of this article was for twenty-five years a criminal and served several prison terms.
—*The Editors.*

"WE MUST all hang together or assuredly we shall hang separately." Benjamin Franklin signing his name to the Declaration of Independence reduced to a sentence the working philosophy of every bunch of highwaymen and bank burglars. "If one slips we all fall," they say, and build their code upon the cornerstone of loyalty.

In great crises the written law has always gone down before the unwritten. In flood, panic, earthquake, plague, human need abrogates all law. The necessity to survive dictates a new code—or a return to the oldest of codes. There is no time for fine distinctions. In the San Francisco earthquake and fire the community recognized but one fundamental law, the need to survive. They reverted to a simple primitive code.

In the criminal world every man lives always on the edge of catastrophe. Danger is the norm. Once having put himself into conflict with society, society's rules cease to exist for him. He swiftly recognizes that his life and liberty depend upon the loyalty of his fellows and to get loyalty he must give it. Often it is his only virtue. If he hasn't it he perishes—by one law or another.

The criminal's code is based upon the same fundamentals as the social code: protection of life and property. Though the underworld code recognizes no obligation to the upperworld, within the limits of its own world it is absolutely inexorable. It pays its debts and its grudges on the minute. The crook, like the business man, strengthens his position and credit if he meets his bills and discharges his obligations promptly. It's in the book that the crook pays his room rent and his board, and it's the part of safety to do so. The unpaid landlady may bring down the police, and the police may ask questions which will involve him and his friends. But also, to fail to pay the board bill is an admission that he is a "slow connecter"; he can't make the grade. In other words, he's a failure in his profession; not a thief but a dead-beat. Sooner or later he winds up where he belongs, stealing milk bottles and doormats, serving short sentences in small jails, despised by honest people and shunned by "honest" thieves.

The upperworld knows nothing about caste as compared with the underworld. Crookdom is the most provincial of small villages, the most rigid in its social gradations. Honors and opportunity are apportioned on the basis of code observance. There is no more caste in the heart of India than in an American penitentiary. A bank burglar assumes an air with a house burglar, a house burglar sneers at a pickpocket, a pickpocket calls the forger "a short story writer," and they all make common cause against the stool-pigeon, whatever caste he comes from. He jeopardizes the life and liberty of his own, which is the great unpardonable crime in the underworld code. He is the rattlesnake of the underworld, and they kill him on the "safety-first" principle as swiftly and dispassionately as you would kill a copperhead. Respect

for property in the underworld is as deep as it is in the upperworld. The fact that it is upperworld property which is involved makes no difference, for when property is transferred from the upperworld to the underworld it becomes sacred again.

The burglar who shoots his partner for holding out a lady's watch goes up in the social scale of the underworld. Like the clubman who perjures himself to save a lady's reputation, he has done the right thing in the sight of his fellows. Each is a better gentleman according to the code.

The crook has one yardstick for measuring the conduct of the upperworld, another for the underworld. If his attorney strips him of his loot, as frequently happens, he is supposed to whistle it off and take it out on the next citizen he meets. The attorney belongs to the upperworld, and the crook's obligation ends when he exposes him to his fellow-crooks. But if a thief's partner robs him of his end of the loot he must "regulate" him according to the code, or lose caste.

A thief chooses his working partners more carefully than does a business man because his life and liberty are at stake. A careful business man eliminates risky associates, and a careful burglar does the same thing—in his own way. I knew a safe-breaker who "eliminated" his partner because he fell asleep on the job. While he was inside doing the "blacksmithing" on the bank vault, his outside man, his lookout, opened up the next-door saloon, got himself a bottle of whiskey, drank it, and went to sleep in a hallway. When the preliminary work was done the "blacksmith" came out to make sure it was safe to explode the dynamite, and discovered his helper legless drunk. He made a swift survey of the street, went in and finished his job, then returned and finished the man who had staked their life and liberty against a bottle of rum.

If his reputation had not been unimpeachable according to underworld standards, his critics would have said that he killed his partner to avoid splitting the coin. Instead they declared unanimously that it was "a proper payoff." They knew him for a man who dealt the game of violence but wouldn't weaken if it were dealt to him. His end was appropriate. Disabled in a police battle, while trying to cover the retreat of his companions, he used his last cartridge on himself.

The code makes heavy demands on those who believe in it. The hardest year I ever put in in prison was the one in which I saw an innocent man going slowly to the gallows when one word from me would have saved him. It was the one word which, according to the code, I could not speak. I knew the guilty man and all the circumstances surrounding the crime. It was knowledge that had been confided to me. In prison I came to know the accused man. He was not of the underworld but just a helpless victim in the mesh of circumstance. As I came to know him and realized how much finer he was than the guilty man, my natural human impulse was to tell him the truth and shout it from the housetops. But I was of the underworld, and all that I had in that world was my "good name" as a thief, built up by years of playing the game in strict accordance with the code. That was to me what a business man's credit is to him. To sacrifice it was to become an underworld bankrupt. When one who is already a defaulter from society goes broke in the underworld he is like a half-breed Chinaman—there is no place for him. Within the limits of the code I made all the gestures possible. I did everything except name the guilty man, but to no purpose. I saw this innocent man go to trial, saw him convicted, sentenced, and taken away to the death house. When, three days before the date set for his execution, the governor commuted his sentence to life imprisonment, I was almost as happy as he was. After I got free I spent considerable time, my upperworld friends spent still more, and his lawyer spent five thou-

sand dollars of his own money, in an effort to free him. When we finally got him out his health was wrecked, and to compensate for ten years in San Quentin's jute mill, he had just ninety days of sunshine before he died.

According to the code the professional thief is supposed to take the tough breaks smiling, and the hard loser is no more popular in the underworld than in the upperworld. The gambler doesn't tear his hair when he loses his bank-roll, and the carpenter who falls off a scaffold and breaks a leg takes it all in the day's work. So the thief is expected to take with a smile even the grimmest jokes that justice plays on him.

The most companionable cell-mate I ever had was a man serving five years for a crime he didn't commit. He had committed plenty of others for which he hadn't served any time and he chuckled at the vagaries of justice all through his term. He was the renegade son of a fine family who began a criminal career as a house burglar. He was first arrested in a pawnshop disposing of stolen property; but at the trial his mother, an aristocratic old lady with gray hair, and his beautiful sister perjured themselves up to the hilt to provide an alibi which won him an immediate acquittal. Three months later he was arrested again on suspicion of another burglary and identified by a ten-year-old child who saw him leaving the house. The same lawyer defended him, and once more his relatives alibied him to the satisfaction of a second jury, and he was again acquitted. One midnight a week later he was on his way to call on a friend in a cheap hotel. As he passed through the hall there was a commotion in one of the rooms. The door was thrown open, and a man dashed past him and down the front stairs. The occupant of the room cried "Burglars! Burglars!" then blew a police whistle. Our burglar realized that it was a police case and this was no place for him. He dashed down the back stairs, up the alley, and into the arms of a policeman who was answering the whistle. The policeman found a skeleton key in his pocket which fitted the lock on the door of the burglarized room and the occupant said, "He looks very much like the man." The same lawyer rallied to his defense, but this time no alibi was possible; and the jury found him guilty without leaving their seats. The veteran lawyer turned to his young client and smiled grimly, "Well, Billy, they're wrong again."

II

The more strictly a criminal adheres to the underworld code the greater will be his handicap if, and when, he decides to mend his ways. This adherence makes him friends, and he is proud of it; but these very friends help to anchor him in that life. The upperworld does not realize how great a part this plays in the lapses of offenders who are given an opportunity to reform. The backslider is charged with ingratitude, weakness, or deceitfulness. They don't realize that when he steps out of prison in his suit of bull's-wool, and squeaky shoes, he packs a heavy load of obligations. He doesn't realize it himself. The man who goes out of prison leaving no friends has fewer debts to the underworld, but he is likely to have fewer assets in the upperworld; for whatever kept him from making friends in one place will operate against him in another.

If a man could throw off the implications of the code along with his prison uniform, the road back wouldn't be so rough.

My most difficult problem has been to survive in the upperworld and pay the underworld debts that had accumulated in twenty-five years, without running afoul of the police. The police never regard an ex-convict as reformed until he is ready to empty himself of all his underworld information. The sad part of it is that so many ex-prisoners do just this.

It has always seemed to me that any man, whether he is in the upperworld or the underworld, must meet the obliga-

tions of his code. Many former associates had a right to expect and demand help from me, and of course they did demand it. In the fifteen years that I have been playing Society's game, I have many times had one foot in a jail as the result of trying to reconcile the underworld and upperworld codes. Coward that I am, I can't help being glad of a continent between me and San Quentin where the prison population includes many men who have a right to ask me for help of a kind I cannot give without jeopardizing my liberty and violating the law.

I have been asked to send pistols and explosives and narcotics into jails by men who had a right to demand them because they had done favors for me in the past. Fortunately I had influential friends in the upperworld who understood both codes and helped me to pay my debts in a legitimate way. The man who wanted a pistol was given a chance instead at parole or probation —a chance to make good in the upperworld. Instead of sending opium to the addict who supplied it to me when I was locked up, my friends sent him to a hospital where he could take the cure.

Some of my debts have had to be paid in kind, and no one could help me. I owe my life to a thief who risked his life to take me out of jail. He smuggled me saws to open my cell, then came in the night to cut the bars of the window and lifted me out through the hole when I was so weak from tuberculosis that I could barely walk. He sheltered me and fed me and finally sent me away where I was safe and free to get well. Years afterward, when I had cured myself of the dope habit, served my sentence, and won immunity from the law, and was just beginning to feel a little secure in my respectability, my telephone rang in the small hours of the night. A woman's voice asked if I was "Mr. Black" and said, "I have a message from Eddie and I'm leaving town immediately. Of course you know I can't give it over the 'phone." I knew a dozen Eddies. I ran them all through my mind. "You don't mean Eddie who took me out . . ." "Yes, yes," she interrupted. "Hurry."

I didn't know what had happened but I realized that another debt was due. She gave me an address. Fifteen minutes later I found myself in a shabby, light-housekeeping room with the man who had taken me out of jail a bundle of bloody rags, lying desperately wounded on the dirty carpet. He needed medical attention and money, but more than that, he needed to be shielded from the police. What did I do? What would you have done? Could I turn my back on him and walk away to my secure, respectable position? I couldn't and didn't. He was hidden, nursed back to health, and sent away to safety.

I have always felt that I owed frankness to my respectable friends, the men who sponsored me. I kept them informed of every contact I had with the underworld. None of them offered a word of criticism.

Twice, on other occasions, I was taken to detective headquarters and accused of aiding fugitives and helping friends to keep ahead of the police. The Captain of Detectives solemnly read me the law from his code which declares: "It is a crime to conceal a crime." I had probably read his code oftener than he had, but he knew nothing of the other code. I denied the particular accusations against me but told him that I could see myself doing those things under certain circumstances. After seven years of fairly clean living and honest work, I was indicted over-night by a San Francisco Grand Jury. The police and the district attorney's office accused me of "flagrant obstruction of justice." They produced my policé record, which was as long as a widow's clothes line, and not quite so clean, but neglected to include anything from the later pages of my life.

Judge Dunne, who had sentenced me to my last term in prison, Fremont Older the editor, my employer and chief sponsor, and many other professional men and women who knew more about

my activities than the police did, protested so vigorously that I was given a hearing by the Grand Jury.

I told them nothing but the truth. I admitted a technical violation of the penal code but pleaded in extenuation that, according to the obligations incurred under another code, I could not have done otherwise. As a result the indictment was not "handed up" and one of the Grand Jurors afterward said, "We didn't have the heart to put you in jail for paying your debts."

Many ex-prisoners who try to go straight become involved with the law in an effort to discharge their obligations. The underworld is always reaching out to them, and the more help they are in a position to give, the greater the demands upon them will be. To one who understands underworld people, some of the causes that put them where they are, and the almost impossibility of their getting out of it, and to one who has been helped by them in thousands of ways, the letter of this code is almost mandatory.

Few ex-prisoners have been so fortunate in the understanding of their upper-world friends as I have been and most of them would have landed in prison again for doing less in payment of their debts than I have done.

III

The evolution of my own attitude on law and code may have some significance for other people. Up to the age of fifteen, I believed in and followed the spirit and the letter of the law. Once having come into conflict with the police, my views changed over-night. When I found the first policeman wrong and the first crook right, I jumped to a boyish conclusion that all policemen were wrong and all crooks right. That was my first hook-up with the underworld, and thereafter for twenty-five years I sounded all its depths and shoals. I accepted the underworld code as unquestioningly as I had accepted the law. I operated under the delusion that it was a higher code. I have yielded that belief with reluctant struggle. After fifteen years of operating, or groping, under the written law, I have come to the conclusion that if it isn't entirely wrong, it's far from being all right. Judged pragmatically it's a wash-out. It doesn't work.

Basically, law is the expression of the people's desire to get along together. It's a short-cut to fair dealing among members of society. Unfortunately, it has got off its noble base. It has become complicated, perverted, prostituted. Special legislation has made of it a cloak for all kinds of high-roguery. Specialized enforcement that penalizes one man and lets another brush by for a like offense has brought it into disrepute. Every unenforced law brings all law into contempt. The non-enforcement of a constitutional amendment affecting the whole people may destroy a nation's allegiance to the whole legal fabric.

The rule-makers for all games except the game of life are continually trying to simplify the rules. If the rules governing baseball were as complicated as the income tax law, the world's series would rival "Jarndyce *vs.* Jarndyce." Laws make lawyers and lawyers make laws, and this makes a sinister circle that grows larger and larger. The fewer and simpler laws a country has, the more apt they are to be obeyed. If there are too many of them people begin by ignoring the pesky little ones and end by questioning them all.

Prohibition and automobiles have brought hundreds of thousands of people into conflict with the law and its tactless or corrupt enforcers who have never been involved before. Many a man who has been locked up over-night for a violation of a petty ordinance would not convict a burglar the next day if he were called on the jury. His first glimpse of the legal machine has made a rebel of him.

The backsliding of the habitual criminals who are going the rounds of the penitentiaries is of small consequence

because they are a small minority. There are fewer habitual criminals in prison to-day in proportion to the prison population than ever. It is a new type of offender who is now crowding the prison cells.

There is no longer a sharp line of demarcation between the upperworld and the underworld. The deadline has been obliterated. Instead there is a growing, nebulous, shadowy anyman's land, populated by men and women who pay allegiance to no code—no law.

It is this group that is congesting the court calendar until the district attorney's office is so crowded that he puts a premium on a plea of guilty from the petty burglars and highwaymen to get them out of the way. He needs the time to prosecute indicted judges, politicians, bank examiners, bank presidents, cashiers, tellers, and messengers; doctors, lawyers, druggists, and ambulance chasers; crooked brokers and bucket shoppers, and the multitude of other offenders who are the by-product of bootleg.

"Get yours and get it quick" was once a thieves' notion. Now it seems to have spread to all walks of life. The legitimate ways of "getting it quick" are very limited, and more and more people seem to be taking the illegitimate or semi-legitimate. Men who have repudiated the law but still wear the cloak of Bradstreet are stimulating the crime wave and profiting by it.

Jimmy Hope, the most famous bank burglar of fifty years ago, took a million dollars in bonds out of a Boston bank and couldn't market them. The law meant something then. Jimmy dickered and haggled with Mother Mendelbaum, the fence, in her dingy dive, but she would have none of them. To-day he could step into a luxurious office and meet a man behind a polished desk who would grubstake him to pull off the burglary and take the bonds off his hands at fifty cents on the dollar the morning after.

More and more brains are going into the underworld—seeping through from the borderland group. Brains register anywhere you find them, and as the percentage of morons in the criminal world decreases, the problem of crime prevention and detection becomes more difficult and complicated. This change is so marked that it has led Russel A. Algire, vice-president of the National Surety Company, to declare that "an underwriter of crime insurance must combat brains instead of nature."

The crack of the gunman's pistol is nowadays only an echo from the higher ramparts of graft and corruption. When the bank president smashes his bank from the inside, and the State bank-examiner, chief-of-police of the banking world, turns "outside" man for him, to cover his looting, it's not surprising that the small-salaried clerk goes wrong. Rather is it surprising that so many go right. After reading the criminal news in any issue of a New York daily, it is a simple matter for a pay-roll stick-up to rationalize his activities. As a retired highwayman, I can understand how a highwayman becomes what he is, but this growing body of higher-larcenists defies any analysis from me. Lawless—and codeless—they seem to me to constitute a greater menace to the established order than the journeymen highwaymen and pay-roll stick-ups who are circulating through space with their big pistols.

When death comes the underworld turns its face to the wall and dies mute. A criminal punished for an infringement of the code, no matter how treacherously he is dealt with, almost invariably refuses to name his killer. He so hates the law, and the brass buttons and stars which to him are its symbol, that even in death he won't "turn copper." And when the man from the district attorney's office, with pad and paper in hand, prepares to take his dying statement, he most frequently gasps, "Get to hell out of here!"

The borderland criminal, who has neither suffered at the hands of the law

nor accepted the code, often dies differently. X was a brilliant and successful criminal lawyer and one of the crookedest men that ever flourished in any profession. He boasted that he could put a man in prison or take him out, according to the way the money lay, and proved it on numerous occasions. He was hated and feared by the bench and the bar because he repeatedly doubled-crossed them both; and no victim ever got out of his clutches with a nickel in his pocket. Like all crooks, he carried the pitcher to the well once too often. He was shot to death in his office by a man whose legacy he had stolen and whose family was on the verge of poverty. Under his stiffening hand was a blood-soaked scrap of paper which bore the line, "Clancy shot me."

IV

The strength of the underworld code, bad and bloody as it is, lies in the fact that crooks believe in it absolutely and enforce it impartially. The evil of that code lies in the fact that it is very special legislation, by which a few, a very few, survive and thrive at the expense of the many. In contrast we find the legal code breaking down because the people are without faith in it.

Why have they lost faith?

First, because the legal code is devious, complicated, slow-moving, and unnecessarily interfering, instead of being direct, simple, and swift. This leads to "racketeering," which is an unconscious attempt to get back to direct dealing between people; to brush away the red-tape and the run-around. People submit to racketeering as a direct short-cut because they are worn down by the circumlocution involved in getting the necessities through legitimate, legalized channels. In the modern city few things can be accomplished honestly and legitimately and at the same time quickly. When a thoroughly competent automobile driver has wasted six mornings waiting to pass a driving test, he's rather susceptible to the suggestion of the bystander who says, "Go over and see Pete—over there by the radiator. Slip him a couple of dollars. He'll fix you up." So we end by all "fixing one another up"—extra-legally.

Second. Many people have lost faith in the law because it is not impartially written or impartially interpreted. Too much of it is written by and for special groups no more entitled to special legislation than is the underworld to its narrow code.

Third. Many people have lost faith in the law because they have lost faith in its administrators. The weakness, the partiality, the corruption of too many of those entrusted with its enforcement lead the average man to look upon the judge and the policeman as oppressors rather than protectors. The police-experience of one black sheep will often turn his respectable family and his neighbors against the law and line them up on the side of the code. I knew a woman in San Francisco who had never done a dishonest thing in her life. Her boy was locked up and given the third degree and a beating, in an effort to get a confession from him. Failing, the police sent for his mother and offered her her son's freedom if she would persuade him to give up the names of his companions. In a voice that the whole jail could hear, she said, "You keep your mouth shut, Joe. If you turn policeman and give them one name, I'll disown you and discharge your lawyer, and you'll not get another bite of food from me so long as you're here." Joe kept his mouth shut and shared his home-baked pies with the rest of us. The code had entered this woman's soul so completely that she would rather have seen her son in prison than a stool pigeon lined up with the police.

Every time a judge swings the legal blackjack, he ties the underworld tighter to its own code. I have seen two thousand men in prison embittered by a single decision. "Woodenface" Jimmy was serving two ten-year sentences in

Folsom. He claimed that one of the sentences was invalid, and the prison "lawyers" after thrashing the case out pro and con decided that he was right. Jimmy saved every nickel he could beg, borrow, or steal, and when his first ten years were served the prisoners took up a collection and got him a lawyer. On a writ of habeas corpus the lawyer took him back to the up-state county seat where he had been sentenced. A new judge on the bench heard the writ and after much deliberation decided that Jimmy was right, that one of the sentences was invalid, but—he had already served *that* sentence and he must now return to prison and serve the valid one. The lawyer refused to carry the case farther without more money, and Jimmy could never get another hundred dollars together, so he went back to prison and did the second ten years.

In America the law is on trial, and its case is weak because it does not come into court with clean hands. Between the underworld crooks and their upperworld competitors, American lawlessness has become an international joke. And with all the unenforced laws on the statute books, lobbyists—and legislators—are spinning more laws to breed more contempt for all law. Americans are so inoculated with law that they are coming to feel themselves immune from all law. When this noble rage for legislation—and lawlessness—has passed, a period of sanity may set in out of which we can hope for the emergence of a new ethic upon which to build a better code: a code which will not permit one group to thrive at the expense of another but will deal out the widest justice to the most people.

Some such code, at once simple and sound, would justify itself on sight—like the multiplication table—and be equally respectable and enforceable.

A WILD THING

BY WITTER BYNNER

YOUR will was lighter than a wing;
You were purposeless with song.
And so I asked you not to sing
But only to belong—
And so I asked you not to be
The wild thing I love . . .
What in the world was the matter with me?
What was I thinking of?

ON THE PRACTICE OF SMOKING IN CHURCH

BY ALBERT JAY NOCK

DURING a short stay in the United States last winter I had a couple of queer experiences. The first one occurred when I was stopping over Sunday with an old acquaintance who lives out in the country. Like myself, he is nothing of a drinker. He has a fine taste in wines and liquors and knows a good deal about them in a theoretical way, but it seldom occurs to him to take a drink. Some of his ancestors, however, must have leaned up against the rail once in a while, for when he inherited the property he came into a large cellarful of goods that date back to the Mexican War or farther; and all during his ownership this noble stock has lain under lock and bar, practically undisturbed.

On my second evening there he asked me if I would like a drink with my dinner. I felt an odd lack of enthusiasm about it, but I assented, so we went down cellar together and rummaged around in the primeval dust and cobwebs, emerging finally with a bottle of such wine as one seldom sees nowadays. In fact, I had never but once in my life come across anything so good, and that was in Europe two years ago, when I had a taste of the same mark and vintage, and I well remembered what my sensations were on that occasion. But those sensations did not recur. The wine was perfect—nothing could be better—but after the first taste I really did not care two straws whether I touched it again or not.

The second experience was when I went to hear a concert in one of our large industrial towns. The concert was given under the auspices of the local women's club, by an ensemble of ancient instruments that I had often heard in Europe with such delight that I was keen to hear it again. The occasion was perfect, as far as anyone could judge—program perfect, performance perfect, and the audience almost portentously quiet, attentive, receptive. Nothing could have been improved upon, and it should have been an occasion to mark with a white stone among one's musical memories. But in spite of all that, I could not warm up to it or really enjoy it. Several times I even caught my attention wandering; it seemed no trouble at all to think about something else while the performance was going on. Something was missing, something, evidently, that takes more than a perfect program, perfect performance, and attentive audience to produce. A friend of mine once went to the Brussels opera to hear the "Tales of Hoffmann," and he said that for the next two hours after Antonia's trio with Doctor Miracle and the Picture, "I couldn't have told you whether I was a red-licker Democrat or a bootleg Prohibitionist." Just *that*, whatever it is, was absent, and one could no more get worked up to any such degree of absorption over the performance than one could over listening to a man sawing wood.

These incidents seemed worth thinking about. There was manifestly nothing wrong with the wine or the concert. There was nothing wrong with me either, and I had already elsewhere sampled the same wine and the same ensemble and knew just what was what.

Hence the insulation, whatever it was, that in both cases had cut in against my getting results seemed due necessarily to circumstances. But what were they, and how did they operate, and what useful practical conclusions, if any, could one get out of analyzing them?

II

Returning to Europe, I went almost immediately down into Touraine. The summer travel season was setting in, and I presently began to notice the vanguard of tourists from the United States on their way around the Châteaux country of the Loire. They made the same agreeable impression on me that American tourists in Europe have invariably made in recent years. In respect of good manners, good nature, and good temper, I stand up uncompromisingly for the maligned and derided body of American tourists, especially by comparison with those of other lands, and more especially considering the appalling discomfort and fatigue that they elect to endure. When I think what my frame of mind would be if for one week I went through what they go through week in and week out, I feel like starting a subscription for some kind of permanent memorial to their excellent qualities. Very seldom indeed of late years have I seen an objectionable American tourist, or one who did not show himself considerate, kindly, and courteous. This is of course only one person's experience, and one cannot flatly generalize on the strength of it. Besides, I have been very little in Paris, London, and Berlin, where the more objectionable elements in our tourist traffic would perhaps mostly congregate. But my experience has been large enough to make me think it is fairly representative, and as such I stand by it.

One thing, however, which I notice about American visitors in Europe is that they do not seem to be having a really good time. When they approach the best that Europe can do for them their spark plugs seem to get gummed up with the same sort of carbon which shut off my ignition at the concert last winter. Not knowing the first earthly thing about a motor car, I have to take a chance on this figure of speech being technically correct, but the point is clear—some sort of insulation gets in and obstructs the spiritual current so that nothing happens; the engine of the emotions goes dead and will not turn a wheel. I notice too, in such conversation as I have had with our visitors, that they know really almost nothing of what they have seen. They can give names, localities, dates—they are usually good at those—but as for "what about it," upon which the release of imagination and emotion so largely depends, they are not at all good, but quite the contrary. I notice this particularly in the so-called "educational" tours that I see passing through the Touraine. They are intended to attract—and I suppose do attract—the more intelligent element in our travelling public. I have seen several of these parties and, judging by their general attitude and behavior, and by overhearing their conversation among themselves, they seemed to have almost no knowledge of what they were seeing; and consequently their play of imagination and emotion was very light and superficial.

A pleasant gentleman who chatted with me affably the other evening may serve as a type. We had a long talk. He was from one of our Western states, over here for a nine months' tour with his wife (he had already served out six months of his term), driving his own car and proposing to cover all Western Europe, including Scandinavia and the British Isles. As far as I could discover, his imagination and emotion had made no play whatever upon anything he had seen or heard, nor could I get a word of intelligent appraisal out of him concerning a single item of his itinerary in Italy, Austria, Bavaria, Switzerland, and southern France. He did say that he thought the Swiss Alps were sightlier than the

Rockies, but that was all the comment he made, except that the French people struck him as unprogressive. When families stayed rooted in the same spot from generation to generation they clung to back-number business methods, and things got stagnant. Thus it was that by easy stages we came around to two topics upon which he spoke with real knowledge and real enthusiasm. One of them was motor cars. He knew everything there is to know about motor cars. I believe he could build one, probably a good one. The other topic was salesmanship. He had made his fortune out of something he had devised and put on the market rather adventurously, I gathered, but with great success. I remarked as a curious fact that he said nothing about his product, not even telling me what it was or what it was supposed to do, but only about the problem of marketing it.

Let it not be thought for a moment that there is the slightest hint of disparagement in my use of this gentleman for purposes of illustration. On the contrary, I have every respect for him and intend shortly to place myself side by side with him for exactly the same purposes. What I am driving at is this: In every civilization there is a dominant spirit or idea which gives a definite and distinct tone to the whole social life of that civilization. It determines, almost always positively, and when not positively then negatively by way of reaction, the individual's line of approach to life, establishes his views of life, and prescribes his demands on life. If an individual goes into another civilization and tries for the time being to change his native approach, views, and demands to correspond with those set by the spirit of the alien civilization into which he goes he finds that he cannot possibly do it. That is a matter of a good deal of time and of very special conditions which need not be discussed here. Almost invariably his own native approach to life, his views of life, and his demands on life continue to control him, and must do so. He can suppress them for the moment, as most of us do, if we are wise. If we have a definite errand in an alien civilization, as when an invalid goes to Karlsbad for treatment or as when the great financier goes to Paris in behalf of the banking business, we can get our affairs transacted as quickly as possible and then return, meanwhile keeping our native views and demands in abeyance. But when we try to exercise the views and demands that are established by the spirit of our own civilization we are bound to get unsatisfactory results.

Here, I think, was the trouble with my touring acquaintance from the Golden West, and here, I think, is the reason why most of the visiting Americans I see, even those who patronize the educational tour, do not seem to be getting the full flavor of a good time, but on the contrary, seem to be taking their pleasure in a rather subdued fashion. The dominant spirit of their civilization, which finds its highest expression, perhaps, in the enterprise of Mr. Ford and the social ideals of Mr. Hoover, has determined their line of approach to life, their views of life, and their demands on life, and they are now in a country where a different spirit finds expression in different views and demands, and where consequently the line of approach to life is also different.

For example, in the city of Tours, where I am now writing, all the stores close at noon—as indeed they do in all French towns—and stay closed until two o'clock, and nothing can be done about it. I might tell a shopkeeper that I would pay the whole national debt of France if for one day he would keep his shop open until twelve-fifteen, and he would merely reply that all such matters were the concern of the Government, and that I should see M. Poincaré about it. As for himself, he was engaged to drink coffee and play dominoes in the café that noon with his excellent friend and neighbor, M. Haricot, as they had done every Monday and Thursday noon

for thirty-two years, except during the War, when they were comrades at the front. Abridging that game by fifteen minutes was something that simply could not be thought of, even though the national debt were never paid.

Again, the merchant here is just the opposite of my tourist acquaintance in being less interested in making a sale than in knowing his stock and being sure of what it is good for and not good for. Moreover, he does not seem over-anxious to extend his trade. The "quota" system would be foreign to him. If he does about as much business this year as last or as the year before he is satisfied. He knows he cannot get all the money in the world and, if he has enough, life is too pleasant and interesting to fritter away in worriment over how to get more. One of the largest and finest restaurants in Paris shuts up tight as a drum for a whole month every year at the height of the tourist season, and row after row of small shops closes during August.

The dominant spirit which expresses itself in these ways, and in many others that are analogous, sets the tone of a whole social life here, just as the dominant spirit of American civilization does there. Nobody escapes it or can escape it. In America the spirit which the Germans call *Fordismus* does not set the views of life and the demands on life for certain individuals and classes only; it sets them for everybody. To demonstrate this would be merely to go over again the ground already traversed by Mr. James Truslow Adams in last July's issue of this magazine, in his article called "A Business Man's Civilization." *Fordismus* marks out the approach to life, not only for the Chambers of Commerce and the Rotarians, but for the whole American press, pulpit, forum, school, college, political party, or what you will; it marks it out for every profession as well as every trade. It is a mistake to think that Mr. Lowell Schmalz and Mr. Babbitt, or Mrs. Schmalz and Delmerine, are in any sense special products of *Fordismus*. Mr. Adams has shown that it just as strictly determines the view of life and demands on life of President Lowell and Professor Carver; and there is not a man, woman, or child in the country but who, willy-nilly, consciously or unconsciously, has his views and demands determined by it. Just so here in France there is no person, young or old, from the least to the greatest, but has his views and demands determined by a different spirit dominant in his civilization. I am not raising any question of superiority; any question whether either spirit is better and more meritorious than the other. All I say is that they are quite different. My whole point is that in consequence when an individual passes from either civilization to the other he is all the time played upon by spiritual ether-waves which powerfully affect his capacity for enjoyment.

III

A prevalent new wrinkle in modern literature, I believe, is to "analyze one's own reactions," so the recurrence of the personal pronoun in this article probably needs no apology. Although as I have said, I am an abstemious person in a general way, doing little with liquor, cards, or any of the vices usually related to them, I "take it out" on tobacco. I might almost say with Mark Twain that I came into the world asking for a light; and since that was a great many years ago, I begin to fear that I am no candidate for the ministrations of the Anti-Cigarette League. I shall probably smoke on, and smoke out, and then doubtless smoke forever.

But although the force of this inveterate habit is strong, there is one place where it is seriously interfered with by some occult but very powerful influence, and that is in church. I believe I have no superstition whatever about church buildings. Having been raised Christian and Protestant, I certainly should have none about a Mohammedan temple, for instance. Yet if I visited one, and the head

muezzin or effendi or whatever he is called, should tell me to make myself at home and smoke all I liked, I know I should decline even though I felt the urge. I have never tried smoking in church, but I can imagine the situation perfectly, and I know I should not enjoy it. Ask me why, and I could give but a vague and unsatisfactory answer. Long habit, plenty of desire, first-class tobacco, free opportunity cordially extended, no vestige of superstition in the way—everything seems all right enough, yet I am sure I should take a puff or two and then give up simply because it did not taste right.

Here was precisely the trouble with me at the concert last winter. I was trying to enjoy smoking in church, and it would not work. That is to say, I was trying to enjoy something towards which the dominant spirit of the civilization around me was either inimical or indifferent. The immediate circumstances, as I have said, were most favorable, but that is nothing; they could not prevail against the pervasiveness of the general spiritual atmosphere that surrounded them. A thunderstorm will sour milk in a refrigerator where the immediate circumstances are as favorable as possible. I recall now, though I had not thought of it before, that it is long since I have heard any music in New York, where it is said that the music is now the best in the world. If I am in New York with nothing to do of an evening it never occurs to me to drop in on a concert. Not for seven years have I heard opera at the Metropolitan. I know and appreciate its excellences and admit its immeasurable superiority to the Brussels opera, for example, in every respect but one, which is that when you come out of the Metropolitan you are always able to say off-hand whether you are a red-licker Democrat or a bootleg Prohibitionist. This cannot always be done when you leave the Brussels opera, as my friend remarked; and the same is true of opera in other European centers. A musical acquaintance of mine, a well-known artist who tours the United States every year, once said to me that "America is a place where one goes to deliver a finished product"; and I imagine many artists feel that way about it, whether they so express themselves or not. The dominant spirit of *Fordismus* prevents it being anything else than this, as Mr. Adams has so ably shown. Well, in getting a finished product one gets a great deal, probably; but it is what should go with it that one does not get, and that counts most. A great artist once looked at a picture submitted to him for criticism, and said, "Composition right, light right, drawing right, everything absolutely right, no fault to be found with it anywhere, but"—with a great snap of his fingers—"but, dammit, man, it hasn't got *that!*"

Now let us turn the matter around. Suppose I were in the position of my Western countryman whom I met here in Tours, with the line of my approach to life established by *Fordismus*, and interested in motor cars and in the principles and practice of salesmanship. I should be having a tedious time of it in Europe. That poor brother was putting in nine solid months of trying to smoke in church and get some real exhilaration out of it; and the thing simply cannot be done. There is no æsthetic, romantic, or quasi-religious exaltation over motor cars anywhere in France, as far as I can see; they are bought pretty strictly as a means of getting around, by those who need them for that purpose. Nothing more poetic than that. As for salesmanship, it is but languidly appreciated. There is not much doing with the two principles which Mr. Adams points out as of the essense of *Fordismus:* first, to keep the public's attention continually occupied with *things*—things that can be manufactured and sold at a profit—and, second, to keep continually creating and stimulating new wants for new things. The French seem to need what for us would be surprisingly few manufactured articles to get on with, and they get on very well, apparently, with what

they have. Really fine, high-grade, artistic salesmanship, therefore, leads a sort of hole-and-corner existence, and must perforce suffer seriously from repressed emotions. The French, moreover, are indisposed to having their attention engrossed by things; they distribute it around among other interests as well. Indeed, it often seems that they derive their chief pleasure from pursuits and occupations which require no apparatus at all: out of conversation, for instance, and strolling, and commune with grasses and flowers in their season, with birds and dogs and cats. Even such apparatus as they use is inexpensive and durable. Probably M. Haricot and M. Perigard are playing to-day with the same set of dominoes that they began with thirty-two years ago; and the fringe of patient fishermen which lines both sides of French rivers every Sunday uses tackle that is cheap and good, largely homemade, and that looks as if it had been used before.

So if I were in my Western friend's place I should have the same sensations here, I believe, that I had at my concert in America last winter. Of course, a good stiff sales-resistance is an interesting challenge—but only in a civilization that regards it as interesting. What price glory if there be no one to applaud? Suppose I used up two hours of first-class salesmanship on M. Haricot and finally succeeded in getting him to buy something that he did not really need or want, M. Perigard would have no fellow-feeling for me or admire the achievement as an American would, even an American competitor. He would merely wonder why his old friend did not throw me out of the store.

So, as I consider my Western acquaintance, and the hundreds of his ilk who pass this way from week to week, I would give the coat off my back to know what they are here for. I can understand the lure of a supposititious Continental laxity and naughtiness; but these people are not that sort. They do not come down here bent on drinking the Touraine dry of "the Septembral juice," but on the contrary are abstemious and quiet. Why do they come at all? I have put this question many times and never yet got a competent answer. Above all, why do Mrs. Dodsworth and Mrs. Schmalz and Delmerine come? Having offered my coat, I would throw in a shirt to know that, for after having seen them literally in hordes, after listening to their conversation, sometimes talking with them and taking note of their "reactions," I have been obliged, like Lord Dundreary, to lay the problem aside as "one of those things that no feller can find out."

The most I am ever told is that there are wonderful things to be seen in Europe, and that one should have curiosity to see them. This is all very true on the face of it, but one must discriminate. I sincerely believe there are few more wonderful things on earth than Henry Ford's factory. But I have neither undergone the discipline nor do I possess the information necessary to appreciate it if I should make a visit there. It would be about four years' steady work for me to prepare myself so that a due sense of that gigantic enterprise would really "soak in." Hence if I went through the factory now, my curiosity (which I admit having) would not be an intelligent and justifiable curiosity, but the mere blank curiosity of barbarism. I should idly clutter up Henry's premises awhile and then return to the civilization of Europe which is not dominated by *Fordismus*, and where what I had learned, if anything, and what exhilarations I had brought myself to feel, if any, would go for nothing. I cannot see but that my Western acquaintance, Mrs. Schmalz, and her little group recruited from around Zenith, Delmerine, and her cronies from school or college are in exactly that situation.

In a word, then, "aren't we all," as Mr. Lonsdale's attractive old hero puts it at the end of the play, "aren't we all"—not damned fools by any means,

no, far from that—but aren't we all more or less overworking the fatuous business of smoking in church? I think so. I with my wine and concert, my Western friend snorting around Europe in a motor car for nine months, Mrs. Schmalz and Mrs. Dodsworth trying to extemporize an appropriate sensibility by aid of some trifles of extemporized information gained from guide-books and tourist-conductors, Delmerine with her expression of spoiled and drooping discontent, semi-blasé, semi-imbecile, and wholly barbarous—"aren't we all?" Again I say, I think so, and really, does it pay? I cannot find that it does.

IV

"*Koosh!*" yelled Abe Potash, as he charged into the cutting-room where a couple of his designers were humming the Brindisi from "Traviata." "Either you would be opera fellers or either you would be designers, but you can't be both—leastways, not in this store." There is a great deal of good sense in that. I should like to make a little frank man-to-man dicker with Dodsworth and my Western acquaintance over the futility of this enterprise of smoking in church. Let us agree to stick by our own, and do our smoking where we can really enjoy it. I want to see *Fordismus* go the limit as a national principle for whatever there is in it, and I know Dodsworth feels the same way about the dominant spirit of European civilization. That being so, I will agree not to smoke in his church any more if he will agree not to smoke in mine. When business calls me to the United States, I shall get it through as soon as I can and meanwhile strictly lay off concerts, fine wines, and the like; and he is to play the same game with us. I saw a remarkably clever cartoon the other day of two American ladies—I think perhaps Mrs. Dodsworth and one of the neighbors, though I am not sure—surveying the architecture of an old European town; the stouter lady remarking to the other that "it's being exotic like this that we don't do in America." Precisely so; it is not done, should not be done, and trying to do it means an awful fizzle. Also, it's being exotic like America that we don't do in Europe; nor, by the same token, should we; and any confusion about it merely makes a mess.

So I should like to put this proposition to Dodsworth, strictly on the level, and perhaps get him to talk it up with Mr. Schmalz and Mr. Babbitt and a few of the boys, more or less confidentially, next time he is out Zenith way. I hope, too, that he will be particular to tell Mr. Schmalz, please, for God's sake, to head off Mrs. Schmalz and Delmerine from coming over here any more. If Schmalz has to take a run of typhoid in order to keep them at home, he will be a martyr in a truly noble cause, a sacred cause. Nothing against the ladies, of course; they are lovely—lovely—but think, just think what Chicago would be like if Mme. Haricot and Mme. Perigard and Zizi came down on the State of Illinois every year in droves, with all the money in the world to spend, and their own notions of spending it! Why, the Boul' Mich' would be one solid row of filthy little hybrid catchpenny layouts of what a particularly low and sordid type of American thinks French people ought to want; or rather, all aimed at what he thinks is the lowest common denominator of French taste and decency. That is the size of it; and I believe the Chicago people would feel the same way about it as the people of French cities are feeling now. I never liked Paris, in spite of its being the most beautiful city in the world; but when I first knew it, twenty years ago, it was sinful enough, perhaps, but at least not vulgar. It is now; and I am afraid that Mrs. Schmalz and Delmerine have indirectly and innocently done most to vulgarize it. There has been money in this for a certain order of Parisians, but generally, and all things considered, it has cost more than it comes to; and all French

towns except a very few have more or less shared the fate of Paris.

Perhaps Dodsworth and the boys and I can come to an agreement if we stick closer to our knitting, physically as well as spiritually. There is a great deal of internationalist talk just now about the benefits of free intercourse between peoples, and that is quite all right and true enough; but this is just the thing that never happens. For all the intercourse my Western acquaintance had with Italians, Czechs, Slovenes, Austrians, Bavarians, and so on he might as well have stayed at home. So there is nothing in that from our present point of view, except theoretically. But I do not press the wisdom of each sticking closer to his own social order and its particular dominating spirit; I press its agreeableness. After all, life was given us to enjoy, so why should Dodsworth and I keep on with this forlorn experiment of smoking in church, which never works, when we can both smoke jocundly and with fullness of delight under the most favorable circumstances possible by merely staying where we are?

BLACK AND WHITE

BY MARGARET EMERSON BAILEY

BLIND to our prism
Is the owl
That sleeps all day
In his hooded cowl.
Violet, indigo, blue, and red
Are not in the rainbow that runs through his head.
Orange and yellow and shades of green
He knows as shadow, he knows as sheen.
Satin of poplar, steel of sedge,
Plush of moss, and the knife-blade edge
The moon can whet on an iron-wrought hedge,
The sparkle of dew, and the glint and the glimmer
And dapple of orchards, the silver shimmer
Of mist that sifts, the gossamer fog,
The breath that is breathed from an ice-cold bog,
The pitch of a pine root, the creamy froth
That a mill-race curdles from inky broth,
Filigree frost, and the crest and the curl
Of a snow wave frozen to mother-of-pearl—
These he sees,
And who shall say
That he is not wisest
Who sleeps by day?
That he is not wisest
Who saves his sight
For a rainbow running
From black to white?

RAT PIE

AMONG THE BLACK MIDWIVES OF THE SOUTH

BY CAROLYN CONANT VAN BLARCOM

"'TAIN'T nuthin' so good fer that as a fried rat," declared Aunt Quintilla solemnly as she propped her crooked little brown body on one elbow and eyed us with her bright, searching eyes.

"Ceptin' 'tis a rat pie," countered Pleasant Blizzard.

They were not discussing food values, these two colored women with picturesque names. They were comparing methods of coping with a vexing weakness of infancy.

"A fried rat nebber fails," insisted Aunt Quintilla, unwilling to be routed by a girl young enough to be her grandchild.

"Mebby so, mebby so, but my ole granny allus tol' me rat pie was de bes'."

Aunt Quintilla held her free arm aloft and with a calm air of authority defended her position as a midwife of omniscience and infallibility. She had been "kotchin' kids up an' down dat holler" for nearly half a century, "de bressed Lawd our Marster" having called her to the service in a vision; and if she didn't know what was what in midwifery, who did? please tell her. Since Aunt Quintilla had "de gif" straight from on High, she was not merely removed from the realm of error, but the babies she "kotched" were famed far and wide for their beauty, health, and intelligence.

She had not wanted to be a midwife at first. She was a happily married young woman, content with her lot of wife and home-maker. But one night the Lord appeared to her in a bright light, showed her a woman in labor, and told her she must go to the sufferer's aid. This was disturbing. Everyone knows it isn't safe to ignore such summons, but she wanted to "live private." So she took a chance, told no one of the vision, and tried to put it out of her mind.

If Quintilla had only kept abreast of the newest wrinkles in psychiatry she would have known from the start that she could not down this secret even though it were tucked away in the darkest reaches of her subconscious. It would get her sooner or later.

"Den I had anudder call," she went on reminiscently. "I was washin' de clo'es on de back po'ch, and de suds pile up lak de clouds in de sky. All in a minnit I seen a bright light an' a han' come right up outen de suds hol'in' a fiery sword an' a voice says, 'Quintilla, why ain't you obeyed de call?'"

She saw at once that this was no trifling matter. Her easy home life was a thing of the past. But in the twinkling of an eye she had been vested with a power that would bring happiness and fame, to say nothing of fees. She rushed into the yard jumping and screaming, tearing her hair and clothes while she cried out for all to hear, "I'se got de call. I'se got de call." And thus her husband, friends, and neighbors found her, a full-fledged midwife ready for action.

Mrs. Bennett and I had driven many miles to see Aunt Quintilla in the course of a round of official visits through some

of the southern counties of Virginia. Mrs. Bennett is the Inspector of midwives in the State Department of Health. Our visit to Aunt Quintilla was even a richer experience than we had hoped for. The bandanna of red, green, and yellow fashioned into a turban on her kinky hair; her deep glowing eyes that habitually looked past us as though into a world beyond our vision; her uplifted hand and exalted bearing as she described her calling combined to give her the air of one who unquestioningly believed herself anointed of the Lord. And not only she, but also her large clientele trustfully relied upon the power and protection that came to her from on High, and through her to those in her keeping.

But if Quintilla was impressive in her reverence toward the charms and rites she employed in plying an old trade in a new age, even more so was her visitor, Pleasant Blizzard, who was the embodiment of advantages and education enjoyed by negroes to-day. She was young and slim and pretty with her tan skin and large velvety eyes. Her nearly straight hair was modishly bobbed, and she wore a smart black satin frock with a long string of pearl beads, "French nude" stockings, and patent-leather slippers.

As Aunt Quintilla extolled the virtues of fried rats, hog's foot oil, and wild boars' teeth I watched this modern young woman out of the tail of my eye as she sat there quiet and aloof. I fancied I knew what amused and patronizing thoughts were passing through her mind as she listened to this description of superstitions and black magic employed by her grandmother's friend and contemporary practitioner. After we had seemed to cover all emergencies that might overtake a young mother and her baby, Pleasant Blizzard floored me by asking gravely what I believed was the best way of getting rid of "de ebil spir'ts." I was sure she was ridiculing us until I saw the intensity and seriousness of her eyes. They were as old as the ages and had no relation to her bobbed hair, pearls, or French nude stockings. She was in deadly earnest about a matter of tragic importance to her. I was so completely taken unawares that I countered her question by asking what she advised.

She assured me with tragic gravity that the "onlies" way to get rid of "de ebil spir'ts" was to place the troubled woman upon her knees on the hearth before leaping flames and ignite a clean white cloth on the outside of the hearth so that the woman knelt between two fires. She had gone through the experience and knew. The spirits had tormented her for three days after her baby was born, and every effort to drive them out or propitiate them was met with increasingly vicious activities on their part. Finally, as she humbly knelt between two fires at the open hearth, with smoke rolling up on either side, the spirits left her forever.

I had thought that such lore would be preserved only if one got it from the trembling, leathery lips of the old midwives who are rapidly passing away. But this modern young colored woman, with a high-school education, proved to be a well of information and testified solemnly to the value of charms and methods that must have come down by word of mouth through the centuries. It was she who put her faith in rat pie in preference to a rat that was merely fried.

I found that Aunt Quintilla and Pleasant Blizzard more or less epitomized the attitude of colored midwives toward childbirth and its hazards. They are entirely respectful and courteous about modern methods and entirely willing to obey the Department of Health Rules. More than that, they are so eager to serve their patients well that they follow instructions with surprising faithfulness. But no amount of training, education, or laws will quite uproot their faith in the ancient remedies that, to them, are tried and true. Therapeutic measures such as regulation of diet and other newfangled things are doubt-

less all right if the authorities say so. But for real service in an hour of need, give a colored midwife the left forefoot of a mole any day! It is understood, of course, that the foot must have been cut from a live mole, and fresh warm blood allowed to flow before the paw is put to its salutary use.

II

It is the task of Mrs. Bennett and her aides to protect Virginia mothers and babies in remote districts so far as is possible by supervising and instructing the midwives who attend them. In the course of teaching twentieth-century cleanliness and preventive measures to the aged negro practitioners, dreamy eyed with superstition and mysticism, the nurses unearth age-old procedures strangely at odds with modern methods.

The recurring drama of childbirth, the states of young maternity and dawning life have always been involved with religious rites and festivals and associated with the supernatural. The colored midwives of Virginia—and elsewhere, for that matter—follow closely in the steps of midwives of other lands and other days when they place not their trust in princes but invoke the aid of divine powers, charms, and incantations.

As late as 1554 Bishop Bonner in England decreed that: "The midwyfe shall not use or exercise any witchecrafte, charms, sorcerie, invokations or praiers other than suche as be allowable and may stand with the lawes and ordinances of the Catholike Churche."

Many of the beliefs and measures that Aunt Quintilla discussed with all reverence were strongly suggestive of early tribal rites and superstitions, not only among Africans, but other peoples as well.

For example, there is widespread and age-old belief in the purifying powers of running water, fire, and smoke. Accordingly, at every turn one finds the old midwives using these agents to propitiate or ward off the unseen powers who may do good or ill to mothers and their babies. The midwives may work by something akin to craft; sometimes by a semblance of sacrifice or by the employment of suitably placed symbols.

The open fireplace serves somewhat as a sacrificial altar to vengeful spirits; and various disasters that they might work are averted by the timely use of fire and smoke. A blue flame produced by throwing a handful of salt on an open fire will usually rout the most daring and malevolent spirit. Sometimes a handful of hen feathers is thrown on a bed of glowing coals and slipped under the bed of a woman in labor to hasten the advent of a tardy child. This is reminiscent of the ancient rite, persisting into our own day, of killing a chicken over a dying person. Thus, in the devout and anguished minds of the loved ones the death bed of to-day is converted into a semblance of the sacrificial altar of long ago.

To sidetrack the "hants" that are so troublesome to young mothers it is often enough to drive three nails into the threshold. Whether the magic lies in the number three, in the suggestion of the Holy Trinity, or in the idea of a new birth it is hard to say. But there must be three nails and they must be new. An addition, however slight, may be made to the house; a new board may be nailed up over the door; the door may be taken down and turned around, or a new sill may be laid to symbolize a new life or a new order of things within.

Since it is well known that the spirits enter and leave by the door, the communications, whether reverential or in the nature of a prank, are placed at the main portal. A "sifter" hung over the door or on the knob will keep out "de ebil spir'ts" because a spirit must go through each hole in the sieve before passing the door and is so tired and discouraged long before finishing this task that he goes away in disgust and never comes back. The same end is reached if mustard seed is thickly strewn on the doorsill, for the meddling spirit must

pick up every seed before he can get in. This is a task that discourages even the doughtiest, as the Virginia midwives well know.

One always has to keep a sharp eye out for witches, too, for they play havoc with young mothers and babies. A witch on mischief bent will often shed her mortal skin before starting out on her sinister missions. The way to deal with her then, once and for all, is to find that skin, wherever it may be lurking or however it may be disguised, and rub it thoroughly with salt on the inside. The process of returning to this well-salted hide is too excruciatingly painful for even a witch to endure. So, finding herself without a skin, she simply shrivels up to nothing and finally ceases to be. While no one directly admitted that she personally had found and salted a witch's skin, all claimed acquaintance or kinship with someone who had. And I was told breathlessly by a whole roomful of midwives, tumbling over themselves and their words in course of the tale, about a man whose foot had been cut off in early infancy by a witch who had outwitted them all.

The young mother is often protected by laying a knife and fork under her pillow, provided they are laid in the form of a cross. Or the husband may call off the "hants" by donning a black hat, turned inside out, and walking forth into the darkness.

If the helpless woman has been "cunjered" the situation is serious indeed, and calls for heroic measures. A "cunjer bag" containing snake bones, a dried hop toad, and some of the enemy's finger nail trimmings, slipped under the doorstep in the dead of the night, will cause the victim to fade away and die unless powerful aid is invoked. A good plan is to give the conjured one a tea made of "gourd seed and black mastes" and make her vomit out the invading spirit. Old Aunt Judy, on the other hand, trusts only Divine aid in exorcising malevolent spirits. "Ef you sets down," she says, "en reads de Bible backwards to de good Lawd, our Marster he will drive out de ebil spir'ts and won' let um come no mo'."

They are likely to set great store by interest and protection from on High, are these strange old people. Aunt Elizabeth, for example, is an aged midwife whom we traced over potato patches, through twisting lanes and around corn fields to a tiny cabin almost lost behind sunflowers. Here she had returned after being up all night "kotchin' a kid," who promptly died.

Although the withered old woman was nearly spent by her night's work, she did not start the long trudge back to her cabin until she had straightened out the tiny body and placed a saucer of sugar on the chest, "to keep um from purgin' atter death," she solemnly informed us. She had instructed the bereaved mother to bury the baby with a bottle of "God-f'ey's Co'djul en turketine" at its head. This would prevent any babies later born to this mother from dying of colic.

As Aunt Elizabeth talked she steadily chewed tobacco, and the juice as steadily dripped from her mumbling lips. Her hands were bony and wrinkled, ending in long black nails that made them look like the claws of some huge bird. Mrs. Bennett took the whole matter seriously and told the old woman she would have to stop practicing or go to jail. But Aunt Elizabeth was accustomed to transacting her affairs at headquarters. "No, Honey, I kain' stop 'til Jedus tells me," she observed calmly, chewing and dripping the while. "I'se too ole and blin' for airy wu'k but kotchin' kids. And 'sides, I wants ernuf money to buy me jes' a leetle meal en w'ite bread fo' brekfus." She could get "near about six dollars fo' ketchin' one bebby," and that would last a good while. She had been inducted into service by a vision but was further equipped by an old blind woman who "learnt me all I knows." When I asked about her methods of practice she shifted her quid and replied, "Honey, I don' do nuttin'. I jes' lights my pipe en waits."

The universality of this practice of non-interference doubtless explains why more negroes don't end their careers nestling against turpentine bottles, under tiny tombstones, with saucers of sugar on their chests.

III

The first step toward controlling the midwives, good, bad, and indifferent is to round them all up in class and then briskly winnow them out. A printed notice from the State Department of Health, at Richmond, telling when and where a class is to be held, is an important document, cherished among valuable possessions. One midwife took her notice to her clergyman, who gave it suitable recognition by reading it aloud from his pulpit the following Sunday morning.

The midwives make a day of it when Mrs. Bennett holds a class. They are brought by sons and husbands from all over the county in unbelievably varied vehicles. Two-wheeled carts drawn by little mules, spring wagons, buggies, Fords of many vintages and a good sprinkling of up-and-coming cars, bearing proud names and recent dates. Others make the pilgrimage astride their old gray mules.

It is no mean task, this ferreting out of something like five thousand midwives who are scattered throughout the state. They come from the cities, towns, crossroads, back roads, woods, and "hollers." The women are instructed to bring with them their permits (if they have been registered) and bags of equipment for inspection and possible approval. At the early classes these outfits are of every size, shape, and color and range from well-worn purses and tobacco pouches to large satchels and carpet bags. Or they may be parcels made of crumpled newspaper or gaily colored bandannas.

The prospective pupils, many of them already aged practitioners, are dressed in their best. They are likely to come swathed in black and hung with all the rusty old crêpe, beads, earrings, gold spectacles, and other adornments they have been able to accumulate for the occasion. In warm weather they may be decked out in the floweriest of calicoes or filmy garments that strongly suggest the "front room" curtains. Broad-brimmed, flower-laden hats frequently perch upon turbans or mobcaps with ruffles hanging down about their ears.

The aged pupils usually make a valiant start by wearing shoes to the "settin's." Often they are stiff and new, very shiny, and tightly laced. But one by one the shoes are surreptitiously removed until by the time the class is well under way the pupils are a picture of contentment—barefooted, chewing snuff, or puffing dreamily on their old clay pipes. Unless someone has had the foresight to provide cuspidors, there is from time to time a soft pad-padding of bare feet across the floor to the doorway.

One of the "settin's" that Mrs. Bennett called was held in The Morning Glory Church. After the lovely strains of "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot" and "Steal Away To Jesus" had melted away, Easter Cherry, swathed in black, rose stiffly to her feet and announced reverently, "I'se a chile ob de Lawd," and in her deep, resonant voice invoked Heavenly aid: "O, God, come stately steppin' in yo' sanctuary. And Lawd, bress de teacher. O, God ob Dan'el, step out on a fleecy cloud and fill her mouf full of Hebbenly argymints."

Before resorting to "argymints" Mrs. Bennett undertook to verify permits and ages, inspect bags, and learn what she could of the midwives' fitness to practice and the length of time in service.

Aunt Georgina beamed proudly as she displayed her equipment, consisting of a small shining vanity case sent by her daughter from New York at Christmas. It contained a tiny mirror, pink compact, a medicine dropper, and a bottle of murky looking fluid which she explained was April snow water for the new baby's eyes. "Ain't nuttin' bet-

ter," she said, "fo' babies' eyes dan Ap'il snow wattah. Mah'ch snow is good, but Ap'il is de bes'." One old crone produced from a capacious pocket a dried everlasting plant such as is sometimes pressed into service to amuse children on a rainy afternoon. This constituted her complete equipment for practice. When she arrived at the bedside of a labor patient she put the dried plant into a bowl of water, lighted her pipe, sat down, and watched the fronds unfold. They gave her full information about the child's progress on its journey into this world. If the leaves caught on one another or opened unevenly she feared trouble and resorted to action. The value of this charm was far-famed, and because of it she had a large and respectful clientele.

Many of the old women claimed to have practiced forty or fifty years and never to have lost a patient. If a mother or baby died they explained it was foretold in "de book" which says plainly that "this generation shall be wiser and weaker." Who could go back of that, they'd like to know?

A little confusion arose in connection with one woman named Harris whose "mit" bore the name of Lewis. She accounted for this by explaining that she had married the Lewis husband at the age of fourteen and had borne him ten children. She did not think it respectful to his revered memory to take the name of her more recent mate. Aunt Judy announced coyly that she was going to "gib up de mit." "I'se bin down hyah wid dese yere fo'kes all my life," she said, "en when dey gits in distress en dey calls fer me I'se bin bleeged ter go. But I'se come to de pint now when I kain't go no mo'. I'se bin eighty t'ree my las' but'day. And my second reason is dis. I'se gwine git married, en my second husban' he don' wan' me ter wu'k."

Professional jealousies, bids for practice, and undercutting of competitors are found among midwives just as they are in higher walks of life.

Two enterprising young women who went to the State Institute to equip themselves to give better service to their patients completely lost their practices because the older untrained midwives circulated the report among childbearing women that the younger midwives would "trick em" if allowed to attend them in childbirth.

The ability to "trick em" or "cunjer" is regarded with profound respect, and many patients employ a midwife thus endowed for fear she will trick them or pray them into the next world if they employ anyone else.

Aunt Martha was a victim of this belief. She was "called" in a vision at the early age of fourteen, and "Jedus taught her all she knowed." Her practice grew and flourished for many years, to the wrath and envy of the less successful midwives in the neighborhood. Then one night her bitterest rival, Sally Brisby, came bearing a dish of steaming, savory 'possum. Unsuspecting, Aunt Martha retired to the chimney corner and feasted eagerly on the tender meat. All went well until she reached the bones. These she sucked—to her complete and instant undoing. In a flash all about her turned deep green, and the evil was done, for Aunt Martha was a "tricked 'oman."

For two years she was idle and helpless while her enemy prospered. Finally one night she made a mighty effort to rid herself of her hateful bonds. She walked forth with her face uplifted in the moonlight and prayed fervently throughout the long night to be freed from the power of her enemy. At the first faint streaks of dawn a great peace descended upon her. She returned to the house, lay upon her bed, and entered into a deep sleep. Late in the day she awoke, conscious that at last she was free. Then Cindy came to tell her what she already knew. Sally Brisby had died in the night.

As to professional fees—they would make the average urban obstetrician sit up. Fifty cents seems to be a common

charge, but one woman varied things by saying that her last patient had given her an apron. The one before had promised her a jug of molasses but, to date, she had been unable to collect. Of course, Aunt Elizabeth and her ilk come high because of having been called in a vision. One faithful old soul told with great humility of having accepted two dollars and fifty cents upon one occasion. She usually charged fifty cents, but one night during a blizzard she was routed out at two in the morning and had to battle her way for miles along a trail down the valley to usher a resisting infant into the world. The hour, the distance, and the storm justified the extortion, she hoped. But her conscience pricked none the less.

Like all other old stagers, the ancient midwives complain that things are not as they used to be and that the new generation is "wiser'en weaker." In the opinion of one veteran, "young fo'kes won' take up dis hyere wu'k kaise dey is too skeered to lay out a corpse," thus conveying a somewhat disconcerting idea of her conception of midwife practice.

During periods of transition, resulting from Mrs. Bennett's persuasive teaching, there is at times some confusion of ideas as the midwives give up the old and take on the new. Midwives at first look askance at prenatal care. But at least they are open-minded and struggle with it. Aunt Rebecca was all in favor of the advocated diet, rest, and exercise. But copious drinking water was different. "I tol' dat Lizzie," she said, "Gal, ef yo' don' watch out yo's gwine drown dat chile." Her progressive neighbor, on the other hand, subscribed to the practice, if not the theory, of abundant drinking water, for she declared, "I allus makes my patients drink a plenty o' watah fo' I'se dun made up my min' dem kidneys is gotta float." One conscientious old party groping around in the field of sterilization and asepsis solved the problem of scissors to her complete satisfaction. "I wants to tell yo'all what I dun," she announced triumphantly during a discussion. "T'ree year ergo I bo't me a pair o' bran' new scissors en befo' I ebber used um I biled um a good fo' hours en I ain' nebber had to stur'lize um sence."

If there is one thing that no midwife will be without it is gunpowder. To one accustomed to more gentle measures the liberal use of this high explosive sounds rather lively. But to their way of thinking full duty has not been done to the laboring woman until she has swallowed a good big spoonful of gunpowder. They'd like to see any hesitating infant hold out against that! "Quilling" too is effective, and no wonder, since it consists of blowing red pepper through a goose quill into the helpless woman's nostrils. And a good whiff of snuff is always worth while.

As a general precaution, the careful midwife will start out by hanging a string of bears' teeth about the patient's neck, making sure that the woman has already donned her husband's soiled shirt, and has placed some article of his clothing under her pillow. If there is one of his old black hats handy for her to put on, so much the better.

Scarcely anything can come amiss to the soon-to-be-mother about whose wrist is bound a small piece of earth taken from under the left corner of the third step just outside the door. A pan of water placed under the bed is always beneficial, but to sweep under the bed is simply flying in the face of Providence.

Tea made of a mud-dauber's nest found under the eaves of the barn or of soot from the fireplace wards off trouble, while raw red onions are good for almost anything that may threaten. Some midwives with an eye to color give black pepper to their dark-skinned patients and buttermilk to white women to speed up the tempo of labor. Others accomplish this by arousing the patient's anger in a quarrel or by rapping her sharply over the nose. The merest

tyro knows, of course, that it is unfailingly efficacious to burn the sole of an old shoe or chicken feathers under the bed.

Some of the gentler old women rely upon the effect of a hornet's nest hung in the corner of the room, but the radicals assert that for quick results you must set fire to the nest and toss it on the bed.

One visualizes a scene of brisk activity when a childbirth is presided over by an old-school midwife—what with the patient decked out in her husband's hat and shirt, with bears' teeth and old trousers around her neck, feathers burning under her bed, a hornet's nest smoldering above, while red pepper is blown down her throat, and she is rapped sharply over the nose. No wonder the baby comes along to put a stop to it all. If by chance this baby is coming into what is for him a fatherless world, a goodly part of the curse is removed by laying a pair of trousers across the foot of the bed as he makes his entrance.

After the baby is safely launched new and different activities begin. There are at once two beings to consider. Concern for both mother and baby relate not alone to physical welfare, for the midwife must keep her watchful eyes well peeled for the distressing attentions of "hants" and "spir'ts." For the baby there is in addition his character to be molded. But the midwives have tricks up their sleeves to meet every need, present and future.

That dread scourge, puerperal fever, that strikes fear to the heart of the ablest obstetricians holds no terrors for the old midwife, for she knows just how to cope with it. The act of binding about the patient's neck a piece of fat hog meat, liberally dusted with pepper, and immediately blowing sulphur down her throat, produces an enviable sense of security. The importation of a flock of busy little bedbugs is an invaluable aid in preventing or curing fever—unless by chance the bed is found to be already well colonized.

For cramps in the legs it is usually enough to cross a pair of shoes under the bed. But in obstinate cases one's unquestioning faith may be pinned to the effect of a well greased eel skin wrapped around the leg below the knee, or to black wool that has been thoroughly impregnated with sulphur. When "dem atter pains starts rappin'," as they surely will, the attentive midwife slips stealthily into the room with a newly ground axe hidden behind her skirts. This weapon is slid under the bed, sharp edge up, "all unbeknownst to de 'oman." If she suspects what is being done to "cut off de pains" the jig is up. But a nice sharp razor or an open pocket knife may be slipped into the bed very easily and "unbeknownst," and of course their efficacy in cutting off pains is an established fact.

IV

The vexed question of infant feeding doesn't bother the midwives much. They realize that Nature's food is the best and let it go at that, adding, as hors d'œuvres, cabbage hearts or a long strip of bacon fat or hog meat. The latter must be tied to a stout string so that it may be retrieved and restored to service in case the greedy baby swallows it.

There is such a wealth of remedies for colic that in their judgment no baby need suffer long. Teas, made from a bewildering variety of agents, unquestionably lead in a popularity vote. Soot from the fireplace, flagroot, catnip, colt's foot, powdered eggshell, slate, mud-dauber's nest, Devil's snuff, snakeroot and lady slippers gathered at certain seasons and dried, are all useful. Nutmeg and chicken gizzards "grit fine" are good, or "ba'm en nutmeg." Milk through which tobacco smoke or snuff has been blown is an excellent remedy, but for quick action smoke a hornet's nest with a pipe that has not been defiled by tobacco, puff the smoke through milk or water, and give to the baby to drink.

For relief of general unhappiness or distress in the baby, as evidenced by persistent crying, one repeatedly comes across trails of belief in the powers of fire and running water. Even under normal conditions it is a fairly common custom for the young mother to take her thimble, the first time she leaves the house after the baby's birth, fill it at a well or spring, carry it back to the house without spilling a drop and give this fresh water to the baby to drink.

If the aid of fire is invoked to quiet the fretful baby, the mother lays the little body across the doorsill, steps over it without touching, and goes to the wood pile for an apronful of fresh, new chips. Returning, she again steps over the baby on the doorsill and burns the chips of wood in the open fireplace. The midwives were very serious about this, for to them the chips of wood in some way represent the Cross, and it is important that the baby's body form a cross with the doorsill.

Another interesting method of securing benefit for a troubled baby is for the mother to go into the woods and gather nine different kinds "ob leebes 'at don' die in de wintah," and give the baby to drink freely of the tea brewed therefrom. The significance of the everlasting life or evergreenness of "leebes 'at don' die in de wintah" seemed very precious to the old midwives.

The baby who is struggling to achieve his first teeth has more than incisors, bicuspids, and molars to battle with if the midwife is on the job. There seems to be no end to the things that must hang about his neck to help those teeth through the sore and swollen gums. He wears threaded new needles; necklaces of Job's tears, the eye teeth of dogs, bears and boar hogs; nettle-briar berries, gall berries, or the vertebræ of a dog fish.

But here, as in other situations, some of the more positive and confident practitioners waste no time on half-measures. The way to bring that baby's teeth through is to rub the gums with a rabbit's brain that has been boiled until it is hard. That always works, they argue, so why waste time on other things? "Cep'in'," says one of the veterans, looking very far off, "Cep'in' yo' uses de hog's knowlidge en a rabbit's foot." Not being up on the subject of hogs' knowledge, I looked puzzled, so they hastened to explain:

"De hog's knowlidge is a bone our Lawd en Marster set in de hog's haid all by hees se'f whar de knowlidge is. Yo' breaks off de two li'l pints and ties de bone wid a mole's foot roun' de baby's neck, en yo' ain' nebber gwine hab no trubble wid dat baby."

Tricking the baby out like a Maypole with all these garlands and knicknacks is only part of the story. No matter how eagerly he might wish to admire his reflection, in all these trimmings, the baby must not be allowed to look in a mirror before his teeth are cut. If he does, even the rabbit's brain and hog's knowledge will be unavailing to avert disaster.

If the baby is feverish the remedy is a split herring with the back-bone carefully removed. The fish should be soaked for two hours in vinegar then bound on the baby's abdomen with the inside to the body. The fish must be removed before sunset and buried deep in the earth. The fever will be interred with it, and the baby will recover at once.

As for earache—Nature seems to have created a special little wood bug for the express purpose of relieving that excruciating pain. There is just one drop of blood in the bug's entire makeup. With a quick, deft twist the bug's head is tweaked off, and this one drop of healing blood is dropped into the painful ear. If it is not possible to track down one of these specially designed bugs, of course one may grind up earthworms, cook them in hog's foot oil, and drop this mixture into the ear. Either is a sure cure.

For anything in the nature of a wound dressing Nature has set a number of

agents right at the midwife's elbow. Soot from the back of the fireplace is valuable for either mother or child in almost any hour of need, as are spider webs and hog's foot oil. Worm dust, scorched flour, nutmeg, Devil's snuff, dust from flat heads, various fungus growths are all tried and true household remedies. And, of course, a fragment snipped from our old friend the battered, black felt hat will heal up the most sluggish wound.

Sometime during early infancy the baby must be laid on the floor, trash thrown over him, and the whole lot swept between the mother's feet out into the door yard. This will help him to walk early, but it is wise to help things along by anointing his feet with bear's oil. You cannot expect the baby to talk plain, ever, if you cut his hair before he has attained the twelfth month and even then he must not be barbered in March or he will not live a year. And, inevitably, he will be overtaken by death if his clothes are shortened in the month of May.

To forecast the child's future bent these people need no laboratory tests nor graphs They simply distribute among the four corners of the room a pint bottle, a silver dollar, a book, and a pencil. The baby is placed in the center of the floor, and if he makes for the bottle, he has taken his first step toward a drunkard's grave. Choosing the dollar means riches; the book predicts a legal career, while manifestly any baby who sidles up to the pencil will be a writer of note. What could be more satisfactory than that if one wants to take a look into the future.

V

After some days of contact with the older midwives, in their cabins or newly established classes, I finally went with Mrs. Bennett to a class that had been under instruction for some time. The days just past had been so filled with witches, hants, rabbits' paws, and hogs' knowledge that I had a feeling of having been hurtled swiftly down through the centuries as I entered that last classroom.

The rows of pupils with tidy heads and hands, immaculate in their wash uniforms, might have been the staff of any visiting nurse association. There were no leathery, rheumy-eyed old crones. Only alert young women. Their bags, with washable linings and appropriate contents, conformed to State Department of Health requirements. They were evidently put to practical use and were not merely for exhibition. The quizzing and responses were intelligent and practical and showed that the midwives in that group had a good working idea of what could and should constitute their service; and more important still, under what conditions they should summon a doctor and what they definitely could not do for their patients.

This astonishing contrast to some of the other classes was due to certain qualities in Mrs. Bennett and in the midwives, directed and backed up by intelligence and wisdom in the State Department of Health in the person of Health Commissioner Ennion Williams.

Mrs. Bennett has an uncanny ability to simplify and hand on to the women who care for other women, the essentials of care calculated to rob childbirth of its greatest hazards. So far as midwives are concerned this consists chiefly of cleanliness, watchfulness, and restriction or limitation of practice. It has been possible to teach simple but important matters to these women partly because of their burning eagerness to serve their patients helpfully.

Even so, the problem which Mrs. Bennett faces is a reminder of the amazing fact that in the United States we are to-day some fifty years behind England in the matter of midwives. This problem, so often and so mistakenly called the midwife question, is a problem of mothers and babies in which the midwife is one factor—and an impor-

tant factor—that steadily and inevitably operates for or against the welfare of these patients. Ours is the only civilized country in the world in which the training and restriction of midwives is not accepted as a matter of national importance.

We provide training facilities for doctors and nurses and enact laws to regulate their activities; but in most parts of the United States any untrained old woman who chooses may discharge, without restriction, the combined functions of doctor and nurse at the time of childbirth.

We still have the questionable distinction of having almost the highest maternal and infant mortality rate on record and these deaths are largely from demonstrably preventable causes.

The last word in safeguarding mothers and babies, in this country, will not be said until in every state in the Union there is adequate provision for training and controlling all who attend these patients, no matter by what name they are called, nor until it is made impossible for untrained, incompetent practitioners to care for maternity patients "habitually and for gain."

At the moment, there is not a single state in which such adequate provision exists. Sporadic efforts at training and supervision are being made here and there with excellent results, but only in the states of New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Connecticut, North Carolina, and Virginia is there anything approaching satisfactory, state-wide control of midwife practice.

Whether or not there is a place for midwives in the fabric of American society, the only intelligent course at the moment is for us to face the staggering fact that there are not far from fifty thousand of these women practicing in the United States, and that each year they preside at approximately twenty per cent of our births. Rat-pie midwifery may often be picturesque to the student of folk-lore, but what a commentary upon our national public health is its continued existence in this twentieth century!

IF RAMSAY MACDONALD WERE AN AMERICAN

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

IT IS hardly an exaggeration to say that no other living person could have achieved the personal success which was Ramsay MacDonald's on his official trip to the United States. There are perhaps Frenchmen as eloquent who could repeat the achievements of Réné Viviani during the War; but their inability to speak English would make it impossible for them to reach more than a fraction of the millions who read, heard, and understood MacDonald. There are other Englishmen, like Gilbert Murray, who would indubitably win the regard of all who heard them. But MacDonald's superb personal presence, his wonderful speaking voice, his downrightness, his frankness, his depth of feeling, and above all, his sincerity, form a combination which moved his audiences to an extraordinary degree. This was true of ordinary business men who usually are not interested in visitors from abroad, and it was especially true of one great audience which included many former diplomats, lawyers of great distinction and equal cynicism, and men of affairs who usually decline to admit any connection between ideals and the business of the world. It seemed to me that in nearly thirty-three years of attending public functions I had never seen men of this type listen as intently or admit as freely that the speaker had reached the wellsprings of their emotions.

To those of us who knew MacDonald in the dark and dreary days of the War and the making of the peace of Versailles there was a romance about his arrival in this country as Prime Minister of Great Britain which exceeds anything of the kind that we have ever experienced. Not that his casé is without precedent. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman opposed the Boer War and became very unpopular, yet within three years thereafter was Prime Minister. Lloyd George during the same war had to escape in a policeman's uniform from one mob—from the Birmingham Town Hall—and he also became Prime Minister. Profound as were the passions engendered by the Boer War, they were naturally equalled by those aroused by the World War. Ramsay MacDonald was in 1914 a conspicuous figure as leader of the Independent Labor Party, the radical left wing of the Laborites. He was offered a most important place in the inner circle of the Coalition Cabinet if he would go along. He refused. He opposed his country's going into the War and said so on the floor of the House of Commons. Replying to Sir Edward Grey, he declared that, "There has been no crime committed by statesmen of this character without statesmen appealing to their nation's honor. We fought the Crimean War because of our honor. We rushed to South Africa because of our honor. The Right Honorable Gentleman is appealing to us to-day because of our honor." He added that whatever might be said about him and his party he and it would say and continue to say "that this country ought to have remained neutral because in the deepest parts of our hearts we believe that that was right and that that alone

was consistent with the honor of the country. . . ."

Moreover, MacDonald spoke and wrote against the War while it was going on—not as often as Mrs. Philip Snowden, wife of the present Chancellor of the Exchequer, who during the four years of strife made five hundred speeches against it (only a few meetings being interrupted)—but sufficiently to let everyone know where he stood. His former Parliamentary associates stood aloof from him; the jingo press denounced him. The Government sent a beautiful *agent provocateur* to try to trap him into communicating with the enemy; he was easily defeated for reëlection to the House of Commons in the "Hang the Kaiser" election. So he arrived in Paris early in January, 1919, as an itinerant journalist, eager to earn the few pounds he could while observing the formulating of the peace. Few of the British peace delegation would speak with him. It was only at Berne, late in January, at the meeting of the Second Internationale, that he had a chance to show his stature, and to state how he thought the peace should be made. I wrote from there at the time that: "The rather noisy hall grew still whenever Ramsay MacDonald spoke. This was not only the instinctive tribute to his superb presence, but an appreciation of his steadfast opposition to the War, maintained at so great a cost," and that he spoke "with great force and real eloquence." Yet as late as 1922 he probably could not have obtained permission to enter the United States, for here he was considered a dangerous alien, a Socialist, and pacifist. Certainly, as we saw his situation in Paris in the winter of 1919, no one could have been so mad as to prophesy that MacDonald had any political future whatsoever, much less that, within three years of the meeting of the Peace Conference, he would be leader of His Majesty's Opposition and within five years would be chosen the first Labor Prime Minister of Great Britain, without in the least degree recanting his political beliefs or abandoning his peace views. No portrayal by a novelist of a similar career would carry conviction of its possibility.

II

Now the important fact for Americans in this amazing rise to the highest office in England of Ramsay MacDonald, the despised pacifist, the man charged with standing aside when his country was in mortal peril, is that it could occur in Great Britain, and probably in other countries, but that it could not take place in the United States. To a remarkable degree MacDonald's case invites a comparison between American and British political institutions, their comparative flexibility, and the relative opportunity they give to the political dissenter, to the holder of unpopular views, who is ahead of his times, to enter political life, to retain his position if he wins a place in the congress, to make his influence felt after he is there, and to take a prominent part in the government of his country.

The advantages are, it is plain, largely, if not wholly, on the side of the British system. Thus the intending candidate for Parliament does not have to stand in the district in which he lives, as is the case usually in this country, where few have ever—like Congressman La Guardia to-day—lived in one district and represented another. He does not have to go hat in hand to a party boss for permission to run; nor does anybody ask him how large the check will be which he intends to contribute to the party's funds—not merely in campaign times, but annually. He can look over the entire political map of Great Britain, choose the most likely district in which to offer himself and, if he has the means, can set up his candidacy as an independent all by himself. If he is allied with a party he must, of course, present himself to the party's committee in that district and be "adopted" by it; that is, he must show that he has parts and promise if he is new to the political world and that he is

of good character. After that the road is clear.

Sometimes the candidate deliberately chooses a district, as did Malcolm MacDonald, the son of Ramsay, in which the odds are heavily against him and settles down to years of steady canvassing of the electors. He does not have to promise jobs, any more than if elected he has to busy himself with distributing seeds or free government films, or doing departmental errands for his constituents. He must convince the voters that he has something to offer in the way of ideas and leadership, and even then he must often wait until there is a ground swell in favor of his party. Once he is elected and takes his seat, it depends entirely upon himself as to how rapidly he can progress. He speaks in the greatest forum in the world. If he has talent, ability, and something to say, he can at once obtain an attentive hearing, not only from those in front of him but in the press. A single brilliant speech is certain to impress his personality upon the leaders of his party whether they form the ministry or the opposition. Pitt the younger entered Parliament at twenty-one and was Chancellor of the Exchequer at twenty-three. Charles James Fox was elected to Parliament at twenty. He was a powerful figure and a member of a government at twenty-one. Gladstone left Oxford at twenty-two, entered Parliament at twenty-three, and was an important member of Sir Robert Peel's government at twenty-six. Winston Churchill entered Parliament at twenty-six; his ability compelled his inclusion in a government six years later. Ramsay MacDonald had only to be returned to Parliament to be in a position to exercise great influence both as an individual and as a party official or leader. Whether a man is hated or liked, trusted or distrusted, he is listened to there if he is not a boresome "dinner bell" and has really something to say. He won a difficult seat from the Conservatives in 1922.

Mr. MacDonald was, of course, extremely fortunate in retaking his place as leader of the Independent Labor Party. But the point is that he was in a position after his reëlection to impress his powers upon the Parliament and the Party. If there were those who had doubts about his availability when he first became Prime Minister, and still others who revolted against his leadership when his ministry fell in 1924 (because of the Zinovieff letter), in June, 1929, there was greater unanimity of support for him in his own party than ever before. He had again stood the test of the House of Commons; he had had nearly five years more of almost daily opportunity to demonstrate his character and abilities at close range. There is no deceiving people under these circumstances. Beyond doubt Winston Churchill is one of the two or three ablest men in Parliament; many think him the ablest debater. Yet I can hardly find anyone who believes that he will ever become Prime Minister. If he does it will only be because his party can produce no one else. He is far abler than Stanley Baldwin; but men who have wintered and summered with him in Parliament do not feel that his character or his stability is such that it will be possible for him to head the Conservative Party. Yet he has had the same opportunity to win the highest rank that was MacDonald's. A career in the Commons is a fair and open contest for reputation and leadership, and no one who fails can blame his failure upon party bonds, or the rules of the House of Commons, or restrictions due to procedure, or anything else. It is his own fault. It is true that a new and prejudiced Prime Minister may fail to choose for a ministerial office some talented and deserving person who has really earned it. That does not vitiate the statement that there is no fairer forum for a public career in all the world than St. Stephen's.

III

How different is the situation on this side of the Atlantic! An American

Ramsay MacDonald with a similar war record would never again have been given a Democratic or Republican party nomination for the House of Representatives. The case of the Socialist Congressman Victor Berger, who was re-elected after having been sentenced to prison for twenty years for obstructing the War, was an exception which proved the rule, and so does the record of Senator La Follette. They were both elected in a State which deeply resented the War; in another commonwealth in which there were only a few German-born citizens they could never have returned to public life any more than could Miss Jeanette Rankin. Senator George W. Norris voted against the War, it is true, and then convinced Nebraska that he had been true to his conscience, and that he had helped to carry on the struggle after it began. Yet his, too, was an exceptional geographical situation. The fact remains that whoever offends against party regularity either in peace-time or wartime is pretty sure to find himself forever without the breastworks, just as Congressman La Guardia was once compelled to run independently in order to return to Congress and gradually make peace with his party leaders.

For this the domination of the parties by their bosses is largely responsible, as it is for the decadence of the quality of the Representatives from all sections. Throughout several decades no Republican from New York City could have a Congressional career who did not do the will of Thomas C. Platt. No Democratic Congressman from Manhattan Island can seek reëlection to-day if he has offended the leaders of Tammany Hall, especially if he has failed to make a financial contribution. I once knew a Democratic Congressman of some parts who admitted to me that he yearly sent a check to Boss Murphy for twice the amount of his annual salary as a Representative. No new aspirant for Congressional honors from New York City can hope for nomination to-day if he does not obtain the consent of a party boss—the Socialists have not been able to retain the district which once sent Meyer London to Washington. This fact alone is, I think, responsible for the extraordinary decline in the character and ability of the men who represent in Congress the Manhattan portion of the greatest city in America. Here are the present Representatives: Samuel Dickstein, Christopher D. Sullivan, William I. Sirovich, John J. Boylan, John J. O'Connor, John P. Carew, Sol Bloom, Fiorello H. La Guardia, Royal H. Weller, Anthony J. Griffin—together with an able woman, Mrs. Ruth Pratt.

Of these, only Mr. La Guardia, by reason of his recent candidacy for Mayor, is known to all the city, though he has been a hard-working and independent Congressman who dared to say that his soul was his own. The rest of the list is proof positive that in Manhattan men of parts, of independence, of self-respect will not consider a Congressional career, at least not through the dominant parties. What a contrast it would be to compare with this list a similar group of men who represent the city of London through the three British parties! As it is, the New Yorker of integrity and independence who desires parliamentary honors is practically as barred from a Congressional career as if he were residing in American Samoa or in the Philippines. What is true of New York City is true also of Boston, Chicago, Philadelphia, and our other important cities, and of many rural districts. The local party machine is almost everywhere the enemy of an efficient House and permits no representation worthy of that institution and the country save in exceptional instances.

Let us suppose, however, that an American Fox or Gladstone did by accident enter the House. What would be the chances for him to rise? Let me answer the question by asking another. Who are the few Congressmen whose names are known to the country at large? They are without exception old party hacks who have risen to eminence largely

by legislative longevity. Take Speaker Longworth. He has been a regular of regulars. Entering Congress by favor of a corrupt boss, he has represented a safe district ever since 1903, with the exception of two years. He served inconspicuously until, because of his longevity, he was in a position to aspire to the Speakership. Take the majority and minority leaders. They hold their positions similarly because of their length of service. No one will maintain that such legislators as Gilbert N. Haugen of Iowa and Louis T. McFadden of Pennsylvania are conspicuous because of their brilliant abilities; nor is John Q. Tilson of Connecticut a man of exceptional oratorical or intellectual ability. Yet they are all-powerful factors in the management of the House and of some of its committees.

Our young Fox or Gladstone would probably find himself addressing empty benches, and would find his way into print only if he made a sensational attack upon some person or some group. He might enunciate the soundest sentiments with true and brilliant eloquence. This would advance his personal fortunes not at all. The leaders would compliment him, but his progress would be no faster. He could not aspire to a Cabinet position, at least not until he was nearly fifty and had reached the chairmanship of some important committee. Even then he would find that his claim to a secretaryship rested upon his having been a personal friend of a new President or his being a political power in a pivotal section. The Congressmen who have entered the Cabinet since George von L. Meyer became Roosevelt's Secretary of the Navy could be counted on the fingers of one's hands. Thus the Congressional aspirant usually finds that Cabinet honors go to distinguished men not in political life, like Charles E. Hughes, or to undistinguished persons in private or business life, or to politicians pure and simple—or rather often impure and extremely complex in their relationships.

In other words, the House of Representatives is in no sense a career leading toward a place in the administration of our country, yet practically every member of Parliament aspires to a corresponding goal; a few, like Richard Cobden, persistently decline high office. For this difference several things are now responsible, whatever may have been the case in the earlier days of the Republic. The first is the committee system. Volumes have been written tracing the development of the committee. If there is a good deal to be said for it as a means of getting Congressmen to work, of expediting business, and preparing legislation, it has, none the less, played a great part in reducing the House to its present state, which is such that our chief parliamentary reporters, the special Washington correspondents, rarely if ever take the trouble to look in on the House while it is at work. If a budding Demosthenes would usually go unheard there, a Ramsay MacDonald who came back after a defeat for his pacifism would also find himself assigned to the least worth-while committee. For example, at the close of his long service, Victor Berger could obtain no more important assignment than to the committees on Enrolled Bills, Invalid Pensions, Public Lands, and War Claims. Let a new member win the ill will of the Steering Committee, and he may find himself assigned for years to the Committee on World War Veterans Legislation, or to Insular Affairs or Flood Control.

Another special cause for the decline of the House as a debating body and an avenue to national fame is, curiously enough, something that the unthinking regard as one of its desirable features—the limitation of debate and the complete control of its procedure by the little clique of party leaders who dominate the House. Our young Demosthenes might inveigh against this all he pleased. It would get him nowhere, for the House wears its shackles gladly. It is quite content to pass such a bill as the present lengthy tariff bill after only three or four days of debate and then to see the offspring of its Ways and Means Com-

mittee torn to pieces in the Senate. This may be efficiency in legislation, though I hold not; at least it prevents public abuse of the House for being as talkative as the Senate. But the net result is that the Senate is the only real debating body left in this country; it is the only forum in which a new member can make his influence felt; from which a single speech can carry widely over the country; in which wrongs can be aired and necessary official inquiries started. It is the only body which puts the fear of punishment and retribution into the hearts of office holders in high places. It is, moreover, altogether significant that when Vice-President Dawes sought to change the rules of the Senate in order to limit debate, the best men in the corps of Washington correspondents were emphatically against him. They insisted that gag rules there would reduce the Senate to the level of the House, which is now just a machine to register the will of the leaders of the majority party.

When the House was physically made over a few years ago by the removal of the desks, and the members were seated according to party on semi-circular benches, it was fondly hoped that the House would regain its position as a debating body. These expectations have not been realized. The House does not develop great debaters. Its virile members aspire to the Senate or, after a while, go back to private life because they tire of waiting for dead men's shoes, and are too independent to be guilty of that complete subservience which is the surest way, when coupled with constant reëlection, to party leadership. Can anyone claim that the House of Representatives offers a tithe of the chances for distinction of those which present themselves in the House of Commons?

Finally, it must be pointed out that our Congress is far more affected by sectional issues and considerations than is the House of Commons. Despite the differences between Scotch and Welsh and English and Irish, the Commons, especially since the settlement of the Irish question, is far more harmonious than our Senate. There is nothing in England to compare with the clash of interests between our manufacturing East and North and the agricultural West and South; nothing that an American can espy which suggests the creation of blocs. But this sectionalism has always had a profound effect upon the development of our House and upon the careers of ambitious members.

That the Senate does offer more of an opportunity to a newcomer and to the political dissenter—once he arrives there—is obvious. But how difficult it is to win an election to the Senate if one is in rebellion against the established party order! There are obviously few States in which it is possible; usually they are small and in the Middle West. The high hopes once held that Oregon, Washington, and California would be highly progressive have gradually faded away. It seems as if the descendants of the pioneers had not inherited the spirit of hardihood and independence which marked their ancestors; a reactionary immigration from the East has also played its part. It is, of course, true that the Senatorial primaries make it possible for a man of ability with the necessary friends, or means, to fight his way into the Senate. Smith W. Brookhart is an example of this. He campaigned long and vigorously, won a seat, was defeated, came back again. But there also the fact is that his State is Iowa, an agricultural community. What chance would he have had to win in Mr. J. Henry Rorabeck's Connecticut, or the Maine of the Power Trust, or New York?

If a young and unfettered Senator does find his way into the Senate, his position much more nearly resembles that of a Ramsay MacDonald in Parliament. Take the younger La Follette, for example. It depends entirely upon himself how far he will go in the Senate. He won his reëlection on his merits and showed himself a cool and able campaigner. He has the respect and regard

of all his colleagues, he is improving the quality of his speeches, and continually demonstrates the increasing wisdom of his judgments. He is not, however, really eloquent; nor does the passion for justice as yet burn so fiercely within him as to find vent in stirring words. He suffers from the lack of schooling necessary for the statesman and from inability to cut himself wholly loose from party bonds and shibboleths, like the tariff, and to let his political future go hang if need be. The other younger Progressives are in much the same situation. Ramsay MacDonald, as I have pointed out, had a party behind him when he reëntered Parliament. These men have none. They win not because of the party machines, but because they are what they are, and because they champion some mild measures of reform, or insist that the farmer shall get his share of the Treasury swag which is paid out to the beneficiaries of our tariff system.

Unlike Mr. MacDonald, our Senate dissenters, except Mr. Borah, whom it is increasingly hard to classify as a Progressive, have played no role in our foreign affairs—partly because of the committee system again; partly because their constituents, being inland, rural people, are little, if at all, interested in foreign policy; partly because they themselves are ignorant or inexperienced. Such as they are, the country may well thank fortune for them. One has only to consider the complete, dull regularity which would prevail in Washington were there not a handful of nonconformists in the Senate, to appreciate their worth whatever their shortcomings. But for them Congress would to-day be a mere device for recording a President's wishes whenever he had a majority—something that the Founders of the Republic certainly never desired of the Congress.

IV

When we consider the road to the highest office in the United States and that which leads to the Prime Ministry in England, the comparison between the two systems becomes all the more striking. Thus the King had no hesitation whatsoever in sending for Ramsay MacDonald in 1924 despite his war record and his pacifism. He was quite ready to intrust to him the conduct of the army and navy and the foreign affairs of his country. MacDonald himself was chosen within his party to lead it by a general consensus of opinion that he was best fitted to lead. Thus he stepped directly from leader of the Opposition into the highest office in the gift of his nation.

In this country the varying procedure of choosing a President is familiar. Certainly no pacifist with MacDonald's record could aspire to the White House. The lightning strikes curiously. When Warren G. Harding was picked in a room on the fifteenth floor of a Chicago hotel in the dead of night by certain Senators and representatives of big business, he was certainly not selected because of a successful career as a Senator. In that august body he had not made one speech worth the printing. Had Mr. Harding lived, Mr. Coolidge would never have reached the Presidency. It can hardly be maintained that his career in Massachusetts entitled him to our highest honor.

Mr. Hoover's case is somewhat different in that he had an international reputation. Yet it is an indisputable fact that he won the nomination only by the most persistent pursuit of it, coupled with the activities of an extremely well-equipped press bureau, and also because there happened to be no outstanding candidate on whom the opposition could unite against him. As a reporter of the Kansas City convention, I can testify that there was little enthusiasm for the man himself, and that most of the influential delegates would have been delighted had someone else been selected. When it came to the campaign, some ten millions of dollars had to be gathered to put Mr. Hoover into the White House; and we now know that one of the con-

tributions to that campaign was the sum of a million dollars from the manufacturers of Pennsylvania raised by the industry and ability of one Joseph R. Grundy, a fact which can hardly please Mr. Hoover to-day as he views the damage done by Mr. Grundy to the pending tariff bill.

There are those who believe that William E. Borah could have forced his own nomination for the Presidency had he, when at the height of his prestige as a Progressive, really cut loose, thrown down the gage of battle to the Old Guard leaders, and declared himself the leader of the liberal forces. In 1923 he apparently seriously considered this, for he made a Fourth of July speech, to which he received a tremendous response, attacking both the political parties as recreant to their trust. But something invariably prevents his taking the vital plunge. He has never bolted, not even when Roosevelt ran; and all Washington observers are agreed that his inability to see anything through to the bitter end has steadily handicapped his progress, has denied him the leadership of the Progressive group which should be his, and has made his opponents certain that they have his measure. As I write, he has shown more disposition to accept the responsibility for an opposition leadership in the matter of the tariff bill than in any previous contest. But even if such a man commanded, like Theodore Roosevelt in 1912, large campaign funds and a great personal following, he would still be a long way from winning a regular nomination or being elected. His very independence would rouse the regulars and make them take the field against him.

How fortunate by contrast is the British Prime Minister! All he has to do is to win his own seat in Parliament and make as many speeches throughout the entire country as possible, provided his party wins. It is true that the British parties also have to raise campaign funds; but had one of them wished to take money from interested sources comparable to the associates of Mr. Grundy, its leaders might have found themselves face to face with an extremely rigid corrupt-practices act. As it was, the Labor Party's reliance was chiefly upon the unpaid enthusiasm and devotion of the young party workers who gave their time, their labor, and often their money without thought of personal reward. A ten-million-dollar campaign fund would seem impossible in England, though political rewards, titles, etc., have been known, precisely as with us, to be bestowed on the magnates who send large checks to campaign funds.

The American politician is among the most timid of men. Usually very vulnerable himself, he searches the record of the party candidate; if there is the slightest taint of irregularity upon it that candidate is dropped. This extends, of course, to many other subjects than issues of peace and war. Religion plays a far greater part in the United States than in England. A man of strong agnostic views with us would have to suppress those views entirely or renounce any political aspirations—witness the career of Robert G. Ingersoll. Again, with the glorious exceptions of John Quincy Adams and Grover Cleveland, when an American President lays down that office he is supposed to be finished and shelved for the remainder of his days. Cleveland became President a second time after four years out of office. John Quincy Adams is the only one who was willing to go back into Congress, where he labored for seventeen years. In the days when the House was a debating body and a man could make his mark in it, he constantly plunged the House into the most exciting debates and stirred the whole country. One single remark of his caused three days of the most violent debate and discussion, all of which would never have taken place had his opponents permitted him to finish what he was saying! Colonel Roosevelt is also, in a way, an exception, because he tried to reënter public life.

A British Prime Minister goes back to Parliament as a matter of course and stays there, whether he does or does not again become Prime Minister, until he no longer has the health to carry on or until he transfers to the House of Lords. With the English the career of statesmanship is usually a career for life. The action of the three members of the recent Baldwin Government who retired from politics and went into business after the defeat of their party last May has called forth wide comment in the British press, both for the unusual character of the act and for what it connotes in relation to Great Britain's changing political life. So far, however, incidents like this only emphasize the high standards which still control.

V

In one other aspect the British governmental machinery is far superior to our own, and that is in the ability of a Government when defeated or seeking reëlection after the expiration of a Parliament to get a single issue before the country. Mr. MacDonald's first service as Prime Minister came after an election which turned upon the question of protection. His government fell because of the Zinovieff letter; the "Hang the Kaiser" election hinged upon the War issues, and so forth. True, the British Labor Party has an elaborate philosophy behind it—indeed, the whole Socialistic creed; its supporters are well aware of its general program and seek to propagate the faith. But in the last contest Mr. Baldwin was defeated because of his Government's record in foreign affairs, and because of a general feeling that it was narrow, stupid, and inept rather than because of the Labor Party's program. If no single issue seemed from this side of the water to stand out, there can be no question that great numbers of those who swung to Labor did so directly because of dissatisfaction with the Conservative mishandling of foreign affairs.

With us, our parties take the field encumbered by large platforms made up of dozens of planks on all sorts of questions. Of this the Bull Moose platform of 1912 is the classic example; it was really a new code for social legislation. That was, however, largely ignored; the fight was waged over Mr. Roosevelt's personality, his disloyalty to the Republican Party, and the most radical plank in his platform, which was the recall of judges. There were forty-four planks in the La Follette platform; those his enemies seized upon particularly were the proposed curbing of the Supreme Court and the government ownership of railroads. Looking back over a long period of years, it can truthfully be said that not since 1896 has there been a Presidential campaign really devoted to a single issue. The first Bryan candidacy revolved about the question of free silver. Should Ramsay MacDonald fall in Parliament because of the disarmament plans which may result from the coming five-power conference in London, he would be able to ask the voters' approval of that policy alone. It is practically impossible in this country to bring forward one dominating issue, unless it should be possible again to put the tariff to the front, as Cleveland did in 1888. In 1900 great efforts were made to ascertain the will of the people regarding our imperialism in the Caribbean and the Philippines, but the issue was hidden by a multitude of other questions. Similarly, it is impossible to obtain a clear-cut vote on the restriction of immigration, the question of a large fleet, our entry into the League of Nations, prohibition, etc. The only hope seems to be the establishment of a national referendum as urged by Bryan, Wilson, and others. But no party, or politician, is advocating that to-day.

There remains the question of tolerance. I stood for a time near Ramsay MacDonald at a King's Garden Party at Buckingham Palace in 1926. There were many glowering looks cast at him.

I heard some people muttering angrily about "that man's presence" and his attire. The Conservative die-hards indubitably still feel that England is going to the dogs because a Socialist is Prime Minister. Many doubtless still recall his war record and hold it up to scorn. But in the main the British public lives and lets live and is delighted to let MacDonald, the Dissenter, have another try at helping England in her present distress, owing to the great unemployment and the depression of industry. In part this is due to greater tolerance than is to be found in America, in part to a realization that when the Labor Party was last in power the King was not exiled, nor the landed gentry beheaded, nor their estates and the Bank of England sequestered. In other words, the English democracy is evolving naturally and non-violently; and the British voters know it. In MacDonald's case he has, of course, made things much easier for himself and his party by his own personal charm and his clear demonstration that in his oratory, his broad vision, his power, and his leadership he clearly measures up to—where he does not surpass—the high standards of British statesmen in the past.

It is not easy to believe that the American people is at bottom less tolerant. The difficulty is that it is so much harder in this huge country of ours for a man in public life to impress himself upon the public and to obtain the opportunities he needs to tell the people just what his ideas and desires are and to defend any radical positions. The English voter is much more eager to hear both sides of a campaign and he insists upon his historic right to take part in a meeting by questioning and heckling the speaker, whereas the interruption of a public meeting in the United States is usually considered a sensational newspaper story. Nor is it as hard in England to obtain publicity for the unpopular side, though in both countries the extremely conservative dailies are always ready to try to kill a new issue or new leaders by ignoring them. It stands to reason, however, that the British public is less inclined to follow its press than is ours. How else is it possible to explain the rise of the Labor Party and of Ramsay MacDonald, so recently hated, despised, and dubbed a "traitor," when in all England labor has had the unqualified support of only one daily newspaper—the *Daily Herald*? That is a phenomenon which could not be repeated in the United States.

Finally, the lesson of Ramsay MacDonald for America is the old one that he who dares to be true to his principles and himself may count upon eventual recognition and reward if he can make himself heard, and if his principles are wise and "fortressed in conscience." MacDonald spoke as a true prophet on that fateful third of August, 1914, when he said solemnly and with deep emotion: "I have been through this before and 1906 [the victory of the Liberals and pro-Boers under Campbell-Bannerman] came as part recompense. It will come again. We are going to go through it all [again]." His election as Prime Minister in 1924 was more important in the history of Great Britain than the events of 1906. Once more can it be exclaimed with Lowell:

"Men of a thousand shifts and wiles, look here!
See one straightforward conscience put in pawn
To win a world! See the obedient sphere
By bravery's simple gravitation drawn!"

OFFICE HOURS

A STORY

BY ROLAND ENGLISH HARTLEY

THE house seemed very empty and the days very long now that Cora wasn't here. Before, when he was not busy in the office, he could go back into the other rooms and talk to her—see her, at least, or hear her moving about; hear her singing sometimes. Now that she was gone, the house was woefully empty and still.

He couldn't blame her for going. He knew that it was his own fault; if he had been more of a success she wouldn't have wanted to go. But her new happiness hurt him, now that she had found a work and a life in which he had no part. She looked so much younger and fresher these last few months; her smile was so much brighter; she had a new sure poise of her head. And it all said to him, "*You* couldn't do this for me; but see, I have done it for myself!"

They had come into this flat immediately after their marriage. He had been out of dental college only a few months then, and this was his first office. He remembered how proud they had both been of the gleaming sign on the wooden pillar at the head of the steps. When it was first put up they had gone out hand in hand to look at it. "Dr. Howard Burney, Dentist."

"It makes me feel as if I had a *famous* husband," Cora had whispered proudly. And when they came in she had taken his face between her hands and kissed him.

The sign had had to be replaced once since then. It had grown tarnished beyond the redemption of polishing, and the screws that held it had rotted away.

In those days very few dentists had offices downtown. It was mostly neighborhood practice. People liked young Doctor Burney, and he had done fairly well. Of course, he and Cora had their anxious times. "We have to expect that at first," they told each other; and they laughed together over the economies they had to practice. Life was very good, with its hopes and its faith.

Before many years he began to plan his move downtown. Larger office buildings were going up; street-car service was better; people didn't think anything now of the trip downtown. In fact, they began to think that a man who kept his office in the neighborhood must somehow be a little less valuable than one who had to be approached by means of an elevator and whose windows looked far down on crowded streets.

It was slow work saving for that move. The longer the move was delayed the slower the saving for it became. Each year Doctor Burney thought, "If only I had made the move *last* year!"

After ten or twelve years it was clear that he couldn't take this old chair and instrument case into a shining new office. He would have to have a wholly new equipment. That made the move an even more serious problem.

After another few years the furniture in the back parlor began to grow shabby. He would have to have new things for the waiting room too.

Now, at forty-nine, Doctor Burney thought that perhaps he himself was a

little too old and worn to fit in with the brightness and briskness of downtown. He smiled a little wistfully to himself when he thought of equipping an up-to-date office, with "Dr. Howard Burney" written across the door, and then having to provide a new alert young fellow to take the place of the man, rather gaunt and gray and stooped, whom he saw when he looked in the glass.

Cora had always been very patient. "Oh, what would we do with a million, anyway?" had been her heartening slogan through all the first years of struggle. Then when things settled down into a meager but sure competence she began saying, without the gaiety now, "Don't worry. We're getting along." That was when they still talked of his going downtown. They couldn't relinquish the idea that all this was a transitory phase, that more brilliant things certainly lay ahead.

It was only in the last five or six years, perhaps, that they had given up hope. They didn't talk about it. They scrupulously avoided the subject. But they both knew, now, that the move would not be made.

For his part, he had grown reconciled to the neighborhood practice. There was nothing exciting about it, to be sure; but nothing arduous, either. There were many hours with no claim upon him at all. Often a whole half day. He could go out into the back garden with Cora and putter around. They could hear the bell out there. If it rang they both hurried in. He would go into the office before Cora opened the front door. Then he heard her bright voice and heard her lead the way along the hall to the door of the back parlor, his waiting room. He would wash his hands and for a few minutes move instruments noisily about on the glass-topped table. Then he would push open the folding doors and look into the waiting room, where the light had to be kept burning at midday. "Good morning," he would say briskly. "Will you come right in?"

There were a few of the old neighborhood families he could depend upon. He had worked for the young people when he first came here, and now he was working for their children. Sometimes these friends sent him newcomers in the district. He was getting along all right. For one thing, the rent was low out here. And he and Cora lived simply. They were getting along.

He couldn't understand it at all when Cora said she wanted to find something to do. After the first moment of astonishment, what he felt chiefly was indignation. It was like a criticism of him; and he had always done the best he could for Cora. Lord knows, he didn't spend anything on *himself!*

"But it isn't just the money, Howard," she tried patiently to explain. "I just feel that we're getting into a terrible rut. And now's about the last chance to climb out. In a few more years it'll be too late."

He murmured something about the possibility of a move to a downtown office next year.

"Yes, yes," she said quickly. "I do hope you *can!* But meanwhile I've got to do something for myself. I can't stand this *emptiness* any longer!"

He went into the office to think about it. Whenever there were anxieties he could best come to grips with them here. He sat on the little chair by the table with the mirror in the corner, where the ladies sat to tidy their hair before going out. He leaned his elbow among the scattered combs and brushes, and tried to think the thing through.

Of course Cora was younger than he. She had been such a child when they married! And she had kept her youth miraculously through these years. There was gray in her hair now, but her skin was warm and fresh and clear. He was proud of Cora. She was so fine-looking! And what a poor life he had given her. Shut up here in this dreary flat. "Emptiness," she called it. Well, it was, in a way. For him, she had filled it and made it completeness. But

evidently he couldn't do as much for her. . . . His eyes grew a trifle moist. He sat there a while longer, then he went out to Cora in the dining room.

"I feel badly about it, Cora," he said gravely. "I feel as if it were my fault. . . . But of course, you must do just as you want."

She laughed gaily. Already the glow of the adventure was upon her. "It's nothing to be so solemn about! Why, *half* of the women are working at something nowadays."

Even in the anxieties and humiliations of those long days of haunting employment agencies, and interviewing prospective employers, and being found wanting in this and that—even then Cora exulted in the contact with a world of vigorous life. She brought home the color of her days into the grayness of their evenings. Their meal hours, that had often been silent and burdened with monotony, were times now of a brisk reliving of events. Cora was happier, and that made him happier too.

He couldn't understand her difficulties in finding a place. To think of anyone not wanting Cora! She explained the handicap of her lack of office training; but it didn't seem to him that this should weigh at all against her intelligence and general desirability.

When the place was found he didn't think it worthy of her. But she was delighted. She was to be in the office at one of the women's clubs. Her work would be mainly answering telephones and keeping minor records. "But don't you see," she said, "I'll be coming in contact with all sorts of interesting people. It's just exactly what I want!"

Certainly she responded to the new work and the new manner of living with a warm expansion of her personality. She was once more the Cora he had known so many years ago. Their life together was gay again. Only, through the long hours of the day, the house was still and empty, and there was nothing to keep him from thinking that if *his* life had been more successful he could have given Cora the things she needed to make her gay and happy and yet have her here with him, too.

She always asked at night how his day had been filled. But what he had to tell of taking an impression for Mrs. Lorenson's crown, pulling a wobbly front tooth for the Evans boy, sitting for hours trying to read the professional journals—all this seemed meaningless against her bright chatter of the important women whose comings and goings had filled her day. He hurried quickly over his account, in a low voice, almost as if these were things to be ashamed of; and he soon got into the habit of saying, with his slow smile, "Oh, *nothing* happened here, of course." It wasn't long then before she stopped asking.

Something new was coming into her manner toward him, too: a certain crispness of speech that often hurt him; a way of hearing what he said as if it had little importance; an air almost of condescension toward him. And through the days he had so much time to think about all this. It came, he thought, the new manner, largely from her daylong contact with women who were brisk and busy and important, women whose lives were set apart from failure. It *must* be hard for her to come home from that to *this*. He would sit for hours thinking about it. He rarely went out into the garden now. And it was hard to read when one's mind was so full of distressing things. He sat beside the little table, with his head resting on his hand, and thought.

Cora had been working for about six months, and for at least two of these he had known what he wanted to say to her. But it was very hard to speak. Often when they sat for a few minutes at table after dinner, he would think, "Now I am going to say it." Then his heart would beat quickly and he would grow a trifle dizzy; Cora would begin some merry account of a happening of the day, and he would sink back in his chair with a limp sense of relief.

Perhaps it would be easier at night,

when he didn't have to look into her face. One night when he heard her stirring slightly beside him, he said, "You aren't asleep, are you, Cora?"

"No."

"I just wanted to say . . ."

"Yes?"

"I've been thinking . . . I haven't been able to do very much for you . . . I haven't made much of a success of things . . . and if you think . . ."

Again he halted, and after a moment she said impatiently, "I'm sure I don't know what you're talking about."

"It was just that . . . if you wanted to get a divorce . . ."

"Well, what in the world . . . !"

Now that he had spoken thus far the rest was easier. He sat up beside her. "I can see now, by the way you've been getting along with your work and all, that I've kept you back a lot, Cora. You had it in you to make something of life . . . and I've sort of . . . I don't know just what's been the matter with me . . . but I couldn't seem to get anywhere. . . . And now if you think you . . . could do better without me . . ."

The ring of impatience was sharper in her voice now. "*Please* don't talk so foolishly!"

But the flood of waiting words would not be checked. "I guess divorces are pretty easy to get," he went on slowly. "I don't know just how people go about it. But I wanted you to know I'd . . . help, any way I could. I've thought a lot about it, Cora, and I'd understand. I'd know it was best for you. You're getting into a better kind of life now, and I don't want to hold you back."

Part of his dread of speaking these words had been the fear that she would be moved to something like compassion, that she might even feel he had made a sentimental appeal to her pity. He wasn't at all prepared for her anger.

Her voice was harsh when she turned around to him. "That's just what's the matter with you, Howard! Don't you suppose that *that* might have a lot to do with your 'not getting anywhere,' as you say? You've always been so sort of apologetic, so afraid of yourself, as if you weren't as good as other people. *That's* what's kept you back! And now, for goodness sake, don't talk that way to *me!*"

After a little while she said, more quietly, "And what in the world do you suppose I want a divorce for?"

"I just thought you'd be a lot freer . . . for anything you wanted," he explained fumblingly.

"You don't think I'd want to marry *again*, do you?"

He didn't hear her laugh, but he knew that she must be smiling. And hadn't there been just that faint note of scorn on the "again"? He didn't say any more. Very soon she turned away from him.

"Let's get to sleep now. Good night."

"Good night, dear."

When her breathing was slow and quiet and he knew she was sleeping, he laid his hand gently on her shoulder. It wouldn't disturb her now. He didn't want to do anything to disturb her. He loved her so much. . . . His eyes were moist again. A man grew shamefully weak, having these hours and hours to think, and no goal for all the thinking.

But it wouldn't do, he told himself the next morning, to go on this way. This was the way a man could go to pieces, quickly—letting go of things, thinking too much, feeling that nothing was worth while. It comforted him to know that at least he wasn't too far gone to see the danger of the situation. He would try to get hold of himself now. Perhaps Cora was right, about his having always too slight an opinion of himself. He would hold up his head and keep busy.

But keeping busy was another problem. He went to the door eagerly every time the bell rang, but usually it was only an agent or a peddler. A dentist couldn't go out onto the street and round up the passers-by and herd

them in to have their teeth repaired! How he envied the people who went hurrying by the house each morning, on their way to work somewhere, who came back weary at night—without having had too much time for thinking.

He began searching the flat for tasks he might undertake. If he could do a little of the brushing up from time to time, Cora wouldn't have so much to do on Saturday afternoon and Sunday. Then maybe they could go out together somewhere once in a while. He never told her what he had done until she was about to do it. Then he would say shyly, "I happened to have a little time and I attended to that." And even if there was a note of laughing scorn in her voice when she said, "But what did you do *that* for?" still he was happy about it.

He began, too, trying to have things nearly ready for dinner when she got home. At first he just had the table set and the water boiling for tea. Even this was a help when Cora came in late and tired.

Then he tried preparing things for their evening meal. After all, why shouldn't a man be able to make a bit of salad as well as a woman? The fact that the task was unfamiliar and took much more time than it should was only another point in favor of doing it.

He remembered how he had once enjoyed cooking, on the camping trips they used to take. Over a gas range it ought to be easier than over a smoking open fire. He experimented with things for his solitary lunches, and if they turned out fairly well he had them ready for Cora's dinner.

"My, you're getting to be quite an efficient housewife!" she told him. He felt the sting of it, but it didn't go so deep as his satisfaction at *doing* something, and doing it for Cora.

She didn't always come home to dinner. Sometimes when everything was ready the 'phone would ring and she would say that she was having dinner downtown with some of the people from the office. Then, first of all, he would clear away the things in the dining room before he had his own meal on the corner of the kitchen table. If there was something quite special he had prepared, something he was rather proud of, he would put it aside for the next day, hoping that it wouldn't lose in the keeping.

More and more these new tasks of his became an important part of his life. At first he had gone out rather shamefacedly on shopping expeditions. In the tones of the tradesmen's deference, he thought he heard them saying, "Well, Doctor Burney, this is a strange thing for *you* to be doing!" But now, after a good many months of it, he rather liked it all. He didn't feel any longer that it was something to be ashamed of. He even talked jestingly with one or two of his patients about his "household cares." "Now that Mrs. Burney is a woman of affairs, you know," he would explain playfully.

It was Mrs. Lorenson who understood most fully. She laughed gaily at his jesting accounts, but with a hand on his arm to show that she understood.

Mrs. Lorenson had been a patient for many years. She was a short, plump, rosy little woman. She looked so sturdy and yet she was always complaining that she couldn't stand pain. Her dental work always dragged out month after month. "Just do a very little to-day, Doctor," she would beg. "I feel as limp as a rag after a few minutes in this chair." And when the day's bit of work was finished, leaving almost everything to be done another time, she would sit for a long while in the little chair by the mirror. "You don't mind, do you, Doctor?" she would say. "I dread going right out onto the street. I feel sure that people can tell by looking at me what I have suffered."

While she sat there, and he occupied himself with putting his instruments away, they talked of many things. And when she went, she often said, "It's such a comfort to talk to you, Doctor. You're the very best friend I have."

Mrs. Lorenson liked to hear him tell of his household tasks and triumphs.

"Mrs. Burney doesn't know how lucky she is!" she told him. "Do you suppose I could ever get *my* husband to do anything like that? Why, he'd sit there in a house full of food and starve to death without lifting a finger if I wasn't there to fix it for him!"

Perhaps, she admitted, it was because Mr. Lorenson wasn't at home enough to learn any useful accomplishments. He was a salesman for a coffee and spice establishment and "on the road" most of the time. "He just drops in about once a month," Mrs. Lorenson used to say with a slow wink, "just to see if I'm still there."

There was something a little "crude" about Mrs. Lorenson, Doctor Burney sometimes said to his wife; but still he couldn't help liking her; her smile was warming, and she made one feel that she was truly interested in all that one said.

And now, in these long lonely days, it was a real relief to have Mrs. Lorenson coming. Her work shouldn't have taken very long, but as usual she wanted it broken into small fragments and spread through many days, to save her nerves.

"I hope you *won't* feel that that's taking too much of your time, Doctor," she said, with her serious round-eyed gaze upon him.

He thumbed over the almost blank pages of his engagement book. "Why . . . no . . . I believe I can manage it, all right."

"Oh, I'm so awfully glad! You know, Doctor, I'd *hate* to have to go to anyone else. My sister-in-law goes to a dentist downtown, and I keep telling her they're all for show, down there, and I wouldn't trust their work a *minute*, compared to yours."

He mumbled out his appreciation. He knew that he did do careful, conscientious work. Better work than most of them. But he didn't often hear it praised. Praise, for anything, was not very familiar to him. It warmed him now. He did like Mrs. Lorenson.

She wanted to help any way she could with his household problems. "You just tell me whenever you're up against it," she said heartily, "and I'll see if I can't help you out. Jim's away again, and I've got plenty of time on my hands."

He laughed when he told Cora about this offer. "Whenever you get an especially good salad," he said, "you can know that Mrs. Lorenson made it."

Cora didn't laugh at all. "I hope you'll have better sense than let her come out *here!*" she said sharply.

His smile faded. "I think you might trust me that far," he answered quietly.

Cora was away from home more and more now. A course of evening lectures had begun down at the Club. Well-known people stood on the platform and told the ladies what to think about various matters. Cora found these lectures "very stimulating." She was sorry that Howard couldn't attend them too. There *were* some men in the audience. But of course he had his evening office hours, she knew, and it wouldn't do to neglect them.

Once in a while, too, she wanted to go to the theater. Down there among those women, one had to keep up with things. She could always find a companion among her fellow-workers, but several times she asked Howard, "Don't you want to go? It isn't likely that anyone will be coming in to-night. And it would do you good."

But he didn't want to go. He felt shabby beside her, nowadays. Much of her earnings went into the maintenance of her wardrobe, and it had been very long since he had been able to achieve a new suit. He liked to see Cora smartly dressed like this; he stood at the window in the morning to see her go down the street to the car. But he would feel uncomfortable beside her downtown. They might encounter some of these important new acquaintances of hers, and then Cora might not be

able to keep him from seeing that she wasn't wholly proud of him, and that would be very hard to bear.

But it was seldom that anyone came at night for dental work, and the evenings when Cora was downtown were very cheerless. Sometimes he sat in the office without even lighting the light. The street lamps sent in a little radiance that touched bright spots of metal in the room. People passing on the sidewalk talked and laughed happily. There was a constant hum of motors, taking people somewhere. . . . He sat until it was almost time for Cora's coming. Then he would light the light and take up his book.

When he told Mrs. Lorenson about Cora's evening lectures, she seemed to know at once what they meant for *him*. And when she was putting on her hat, bending close across the table to the mirror, she said, "I don't see why I can't have my work done evenings. With Jim gone, I've got so much time on my hands I don't know what to do with myself. Afternoons, I can go to the movies; but I don't like to go there alone by myself at night."

He didn't answer at once. He felt strangely excited.

"What evening can I come, Doctor?"

Mechanically, he picked up his limp gray engagement book. Even though the spaces under the dates were so nearly blank, still there was the same formula to be gone through. "Let me see. . . . Wednesday? No; Friday. How would Friday do?"

Mrs. Lorenson gave a little laugh. "Is Friday one of the lecture times?"

"Why, yes, I believe so," he muttered.

"You see," she explained, "if Mrs. Burney is home I don't want to take you from *her*. You have so little time together."

"I . . . I think . . . Friday will be all right."

She was ready for the street now and she came across the room to him. Her eyes were very bright and merry. "It sounds just like a conspiracy, don't it? But why not? I guess we're entitled to *some* fun as well as the rest of 'em. If they want to leave us alone all the time, I guess that's up to *them*."

He wasn't aware of walking with her to the door. He found it hard to look into her face. His heart was beating disquietingly.

At the opened door she pressed his hand warmly. "Friday evening then, Doctor."

When she was gone he paced back and forth through the dim hall until it was almost time for Cora to come.

He didn't tell Cora about the change in the time of Mrs. Lorenson's appointments. Cora always laughed at the way her work dragged out. "You must be fond of each other's company," she had said once or twice, with her short laugh. And he wouldn't want Cora to say that now. It would make him feel uncomfortable. He could imagine himself even saying something extravagant in Mrs. Lorenson's defense. For though she fell short in many ways of the higher standards, at least there was *warmth* in her; and warmth, he knew, was a precious thing.

On Friday evening when Mrs. Lorenson came a great constraint was on them both at first. He hovered over her uncertainly when she was in the chair.

"Let's see . . . what were we doing last time?"

"It's terribly sensitive, Doctor. Will you be just as easy as you can?"

It wasn't long before she announced that she couldn't stand any more this time.

"There now, it feels better already," she said when she got up from the chair. "You *are* very gentle, Doctor."

They stood facing each other a moment. Then he turned quickly to his instrument case and she went over to the mirror.

"I guess I shouldn't wait *too* long to have that tooth finished," she said after a moment. "Had I better come tomorrow night, Doctor?"

"Why . . . I hardly think . . ."

"Or will Mrs. Burney be home?" There was no laugh in her voice to-night, but a quaver of earnestness.

He was fumbling with his book again. "Let's see. . . . Saturday? Mrs. Burney often goes to the theater on Saturday. I could 'phone you. . . . But perhaps we'd better say Monday."

She put down the comb that she had been running through her hair and got up to come over to him.

"I want to come to-morrow," she said. "I'm very lonely."

He tried to look away from her, but she came close to him and took his arm, and he had to look down into her eager upturned face.

"You're lonely too," she went on swiftly. "Don't you suppose I know? Don't you suppose I can see it? People who aren't lonely don't have eyes like that. And why shouldn't you be lonely? Why should you be ashamed to say so? I *tell* you *I'm* lonely. But you don't have to tell *me!*"

He couldn't look away now from her eyes. Something in him was drawn deeper and deeper into them. He was quivering slightly.

"Do they think we can stand it forever?" she burst out rather wildly. "Jim comes strolling in whenever it suits him and thinks I ought to be all ready and waiting to make a great big fuss over him. What does he care about *me?* He has his other women here and there on the road. I'm just one of them. The one he's had the longest. The one he's surest of. . . . I'm sick of it. I'm lonely, I tell you. I want something else."

Her eyes were wet now, and she was pressed close against him. His arm went awkwardly about her shoulders. He didn't know what to say to her. Cora never cried. Cora was always very sure of herself. He found himself wishing that Cora would cry and he could hold her close to him like this. Then he might think of the words to say.

"Let me come to-morrow night," she was whispering. "'Phone me if I can come. I want to so much."

He kept his arm about her shoulders as he walked with her to the door. She hadn't worn a hat to-night. She lived just around the corner.

"We've got to be good to each other," she was murmuring. "If they leave us alone like this we've got to be good to each other."

The doorway was dim, and when she went out she lifted her face to kiss his cheek, warmly and moistly.

In the morning he wondered nervously if Cora would say anything about her plans for the night. He couldn't ask her. He knew there would be a betraying shake in his voice. Just as she was going out she called back, "I'm staying down this afternoon to do some shopping."

"How about dinner?" he managed to say.

"Oh, I'll be home by *then!*"

Halfway down the steps she turned back once more. "But I'm not sure about to-night."

"I see." He smiled down at her and wondered if it looked as strange as it felt.

When she came home to dinner, she told him that she was going to the theater with one of the girls from the office. They had been informed that this play was very fine. "I knew there was no use asking *you* to go," she said. "You always think you have to be here. Is anyone coming to-night?"

"Yes," he said, "someone is coming."

She didn't ask who it was. She seldom asked about his work any more.

"I'm afraid I *won't* have time to help with the dishes," she said when they were through with their meal.

"No; you'd better run along. There aren't many anyway."

He tied one of her aprons about him and carried the dishes to the sink, while she hurried into the bedroom to dress. He hadn't finished the dish-washing when she came out. He turned about

to her. Cora looked very lovely these days. Especially in some of these new bright things of hers.

She stood before him. "Am I all right?"

"You're very beautiful, Cora."

There was something in his voice or his glance that seemed to move her to compunction.

"I feel sort of *mean*, running away and leaving you to *this!*"

"Oh, I don't mind doing this. . . . And I guess that play *will* be fine."

She came over toward him.

"I can't touch you," he said. "My hands are all wet."

She took his face between her hands, just as she used to. The zest of the evening's outing had put a sparkle in her eyes and a warmth in her voice.

"You're a dear good husband, Howard!"

He had to turn quickly away from her as soon as she let her hands fall.

"You mustn't think I just take it for granted," she went on, "all the things you do for me. I know I don't say much about it; my mind is so full of things; but I do appreciate it just the same, Howard. I *think* about it, *lots*. You're a dear, and I love you."

He felt her quick kiss fall on his hair behind his ear.

"Now I *must* be running! Don't come out. I can get my coat."

A moment later he heard the front door close. He finished washing the dishes, dried them carefully, and stacked them away in the cupboard. Then he went to the telephone, in the dark bend of the hall. When he had given the number he listened tensely to the faint buzzing that came back to him from the other end of the line.

"Mrs. Lorenson? This is Doctor Burney speaking." His voice grew surer and brisker as he went on. "I'm afraid we'll have to postpone that appointment till Monday afternoon. . . . Yes, afternoon. . . . No; I'm going down to the theater with Mrs. Burney this evening. . . . Well, any afternoon next week. Good-by."

He stood there a moment longer at the 'phone. Then he turned slowly and went into the office. He didn't light the light. With Cora's radiance still in his eyes, all this would look very shabby and outworn to him now. He sat there in the dark. Perhaps, he was thinking, perhaps—next year—it might be possible . . . the move downtown.

THE RELIGION OF A SCIENTIST

BY FLOYD H. ALLPORT

EDWARD, aged five, stood gazing upward at the Ferris wheel as its great rim of cars with their motionless passengers swept, in gigantic silhouette, across the sky. He did not ask his aunt to take him for a ride but seemed lost in wistful meditation. "Auntie," he said at length, "if I was to go up in that Ferris wheel, do you think God would reach down and slap my mouth for swearing?"

This incident will seem to some, no doubt, an evidence of the deep religious conviction of our race. Others may regard it merely as a jocose fantasy of childhood. To me (I am Edward's father) it affords neither pious reflections nor amusement, but a serious question. There has been, I fear, some false teaching somewhere in the child's brief past. But surely modern church schools (and Edward has attended some of the best) no longer present the picture of an irate Jehovah. It seems equally certain that it was not portrayed to him by his mother's relatives. Yet the fact remains that he has been taught something; and this is what his little brain has made of it. We are careful in our secular education that there shall be impressed upon children only the most authentic masterpieces of art and literature, and the most carefully tested facts of science and practical experience. What perversity makes us crown this fine structure with a mass of superstitions? The fact that we have intended only to make a difficult subject clear to children does not mitigate the evil. Regarding the more practical, but less significant, questions of life we have learned, when confused or ignorant, to keep our silence. Why can't we be silent before children about God?

Many religious persons will pass over this episode with the remark that it is an unusual case, representing an aspect of religious education which we are trying to overcome. Religion, they will say, like anything else, has to be taught; and we cannot shirk our responsibility merely because the task is difficult. Most ministers assert that there can be no fundamental disagreement between religion and science. I have heard distinguished scientists say the same thing; and somehow I feel it should be so. But in proportion as I have tried to reconcile, intimately and in detail, the findings of laboratories with the creeds of churches, I have met with difficulty and discouragement. I have begun to suspect that the religion which people refer to as harmonious with science is not any actual faith at present known or practiced. It is religion *as such*, an abstract perfectionism under which is classified everything in life that is worth while. Since science is a noble pursuit, it *cannot*, therefore, be contrary to religion. This argument, a common one among clerics, cuts the ground from beneath one's opponent and leaves him speechless. It is a far cry, however, from religion defined as the ideal to that which is actually formulated and taught; and we shall never get anywhere until this distinction is recognized.

Then too, I suspect that the vigorous assertions that scientists and religionists can have no quarrel, at least none which should be aired, are gestures of conven-

ience proceeding from men in high places. No doubt, in avoiding this issue they do so with excellent intentions. Peace-making is a desirable quality, and it entails certain practical advantages for all concerned. The trouble is merely that, remaining as these men do, within the confines of a single field, they do not see what happens to the thinking of those who set out boldly into both. The churchman, who does not venture far enough into the laboratory to find that research means a rejection of revealed authority, readily assimilates the laws of nature into his system as the "will of God." Not understanding the scientific point of view, he sees no conflict. The scientist, engrossed likewise in his own work, is content to let natural laws be so assimilated because he has too little appreciation of the churchman's thinking to realize what this implies. The "will of God," in so far as it is anything more than his generalizations about nature, is, to the pure scientist, not worth bothering about. It is, of course, impossible to quarrel with anything which one does not take seriously. Coming down to essentials, however, we see that the scientist's understanding of nature is based upon his descriptions of the way in which natural objects behave; to add anything more would spoil the picture. The religious view of nature, as represented by the average churchman, is causal, progressive, and fraught with a spiritual purpose. To say that these two notions are in clear and workable harmony is to fly in the face both of logic and of fact.

Alas, then, for the mere layman, who, in his modest way, must live a part of his life in each field. When these two points of view are brought sharply together within a single mind their antagonism is felt in all its poignancy. "Science" and "Religion" as institutions are at peace; but the individual is torn with doubt and conflict. Those who cannot live by bread alone will shun authority upon either side and will fight their way toward some honest solution. Many, however, will take the easier course of dividing their world into compartments. In one of these, the church, the clergyman with his personal God will reign supreme. In the other, that of technology and practical life, science will be the deity. The compartments of such a life are logic-tight. One can make assertions in one of them which are flatly contradicted in the other. In this sorry condition, in which, though directed by science in many things, one is in the last analysis ruled by a fear which no science can dispel, any sustained intellectual growth is impossible. One's science cannot be wholly brave, nor one's religion be wholly true.

II

Most discussions of this question proceed upon the assumption that our task is to reconcile two great fields of reality known as Science and Religion. The conflict is externalized and regarded as taking place between two bodies of objective and impersonal truth. This, I believe, is a mistake. Both science and religion are based ineradicably upon impulses within ourselves. They represent our personal struggle to conceive the world in two different ways; and beyond our own experiences we have no authority for the validity of the doctrines in either field. Since our experience is continually changing and our horizons widening, science and religion as systems of fact have, at any moment, only the most ephemeral and precarious existence. The science of to-day is so different from that of two centuries ago as to be recognizable only in name; and the science of to-morrow will discredit much of the science of to-day. Religions also are changing, though in a more gradual fashion. Only the inner impulse, or spirit, of those two quests remains. Although no one can say that either the God of religion or the laws of science are at any one moment true, we can affirm that mankind in all ages has been, and will probably continue to be,

both scientific and religious. The realization of this fact will simplify our problem and bring it into sharper focus. Instead of concerning ourselves with conflict between two abstract and largely erroneous systems of thought, we shall consider only the human urges which inspire the building of such systems, and the possibilities for their complete and harmonious expression.

The occasions upon which we leave the sphere of our bread-and-butter interests and catch for a moment the deeper meanings of life seem to me to reveal three fundamental and distinct forms of experience. These are the scientific, the religious, and the æsthetic. The supermundane ideals to which they correspond, and upon which philosophers have built elaborate systems, are, respectively, the True, the Good, and the Beautiful. As to the possibilities, however, of their externalization we are entirely ignorant and unconcerned. We only know (and the knowledge is sufficient for our purpose) that human beings can, and do, approach their experience in these three different ways. Through the scientific approach we deal with events in a disinterested fashion. We are concerned with them only in and for themselves. We seek to discover the parts of which things are composed and the general statements, or "laws" by which we may describe their composition and behavior. The æsthetic attitude is one in which we seek and enjoy in the facts of life a sense of harmony, proportion, and balance, and that delicate precision of form and content which is the delight of the true artist. In the religious approach we deal with the same facts and events, but in a different manner. We arrange them in a scale of moral values, we think of them as right or wrong; and we feel in human living an aspiration from the ignoble to the noble, from baseness to righteousness. (Should someone question whether the religious point of view is anything more than that of ethics, which is based entirely upon our regard for the welfare of others, the point may be granted without affecting our discussion.)

I do not contend that these three attitudes are the only channels through which we can sense the full meaning of life. Other possibilities may be thought of. It does seem clear, however, that they are universal and important. Probably everyone has within him some measure of each; though I will agree that individuals differ widely in this regard, and in the relative emphasis with which the three modes are reflected in their personalities. These forms of experience are, moreover, closely related in certain ways. If each is given free play, uninhibited by the others, they produce a certain poise and harmony and a broadening of one's sympathetic understanding. Henri Poincaré, himself a fine example of this versatile appreciation, has written as follows:

> . . . Yet truth should not be feared, for it alone is beautiful.
>
> When I speak here of truth, assuredly I refer first to scientific truth; but I also mean moral truth, of which what we call justice is only one aspect. It may seem that I am misusing words, that I combine thus under the same name two things having nothing in common; that scientific truth, which is demonstrated, can in no way be likened to moral truth, which is felt. And yet I cannot separate them, and whosoever loves the one cannot help loving the other. To find the one, as well as to find the other, it is necessary to free the soul completely from prejudice and from passion; it is necessary to obtain absolute sincerity. These two sorts of truth when discovered give the same joy; each when perceived beams with the same splendor, so that we must see it or close our eyes. Lastly, both attract us and flee from us; they are never fixed: when we think to have reached them, we find that we have still to advance, and he who pursues them is condemned never to know repose.
>
> . . . The Greeks loved the intellectual beauty which hides beneath sensuous beauty, and this intellectual beauty it is which makes intelligence sure and strong.
>
> . . . This disinterested quest of the true for its own beauty is sane also and able to make man better.

When all has been said concerning the kinship of these three aims, there remains, however, an essential difference between them. Poincaré has merely pointed out the likeness of their operation, and the fact that the realization of one is conducive to the realization of the others. They are, nevertheless, fundamentally distinct; and a well-rounded life consists no less in preserving their uniqueness than in harmonizing their differing expressions. No one of them can be adequately described in terms of another, any more than purple can be seen in its true quality by one who is color-blind to red. In the building of a cathedral there is given considerable play to the artistic impulse of the builders; yet in and through the work there runs the deeper theme of aspiration toward God, which molds the æsthetic creation and makes it subservient to the religious. The artist, on the other hand, who paints the nativity or life of Christ feels in his work a certain religious inspiration. But there is something more —that indefinable thing called beauty— without which the Christian story would have no meaning for his art. The scientist, pausing to contemplate the new vista of the universe which his labor has revealed, may look upon it with the wonder of the religious mystic or with an eye for its awe-inspiring beauty. The moment, however, that he assumes such an attitude his approach as a scientist ceases; nor can it be restored until, detaching himself from poetic or religious values, he descends again to a disinterested curiosity about objects within his immediate domain. These three approaches, then, are roads which diverge. We can never get on to one of them by merely following along another. The experiences to which they lead are irreducibly unique. It may be that deep within us they emerge from some common wellspring of our personality; but that source, if it exists, is completely hidden from us, and is evidenced only in the living of a full and well-ordered life.

We have now a broader basis from which to discuss the development of a philosophy of living. To be ultimately satisfactory such a philosophy, it seems to me, must give play to each of these three attitudes, the scientific, the religious, and the æsthetic. Each must be realized in such a manner that its expression does not dominate or obscure the expression of the others. Any working conception which fails to accomplish this must, in that measure, deny or frustrate a portion of life. Keeping this criterion before us, what can we say of various attempts to solve, from special points of view, the problems of science and religion? And what promise can be held out for a solution based upon these three tendencies of human nature? Our first concern will be with those who declare that the only true and sufficient guide is to be found in the scientific attitude toward life.

III

It has been frequently observed that those persons who are the loudest in their claims for an omnipotent science generally have the least understanding of what science is. They forget that our natural laws are not eternal verities, but only temporary resting places, and that true science is self-abnegation and adventure into the unknown. Even more deluded are those who confuse the scientific attitude with its by-products, applied science and modern technology. Following the great luminaries, little known to the public generally, comes a horde of lesser men, bearing dimmer lights. These are the inventors, who place ahead of the desire to know, the zeal to apply, to harness, and to exploit. Most people seem to regard the great scientists as lovers of mankind, motivated by an incessant desire to solve humanity's problems. There is, of course, no denying that all great men have their altruistic interests. But to insist, as many do, that without having in the background of their minds the possibility of making the world a better place

to live, scientists would have no genuine zeal for their work, is to betray a purblindness which shuts out a whole kingdom of the human spirit.

The basic fallacy of the science-worshippers is the notion that the laws of natural science are causes of phenomena, or that one event can "cause" another to happen. The scientist does not pretend to know what "makes" phenomena behave as they do, or whether, in fact, anything can make them. This problem is at present insoluble for both religion and science. We can merely observe the manner and sequence in which things do happen, and describe as accurately as possible what we see. Natural laws are descriptions of events, and nothing more. To ascribe "forces" to them is not the work of the scientist, but of the engineer, or of the pious, but exultant tyro who believes that God has placed all things under man's feet. I know of no greater presumption than the belief that man has learned to control nature. We have learned merely to place our machines at the crucial points, or crossroads, of natural events—happenings which go on in sublime indifference to human purposes. Any further claim for the power of science is a vain boast, the crowing of a chanticleer. Man's Conquest of Nature! The scientist smiles at this phrase as he proceeds in his quiet laboratory, analyzing, shifting conditions, recording, and thinking, until at last he learns one more secret of that universe of unfathomed beauty, before which our skyscrapers and our locomotives crumble as so much worthless dust. Bankrupt, indeed, is he who, thinking that the world is to be saved through science, invests his claim to happiness in its technological applications. He has sold his faith for a false reward. The science which he espouses is not true science at all, but in comparison with it, dross. He has betrayed not only his ethical feeling but his scientific impulse as well.

But granting that we take the humbler and truer view of man's intellectual achievement, are not the predictions of scientists so successful in all fields that to ignore them for another guide would be sheer folly? Here again the champion of authoritative science oversteps the mark. As I sit at my desk two raindrops are coursing down my window. Both cling to the glass, both move in an irregular manner downward, and both come to rest upon the sill. But how different have been their courses. Each had its own startings and stoppings, its quick runs and periods of arrest, its own zigzag pattern of descent. Hundreds, thousands more raindrops come, and the result is the same. No two are alike in their course. Can the scientific method explain *this?* Let us see.

Certain generalizations come readily to mind concerning the flowing of raindrops. There are the laws of gravitation, inertia, friction, surface tension, and cohesion. But it should be noted that we have here precisely the same laws for every drop. How, then, can the *differences* of their pathways be accounted for? The scientific approach can predict only uniformities in nature; individuality is overlooked. Still, it is only the uniformities, some will say, which really count. This, however, is too narrow a view. If I, myself, were a raindrop, and my existence depended upon reaching the window-sill before being evaporated by the sun, the individual vagaries of my course might seem of profound importance. The same principle may be applied, less fantastically, to human beings. The make-up and career of a personality, no less than of a raindrop, is an apparently fortuitous combination of elements, which, though incapable of being formulated under any natural law is, nevertheless, of the utmost human significance.

Someone may object that we can explain the raindrop's course quite readily by looking at its history. The eddies of the wind which brought dust particles against the pane, checking the flowing of the drops, were obeying natural laws. Certain natural conditions, also, were present in the factory

where the glass was manufactured, giving it irregularities of surface and polish. All can be explained by scientific laws if we study what has gone before. But is this true? To produce a present raindrop's pathway the events of the past, or the laws they illustrate, must have acted as causal forces. It is as though they were human hands, reaching forward in time and molding the occurrences which are now before us. To conceive of natural laws in such a fashion is to destroy their meaning. But even if we were to waive this consideration, we should still be at a loss. We can understand how the dust particles were deposited upon the pane, and how natural conditions in the factory led to imperfections in the glass. But why did this particular pane, from a certain factory, happen to be in my study window at the time of this very storm, and just following a particular gust of wind, out of millions of possible gusts, which deposited upon the glass certain dust particles, out of millions of possible particles? Any attempt to explain the course of one raindrop by the historical working of natural laws must involve us in an infinite regression, touching ultimately upon every fact in the universe. An explanation so broad as this explains nothing. It shows, perhaps, that nothing happens contrary to natural laws, but it does not explain why, out of a million of things which *might* happen in conformity with these laws, only certain things actually do.

It is in the spheres of the good and the beautiful, where our religious and æsthetic impulses hold sway, that the problem of the unpredictable pattern is seen most clearly. No natural laws can enable us to appreciate the "good life" as seen by the Stoic, the Christian, the Mohammedan, or the Yogi of India. Each of these patterns of moral feeling, though it may have something in common with others, is unique; and no element can be transferred from one to another without altering its significance. The assertion that codes of ethics are plain common sense, our racial achievement in learning to get along with our fellow-men, is true, but it does not cover the ground. Why have we so many differing systems all classifiable as ethical codes? Science is no more successful in explaining this than in accounting for the unique pathway of the raindrop.

One student of behavior has treated religion as a pure matter of conditioning. Just as the dog in Pavlov's experiment is trained to secrete saliva at the sound of a bell which is rung at the time of his feeding, so the child is trained to react with awe, reverence, or love in the presence of "sacred" words and objects in connection with which these feelings were originally evoked. This account is probably true. The question remains, however, why certain words were originally selected as stimuli for such conditioning rather than others, why certain responses, rather than others, were associated with these words, and why so apparently useless a practice should be perpetuated through unnumbered generations. The laws of natural science, in other words, state the process or method by which habits are transmitted; they do not explain the particular content of those habits. All habits are probably acquired, physiologically, in about the same manner; why then should there develop a group of "ethical" habits differing in content from other groups?

A moment's consideration should convince anyone that we do not live by science alone. The practical decisions which we have to make every day, dealing, as they do, with personal preference, moral values, and a feeling of proportion, lie entirely outside our scientific interest. One act, from a purely scientific standpoint, is as good as another, provided it involves no misconception of natural laws. Yet we are called upon continually to make a selection in our own conduct and in that of others. When we study the science of child-training, we speak in terms of conditioned responses; but when we actually train a child we exhort him to be *good*. Both formulations are

useful but for different purposes. One has scientific validity; but the other suggests to the individual a certain definite and useful orientation toward his social world.

The scientific attitude, then, is an important and profoundly interesting approach to the facts of life; but it is not the only approach. We have, in addition, the urges toward those ideals which we call the beautiful and the good. To deny or suppress any one of these attitudes, by exaggerating another, is to go contrary to our natures. Of those who overvalue the scientific aim, to the defeat of the ethical, many have but the poorest notion of science itself. They confuse the exploits of engineering with true research, and set up man as a demi-god in the midst of nature. Some also are blind to individuality and the problem of culture, while substituting for the appreciative phase of life a one-sided intellectual formulation. These are errors, not of the scientific method, but of those who refuse to admit that they view their experience in any other manner. In avoiding the superstitions of too narrow a religion, the science-worshipper falls a victim to a misunderstanding of himself.

IV

Just as the name of science has been used by persons not fully understanding it to exclude the other values of life, so the term religion harbors many who undervalue the æsthetic and scientific approaches. The word religion has retained from our early teaching an almost universal and cherished significance. The beliefs of some persons are admittedly crude and rudimentary; but every human being, even the atheist, is commonly regarded as having a religion of some sort. Now a word which can be stretched from the limits of orthodoxy at one end to those of atheism at the other cannot help but produce a lethargy of thinking. Views having the most violent contrasts can be smuggled in unchallenged, issues obscured, and conflicts left unresolved. Let us, therefore, draw our lines more sharply. Waiving the question of whether everyone has a religion as dependent entirely upon our definition of the term, we may briefly consider two types of thinking with regard to this problem.

The exponents of the first of these views I shall call the *strict religionists*. For such persons religion is a settled system of beliefs and practices, ramifying both in their everyday conduct and in their conception of man's relation to the cosmos. It is not a tentative search for the best mode of living, but an accomplished fact, the one way to salvation, laid down by the author of the universe from the beginning of time. According to this view the ultimate reality, God, is synonymous with righteousness. To attain salvation, an interest in the world of nature and art, though perhaps helpful, is wholly secondary; we must strive toward *moral* perfection. This scheme limits religion squarely to the expression of the religious impulse. Since God is regarded as a transcendent being, an all-seeing and all-powerful creator whose nature is the good, the search for scientific truth and beauty can be valued only when they are subservient to the quest of goodness. A philosophy which treats all approaches to life as of equal value is here denied. Life is cast strictly in the religious mold. Strict religionism has been the traditional view in the orthodox Christianity of practically every denomination. It is taught also, I believe, by the large majority of Christian ministers to-day. A few leaders and congregations have broken away, but they are conspicuous exceptions.

In contrast with strict religionism is the position of those few whom I shall call, for want of a better name, *religion-seekers*. This group has arrived at no conception of human conduct which can be logically related to the structure of the universe. Religion, for them, is not an accomplished plan of salvation, but

something which they are continually seeking. It is not established truth, but a relative, dynamic affair, wrought out in the course of living and ever changing as life brings deeper insights. The religion-seeker has, to be sure, the same ethical impulse as the strict religionist; but, unlike the latter, he is unwilling to base his system upon that impulse alone. Salvation for him can be accomplished only by obtaining an *equal* satisfaction for his yearnings for the good, the true, and the beautiful. His religion must be a philosophy of life rather than an elaboration of the ethical impulse alone. What this ultimate unity of life may be, if indeed it exists at all, he has at present no inkling. Should it be found, however, it must permit him not only to aspire to it as noble, but to admire it as beautiful, and to investigate it disinterestedly as natural law. Without once altering its nature, he must be able to feel its reality in all three modes of his experience. No conception of God as yet formulated by mankind has fulfilled for him this requirement; and certainly the Hebraic conception as handed down through Christianity from the Old Testament is wholly inadequate. He is, therefore, seeking. And if it must still be said that he has a religion, then his religion consists in this search itself, in a humble, tentative, and inquiring mode of life.

With the religion-seeker science, as I understand it, has no conflict; for his entire position rests upon the complete freedom to pursue every mode of our experience, with no one mode given greater claim upon reality than the others. The strict religionist, on the other hand, seems prone to the same errors as the worshipper of science. His method, only, is different. For whereas the latter contemptuously denies moral and æsthetic values, the former accepts art and science, and then destroys their identity by absorbing them into his own scheme. In a recent admirable article, Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick, though far from a strict religionist himself, betrays this type of thinking. An authentic religious experience occurs, he says, whenever we encounter any goodness, truth, or beauty to which we feel we should give ourselves. Now self-observation tells me that my religious experience is *not* the desire to give myself to truth or beauty, but something *sui generis*. It is the aspiration toward *goodness* alone. If I were to define my scientific interest and my love of beauty as religious experience, and try to feel them as such, I should rule them out almost as effectively as if I denied them altogether. I suspect, therefore, that what Doctor Fosdick is really talking about is not religious *experience* (for we have no experience unifying all three approaches to life), but an unknown "something" behind these diverging streams, for which the religion-seeker is ever groping.

To admit this interpretation will bring us at once to the determining issue of our controversy with the strict religionist: What is to become of our notion of the deity? Most of us have advanced beyond the crude superstition of the earlier Old Testament to a view characterized by greater refinement and beauty. Upon the scientific side, however, the qualifications are more difficult to meet. Even the modern picture of God as a Spirit, omnipotent, omnipresent, yet personal and benevolent, will not satisfy one who values the scientific experience. The conception of the universe to which scientists have progressed has nothing in common with the notion of a personal God ruling in and through the laws of nature. Spirituality, benevolence, force, and power are concepts derived from our observation of ourselves and other human beings. To project these attributes as the basis of an order so vast and baffling that scientists themselves are beginning to despair of its comprehension appears, to the man of science at least, to be both futile and presumptuous.

The strict religionist will doubtless reply that scientists, by their own confession, are unable to solve these ultimate

problems. It is the function of religion to assume the task where science must leave it. Hand in hand the two have run their course; but science comes to an end, and beyond its outposts stands faith. Now he who makes this answer, if he makes it sincerely, must be willing to put it to the test. If religion is to be a cohort and not an enemy of science, the religionist must be ready to go patiently with the scientist, step by step, to the borders of our present known universe. Before donning his super-scientific spectacles, he must see intimately what Pasteur, Maxwell, and Einstein have seen. Appreciating their view, he must then build an extension logically and coherently related to the structure they have reared. And the true scientist, on his part, should welcome the whole-souled aid of such a faith. Serving as an extension at the end of his microscope and his telescope, it would reveal the deeper realities of the things before him.

But the achievement of faith, applied in this co-operative manner, would, it seems to me, be less assuring than if the religionist had never made the journey. He who has looked through a telescope with understanding is never the cocksure man he was before. And the description of the deity which he would give us would probably be nearer to the language of Spinoza or Professor Whitehead than to that of the Christian Bible. Though God might be posited as a receptacle for all the logical possibilities of the universe, scarcely a single positive utterance could be made about him. Most religious leaders of the present era, not having made this journey, would probably not be content with so bare and cold an outline. We must "symbolize" the reality, they would say, in words which are clearer and more vital for human life. Since we cannot know about God directly, let us picture him as an Omnipotent Person, or Spiritual Force, making for progress in the material universe. But these symbols, diverging from the road of science, are easy short-cuts through a region hidden from its view. Faith is no longer an extension upon our telescopes, but one barrel of a pair of badly adjusted binoculars, through which we can gain a quick and rosy view of the universe—if we but close the other eye.

The zeal of the strict religionist to usurp the scientific program not only results in untenable conceptions, but offends against the scientific part of human nature. There is no given picture of the universe which is precious to the scientist; for he is continually revising or discarding his own. Nor does he insist that scientists are the only ones who can discover truth. It is rather the freedom of investigation which is his fundamental interest. The scientist, no less than the religionist, has a working faith; and this faith maintains that it is possible patiently to explore farther and farther into nature, and in exploring to enlarge continually our grasp of truth. The ultimate, all-inclusive law he may never reach; and this he does not ask. His faith points only to the validity of his method and his purpose to follow it consistently and sincerely. It is, therefore, only the denial of his method which can cause him genuine concern. And such a denial comes about through one cardinal error, namely, leaping ahead of research and setting up a final picture of the universe in terms satisfying to the emotions but devastating to the search for knowledge. The image of a deity who, though pictured in concrete terms, is regarded as unknowable, is the arch offense against the scientific spirit. Unapproachable by science, this holy of holies recedes ever farther as we advance. It is always transcendent and beyond—the goal of faith, but the death-knell of scientific adventure. Immune to research it, nevertheless, drapes itself in the language of our natural world, thus prohibiting the investigator even within his own sphere. Transcendentalism is a scientific pretense which has betrayed its own method, a primitive nature-legend which, being an outcast from among scientists, has taken refuge

under the guise of religion. The words which it uses are those used by science; but the manner in which it puts them together is jargon. There is, as I see it, no escaping this issue. The religionist must look at the cosmos with the searching humility of the scientist before he invests his deity with the attributes of the scientist's domain. Until we turn this corner, sharp and painful though it be, there will continue a conflict, not merely between Science and Religion in the abstract, but between two fundamental impulses of human life.

V

To project a transcendental, monistic God of any positive sort, whether personal and ethical, scientific, or æsthetic, therefore, seems to me to be a denial of one portion of our lives by the deification of another. From these flights into the empyrean we must return, broken and incomplete, to that universal mystery which lies within ourselves. When we no longer externalize them, our urges toward truth, goodness, and beauty take on a new significance. We see them not as incompatible deities, each claiming the entire allegiance of the human soul, but as divergent yearnings of our nature. Fully to realize the possibilities of a religion in which transcendental elements are effaced, we must give fresh consideration to the role of the symbol. Words and objects used to suggest realities lying beyond our senses are signposts pointing in two opposite directions. They point, on the one hand, toward some intangible being thought to lie behind them and to be somehow fused with them. Upon the other hand, they direct us backward to the human emotions, the source from which symbols arise. And, here, as an enrichment and quickening of the religious and æsthetic feelings, we find their logical and enduring value.

A rose which we perceive in our garden does not seem at all times to be the same object, but varies with the mood of the observer. Through seeing, touching, and smelling, we describe its properties in a scientific manner. Continued observation of this sort will disclose a certain grandeur and beauty. Such beauty, however, is not that of the rose, but of the natural order to which, scientifically considered, the rose belongs. On the other hand, we may love and admire the rose itself rather than the natural laws revealed in its composition and growth. We may enter through it a realm, not of material nature, but of the spirit, and see it as manifesting the goodness and beauty of its creator. A moment's thought will show why these two approaches are so different. The flower awakens in us two distinct forms of response: that of seeing, touching, and manipulating on the one side, and that of our emotions upon the other. Now, while both these experiences, the scientific and the æsthetic, are, so far as we know, responses to one and the same object, it seems otherwise to us at the time. The rose of the scientist we can touch, smell, and handle; and our senses themselves are a sufficient witness of the reality of that which they experience. The rose of the artist and the religious nature-lover, however, cannot be fully evidenced by the senses alone, for it embraces also our *feeling* about what the senses give us. The rose is "out there"; its *beauty* is within ourselves, that is, in our way of responding to it. For this feeling, since it is dependent upon our inner organization, we can see no sufficient outer source. Logic, however, seems to demand that there be one, just as there is a cause, in the rose itself, for the scientist's experience. We, therefore, *project* a world of transcendent causes, or values, which will make our religious and æsthetic responses seem more reasonable and significant; and in this process the object with which we started, the rose, becomes a "symbol" revealing to us these intangible, spiritual essences beyond. The rose now seems to partake of a divine perfection which it expresses to man. Symbols are, therefore, the eyes of the

emotions. The reality which they see, however, is not a miraculous outer realm, conflicting with the world of nature, but an image projected by a light from within ourselves.

There are probably those who will declare that this explanation of symbolism would, if accepted, destroy the value of the symbol. A religion, they will say, without a Superior Being of some sort is unthinkable. As regards my own feeling, however, and that is the only basis from which anyone can discuss religious experience, I am convinced that this is not true. To me the rose is just as beautiful when it leads me to "feel as though" a beautiful and perfect God exists as when I say there *is* such a God, and he reveals himself to me through the rose. When I say that God is my way of explaining my own desire to do good, I am in no way lessening this desire.

Judging from my own case, I feel that those who can accept symbolism in this manner will be able to retain a rich and poetic religious background while at the same time escaping the pitfalls of transcendentalism. The Bible and the rituals of the Christian churches are to me storehouses of symbolic expression, the legacy of centuries of experimentation in this field. I have only to divest them of their cosmological and authoritarian setting and treat them as the poetry of aspiration. The sacrament of the Lord's Supper would seem to me to lose none of its vitality or beauty if we were to regard it as a confession to ourselves of bafflement and of failure to live out our ethical impulses amid the conflicts of life. Throwing ourselves open more completely to the feeling of wanting to do good, we allow it, for a time, to permeate and order all our emotions. In this manner our urge toward right living becomes released, and we start life anew refreshed and with a feeling of being made whole again. How could this episode be better pictured than by the allegory of partaking of the very substance of the Perfect Being? William James has interpreted religious conversion as the sudden luminous realization that the thing we have been seeking for a long time is at last accomplished. The impulse struggling within us toward the good has been blocked and thwarted owing to some attitudes we have never squarely faced. Spurred now to greater humility and honesty with ourselves, we gain new insight into the reasons for our dilemma, and the barriers are broken away. Brought suddenly face to face with a tremendous fact we have never before realized, namely, that we want with our whole heart to do good, there is little wonder that this feeling seems a visitation from above, a cleansing through God's Grace, a new heart within us.

That these are valid and precious experiences of humankind few, indeed, would question. But in order to benefit by them it is unnecessary to regard their symbolism as a signpost of the supernatural. We do not need to believe that we are actually "saved" by the merciful act of a personal and righteous God. The state of salvation may be merely that in which our ethical impulses are so potently released that we feel we can best picture it as the act of a Divine Power. The phenomenon we have described is of deep significance to the individual; but who shall be so presumptuous as to think he can fathom it by a symbolic formula, or set the symbol of this formula up as the ruler of the universe? When we wrest the symbol from its context in the language of the heart and place it in the sky, it is in danger of becoming a menace, rather than an aid, to our integrity.

Many will maintain that it is only by this childlike, concrete presentation that we can reach the untrained minds of the masses. This argument, however, strikes me as being based more upon convenience than upon fact; and in proportion as our present scientific education progresses, these conceptions will have to be discarded. Unless my son, Edward, shall basically reconsider his notion of God—it will not be enough

merely to change it from that of a mouth-slapping ogre to a benevolent Father—the potential scientist within him will never reach fulfillment. To teach that the sacred elements are effective not only because of the contrite state of the participant, but through a virtue entering them from on high or transmitted from Christ through the Church, though it may increase the prestige of the cleric, does not, in my opinion, add one iota to the religious value of the sacrament. The same may be said of the evangelist's assurance that in every conversion God looks down and numbers one more sinner among those who are to enter paradise. Such formulas seem to me to be perversions and corruptions of the symbol. Far from enhancing, they diminish its value as an expression of religious life. They turn the universe topsy-turvy, placing in the heavens that which really belongs in human feelings. Instead of a poetic phrasing of our inner aspiration toward the good, God becomes a transcendent ruler and protector, a term for ecclesiastical conjuring, for controlling emotions and for fortifying institutions.

I like to recall the story told by Robert Louis Stevenson of how, in his travels with a donkey, he once spent a night sleeping in a wood. He felt so refreshed and exuberant upon waking in the morning that, before he departed, he scattered pennies about the spot in grateful payment for his night's lodging. Absurd from an intellectual standpoint, this act meant that, in order really to express his joy from this health-giving contact with nature, it was appropriate to behave as though there were someone to whom his thanks could be returned. This fancy was, however, the pure projection of his emotions—and as such he accepted it. Superstitiously to have injected a proprietary deity into the scene would have ruined its spontaneous charm, and would have stifled gratitude under the cloak of obligation. Just so, it seems to me, we should regard that power which "lets no sparrow fall" without its notice. Providence should not be thought of as a Being operating through nature in ways, now kind, now unaccountably malignant. It is a symbol which we use for bringing our feelings into accord with natural laws, an expression of the joy of healthful living when that joy is ours, or of quiet resignation in adversity. It is an experience of the fellowship of man with nature, of which he is an inseparable part.

Many of the pitfalls of symbolism can be avoided if we but recognize the dual character of language. Words, for the scientist, must be exact descriptions of events; to the poet and the religious leader, however, they are stimuli for arousing feelings in their auditors. The latter, therefore, seek in language not exactness, but artistry. Their goal is helping the individual to achieve religious and æsthetic self-expression; and the manner in which they talk about their symbols must not be mistaken for statements of sensuous realities. Scientists as a rule are sensitive to the dangers besetting such a confusion. For this reason the unrestrained phraseology of the strict religionist often disturbs and offends them. This does not mean that they are lacking in the religious or the æsthetic spirit, but that the symbols of art and religion must, for their use, be purged of scientific connotations. A fine portrait of such a character is presented in Mr. Sinclair Lewis' *Arrowsmith*. The austere old scientist, Gottlieb, is portrayed, remarkably enough, as a man of prayer. But the prayers he uttered were couched in language intelligible to no man. I venture that they were a quiet inner ordering of the deeper impulses of his nature, which, during the day's cross-purposes, had become choked and thwarted in their expression. To speak out that which must be felt can never give a true appreciation of the feeling, but only a distortion. Formulating religion in words is not religion, but theology; just as the discussion of the beautiful is æsthetic criticism, but not art. The good and the beautiful, to be truly known, cannot be talked

about: they must be experienced directly by living.

It is in this scheme of things that the religion I am seeking must fit. Those symbols which help to focalize my impulses toward good and beautiful living I will gladly employ. But I will use them for what they are. However valid they may appear as guides of my own feeling, I will place upon them no unwarranted cosmic preëminence. Unless they fulfill the scientific approach they can never occupy in my life the place reserved for the investigation of the natural world. What is beyond the symbol—if anything is beyond it—I may never know. I only know that upon this side, and given formulation through the symbol, lie the strivings and urges of my nature. The eyes of the emotions give us necromancy when they view the stars; but they descry, through symbols, a true revelation of that which is within ourselves. Much, indeed, does such a religion leave to be explained. Many will doubt whether it can be called a religion. But though less lucid than the doctrine of the churches, it is more satisfying to me; for it affords me a broader appreciation of what life means.

VI

At this point the strict religionist will be likely to raise a twofold objection. He will say first that, far from simplifying the problem, I have built up compartments in the human soul, where there should be a singleness of purpose. Second, the unity which he sees in life, he will affirm, is precisely what he means by religion. To this I reply that I myself have established no divisions, but have only tried to recognize those which are actually there. I have merely described my own experience in a direct and immediate fashion. On the other hand, if we fail to appreciate this *inner* diversity for what it is worth, we shall be deluded into setting up false partitions in the world about us. In facing any given event we shall then lose the liberty of choosing whether we shall view it in a religious, an æsthetic, or a scientific manner. Our religion will be reserved for the churches and our science for the laboratory and the material concerns of the day. This is compartmentalism indeed! The separate approaches, however, when recognized within ourselves, are not logic-tight, but transparent. No one of them can bottle up the facts of life so that they cannot be illuminated by the others. They are glasses through which we can look, and which we can change at will, permitting the events we see to assume the greatest variety and richness of meaning.

And what can be said of those who assert that "revealed" religion leaps all barriers, and pervades and unifies the whole of life? Merely this, that they are probably self-deceived. Such a view may seem reasonable to them, because, in their own lives, the scientific and æsthetic values have been woven unobtrusively into a pattern which is essentially religious. What they regard as the "wholeness" of life is really an exceptional aspiration toward the good. Admirably fitted to religious workers, such a conception is deficient in elements which are vital to others. For this reason strict religionists, though highly social in their desire to do good, often appear unsocial in the narrowness of their sympathies.

I think the most profoundly religious experience of my life was when the idea struck me, not long ago, that Jesus was a minister. Most people probably do not think of God as religious: to do so might seem both a sacrilege and a paradox. And throughout my early years of meticulous training I had somehow carried the notion that Christ, being a God who had assumed human form in order to show people how he wanted them to act, was of course perfect and, therefore, in need of no religious impulse. His nature was not an aspiration toward the good; it was goodness itself. A feeling of estrangement had therefore grown up within me toward a Being who was so

totally different from myself that he seemed to belong in another world. But that was not all. As I grew old enough to feel an urge toward the exploration of the world about me, other dogmas of deification, such as the virgin birth, the miracles, and the atonement, became so repelling, scientifically and æsthetically, that with one sweep I tried to put the whole of Christianity out of my life forever. Not only the supernatural dogmas, but the ethical side of Christ's teaching, I felt, had to go. I had not reckoned, however, with my own nature: I still wanted to live a good life. Yet I could not admit this fact to myself; for to have done so would have been to become a Christian, the slogan of an intolerable slavery of the spirit. The inner conflict to which I was subjected was intense. But now all this was changed by a burst of illumination which not only dispelled the fog of orthodoxy, but gave me insight into myself as well. I realized that it was possible to regard Jesus as endowed with a religious impulse similar in kind, though not in degree, to my own. I saw him as a man who, following an urge as old as the race itself, was trying to do good and to encourage others to do likewise. He was not righteousness itself, but a minister of old time who had a genius for showing people the goodness in their own hearts. By removing from the symbol of Jesus all traces of transcendentalism the offense against my love of truth and beauty was thus erased; and when this was done, the impulse toward righteous living for which Jesus stood, no longer combated by the rest of my nature, was given a sudden and complete release. I found him to be like myself instead of totally different. I went back and re-read his words with a new awareness of their meaning, and with a sense that these words were expressing something which, in myself, had long been crying for utterance.

This experience is of course a personal one. Yet I cannot help thinking that something like it is occurring to many young people to-day. In so far as this is so, the situation is a challenge to all ministers of institutional religion. They must look closely to their assumption that the religion they are preaching expresses and unifies the whole of life. It is not that I question their sincerity, but only that they have become so engrossed in their own vision of the world as a moral situation that they overlook the existence of other yearnings which are demanding an equal fulfillment. Had they been aware of these yearnings, it would have been impossible for them to have set up symbols of a transcendent order which, however satisfying to themselves, would become the graven images of idolatry to others.

The issue when rightly seen cuts deeply. The trouble which beset my own religious training was not merely that I had been taught the wrong kind of religion, but that any religion known to man would have been too narrow for the role in my life which such teaching was made to play. If the quests of the true, the beautiful, and the good are irreducibly unique in our own lives, and there is no way of experiencing their unity, how much less can we conceive of a God who embraces and solves this mystery within himself. And if it be objected that that is just what God is—a mystery—we should reply that we ought humbly to regard him as such. Few religionists would maintain that in the average church service God is represented as an Unknowable Something whose salvation for humankind is as fully realized by science and art as by faith and the pursuit of righteousness. If this were so, transcendentalism, the apotheosizing of the moral segment of our natures alone, would be impossible. To claim that any religion yet discovered, or any God yet conceived, really ministers to the whole of life seems to me to be purely gratuitous. It is lip-service, not the experience of a well rounded life. The strict religionist stretches the moral part of human nature over the other portions in such a way as to imbibe their

prestige without allowing them independent expression. His vision is myopic, his frame too small to fit the picture.

If the personal view which is here expressed should be found to have a fairly general application, we should face the necessity of a complete reconstruction of institutional religion. Religious leaders would either have to declare the old transcendentalism to be purely the language of our emotions, or abandon it altogether. The names and objects now held sacred, though still loved, would no longer be set in the firmament. They would remain as media for the expression of our religious feelings, not as idols toward which such feelings were due. They would serve us intimately in the release and ordering of our impulses and the resolution of our inner conflicts. Here indeed is a field of genuine service for the churches, a work more limited in power and prestige than their traditional role, though in my opinion more helpful for truly religious expression. To perform this service it would be necessary only to admit that institutional religion ministers to a part of life and not the whole, and that, being a work of human symbolism, it shares our common ignorance regarding the existence and nature of God. Can religious leaders find within themselves this measure of humility?

As for those who must launch out in quest of new adventure, I would gladly join their company. The old distinctions of good and evil, matter and spirit, God and man, we would now approach at a more basic level. Both poles—man's aspiration and the symbolized God toward whom he aspires—are swallowed up into a larger unknown. Transcendentalism collapses, dissolves, and disappears in the sea of our self-effacement before a profounder mystery; while theology appears as but a paltry allegory, a clear but specious legend, running its course upon the sands of time. Into this plural mystery, embracing not only the universe but those unique strands of life we call ourselves, it may be that we shall never look. For the religion-seeker this ultimate principle (though there may be more than one) is within or behind the universe, not outside and above it. It is comprised not in a transcendent Being who pulls the world his way, but in the distinct, unfathomed strivings within ourselves. It is a moving, not an unmoved, mover. It is not perfect but dynamic; not ruling the universe, yet expressing it to us as divers forms of our experience. In the poetic figure of Mr. H. G. Wells, it is a still small voice, and yet an unseen king.

To forsake, for such a prospect, the assurance of an established faith requires sincerity, humility, and courage. To many the religion of this new quest must seem an inarticulate and truncated affair. It affords neither solace nor the warmth of personal devotion; and he who pursues it is condemned never to know repose. Still, it does permit us to be honest with ourselves, to retain a sense of proportion, and to preserve a habit of detached and humble inquiry. Though we may be destined never to reach the goal, we shall have added to the zest of the adventure the satisfaction which is derived from the fullest and richest experience that life can hold. What more has any religion to offer?

INFANTILE PARALYSIS

BY GEORGE DRAPER, M.D.

WHENEVER a great catastrophe, like an earthquake, tornado, or pestilence descends upon people who live in one corner of the world, those who occupy other corners indulge themselves for a delicious instant in a comfortable sense of security. But then in a flash, countless little devils begin whispering to them. One says, "It's nearer to you than you think; have you forgotten that your son is traveling in that fatal corner?" Says another, "Yes, but it's almost impossible to quarantine against that sort of plague; you know the doctors haven't found out about it yet. It may attack your little boy, or you yourself." The luxurious instant is gone swiftly, grimly replaced by fear. This fear grows stronger, it becomes unbearable, like panic. Something has to be done about it. Well, the best thing to do is to ask someone who is supposed to know; then it will be all right. What we need is to be told about it by someone. We must find out, for there are certain specific situations like this when ignorance is the opposite of bliss. Somebody must tell us, then it will be all right.

It was always that way, I remember, when I was a child. When you couldn't make out what the rumbling noise was or the menacing white shape in the dark bedroom which terrified you you just asked some grown-up. And when they told you that it was the ice cream freezer in the cellar or the sewing woman's "dress form" covered with a sheet, everything was all right, and you went to sleep.

When we have children of our own, however, pestilence or epidemic disease may be, for example, so far as your child or mine is concerned, either a sheet-covered "dress form" or a stern, crippling, or fatal reality. If possible we must find out which of these two it may be. The mind is relieved whenever medical science is able to say finally of any given disease, "this has now become a sheet-covered dress form; fear of it is no longer justified." But, unfortunately, there are still many afflictions of human flesh which cannot be thus happily dismissed. On the other hand, to balance this rather grim realization, there is at the opposite end of the list a group of well-known maladies, such as mumps and measles, which do not alarm us much, even though the germ or virus which causes them has not been discovered. But notwithstanding the continued presence of this unknown factor in these diseases, experience has shown that nowadays among civilized peoples they rarely maim or kill. So when we hear that someone has the mumps we are apt to smile.

Between these two extremes—one in which the fear element is inevitably greatest, the other where it scarcely stirs at all—is found another large group of diseases wherein the fear factor varies, but may rise to an intense degree. Such ailments are those about whose nature a good deal but not all is known, and which also under certain circumstances may seriously injure or destroy the sufferer. It often happens that when diseases of this middle group appear in a community the fear-producing factor is so high that it causes more distress in the public mind than is perhaps alto-

gether justified by the actual peril. The trouble is that this excess freight of fear, like all other kinds of excess freight, must be paid for. The coin in this instance is emotional energy, and the tax so heavy that the critical judgment with which the laity views the menacing situation is diminished. So long as this emotional supercharge is levied, the seeds of panic will continue to germinate in the rich fear soil within us.

II

There is no doubt that the disease which to-day best illustrates this situation is infantile paralysis. The very name strikes terror to the heart of parents. But if we return to our original thesis and ask how much of this terror is justified, and how much is excess fear freight, we find at once that the layman's general knowledge about the disease is so scanty that unless he informs himself he is justified in all his fears.

In the first place the term infantile paralysis is a misnomer. The disease is not limited to the age of infancy, though it is more common then than in early childhood. Certain young adolescents and not a few adults indeed may succumb to infantile paralysis, but the greatest number of cases is found between the ages of three and fifteen. To offset this rather disquieting aspect of the problem, it is encouraging to realize that only a certain percentage of the total incidence of the disease ever develops muscular weakness at all. Reports from observers in different epidemics give figures for the paralytic groups which vary from twenty to sixty per cent. Not infrequently the question is asked, "How common is this disease as compared with the other more usual diseases of childhood?" This is a difficult question to answer because of the peculiar circumstance that many of the non-paralyzed cases are not recognized and, therefore, are not included in the census of the afflicted. But physicians who have been through epidemics of acute anterior poliomyelitis (the proper name for the disease, but also in some respects a misnomer) generally agree that it attacks the population at about the same rate as does scarlet fever. From a statistical standpoint, indeed, it is most surprising to discover, even in such a severe epidemic as that which occurred in the summer of 1916 in New York, how small was the number of cases in relation to the total population. Thus, for example, in 1916 the population of New York State numbered slightly over 10,200,000 persons. All the cases of infantile paralysis reported during the summer aggregated 13,200, and of these 3,300 were fatal. In other words, for every thousand of population there were one and one-third cases of the disease and one-third of a death. Consequently, there was a risk for any given person, let us say, during the great epidemic, when the general panic had reached an intensity not often experienced, of slightly more than one in a thousand of taking the disease, and of one in three thousand of dying of it. In the face of such figures, one naturally wonders why the fear factor, which in certain localities amounted to a veritable reign of terror, should be so high in respect of this particular malady.

The reasons, I think, are not far to seek, and two of these are especially clear. One arises from the curiously swift and stealthy manner in which paralysis overtakes the patient, who has apparently been perfectly well until a few hours before the blow falls. The other flows from the bitterness of disappointed hopes and increased family responsibilities which follow in the wake of permanent disability and helplessness. But beyond these two considerations, the encouragement which may be technically drawn from calculating our children's chances, even from favorable statistics, is completely wiped out by the vivid and terrible mental picture of our children's paralyzed arms or legs, which

our all-too-active imaginations paint for us during an epidemic period.

The great difficulty is that in the case of infantile paralysis our first acquaintance with the disease was made, as it were, at the wrong end of the story. Clearly there could have been nothing more inconceivably brutal and mysterious than a natural or unnatural force which, without warning, in the night struck a clandestine blow, and left a mute and helpless child to greet the day. Yet such was the picture which under the graphic name of "The Paralysis of the Morning" was first described in 1835 by an English physician named Underwood. He observed several cases among the children of his town whereof the strange story was told that the child went to bed apparently well and awoke the next day paralyzed. The paralysis was there for all to see, shocking, ominous, horrible. Yet notwithstanding the overpowering fact that paralysis was the outstanding feature of the malady, it is greatly to Underwood's credit that he recognized the possibility of a contagion. But this excellent physician's short account of the disease was quickly lost in the files of the medical journals. Then in 1860 Jacob von Heine, an orthopædic surgeon of Stuttgart, wrote an admirable and extensive discussion of the paralyses and his method of treating them. Thus again the emphasis was laid on the paralysis. It is true that Von Heine, like Underwood, mentioned his belief that there was in many cases a short period of temperature and malaise which preceded the onset of the paralysis. But the lasting impression which Von Heine's excellent book leaves with the reader is that the disease is preeminently of a paralytic nature.

Then followed another stage in the history of the disease.

Just as the old, crippled, and twisted condition of the limb brought the disease first to the attention of the orthopædic surgeon, so did the fact of the paralysis then arouse the interest of the neurologists. Thus for a time the disease became the subject of the most painstaking neurological studies. The changes found in the delicate tissues of the spinal cord were clearly and beautifully demonstrated. Furthermore, a great variety of methods for treating the paralyzed muscles with electricity, massage, and exercises were devised. But still the swift, stealthy blows fell upon the children. It was as if the physicians were left to try to patch up as well as they could the damage wrought by an unseen force which struck and vanished. And so knowledge of the subtle nature of the disease, the real heart of the problem, remained stationary at that point until the Swedish physician Medin, studying the great epidemic in his country only a little over twenty years ago, showed quite clearly its contagious and epidemic qualities. Moreover, he pointed out that there was a definite and essential preliminary stage of the disease which preceded the onset of the muscular weakness. This early phase was characterized by all the classical symptoms of every acute infection, fever, malaise, headache, and usually vomiting and diarrhœa. Such symptoms as these were of course commonly found in the simple, unimportant, transient ills of children. Consequently they had not previously been associated with so startling and definite a catastrophe as paralysis. Yet this discovery of Medin's was the entering wedge which ultimately moved the center of gravity of our conception of the disease's nature from the smaller percentage of latter-end paralyses, to the ever-present, early, and significant stage of general symptoms.

III

At about this time further outbreaks of acute poliomyelitis began to appear in other parts of Europe, and in America. The natural effect of this was to give a renewed impetus to the study of the disease, and it became a matter of the first importance for experimental purposes to reproduce it in animals. For, as

is the case with almost all human ailments, it is more convenient, and indeed often only possible, to study them successfully in the experimental animal. But this transfer was not so easy in the case of poliomyelitis as it had been, for example, in the case of pneumonia or tuberculosis. It appeared that very few, if any, of the usual laboratory animals, such as rabbits, mice, and guinea pigs, were susceptible. Monkeys alone were found capable of developing the malady; but even in their case it was no easy task to produce the first transfer. This was finally accomplished, not long after Medin's work appeared, by Doctors Landsteiner and Levaditi at the Pasteur Institute in Paris. But they were unable to carry the infection on from monkey to monkey.

This next and highly important step in the development of the experimental disease was accomplished shortly afterwards by Doctor Simon Flexner at the Rockefeller Institute. As soon as this point had been gained it became easy to carry out experiments of all sorts designed to demonstrate how the virus entered the body and from what parts or secretions of the human case the virus could be obtained. Soon it was shown that the infecting agent was to be found not only in the central nervous system, but likewise in other tissues of the body. Moreover—and this was of especial importance from the standpoint of contagion—it was found in the secretions of the nose and throat and also in the contents of the bowels. These disclosures went far to explain how, like other contagious diseases, poliomyelitis could easily spread by direct human contact. But there came to light through these investigations also the extraordinary fact that the virus was present at times in the nasal secretions of perfectly healthy persons, who, like nurses or parents, had been in close association with a case of infantile paralysis. Such individuals were known as "carriers," and naturally, like the famous "Typhoid Mary," moved about as unrecognized menaces in the community. Clearly this discovery did much to illuminate many of the puzzling problems presented by the epidemic behavior of the disease.

Several links, however, are still missing in the chain of evidence which is nearly welded to prove that acute poliomyelitis is spread entirely by human contact. From time to time an instance of the disease still appears in a situation of such geographical isolation that no possible contact with a case or carrier can be demonstrated. Various other hypotheses have been advanced to explain this puzzling experience, as for example the recent "milk route" epidemic reported from Vermont and the fly carrier. Without doubt these possibilities must be given the utmost consideration and thoroughly investigated. But as yet proof of their responsibility for the spread of the disease has not been produced. There is, however, no doubt that the virus is present for a short period of time in the nasal and throat secretions of patients ill with the disease, of recovered cases, both paralyzed and not, and also of apparently healthy carriers. These facts alone explain a great deal, especially when one thinks how easily and carelessly such secretions are passed from one person to another in the course of our daily comings and goings. There is a superb opportunity provided by our great American handshaking fetish, so often executed just after interrupting a sneeze or blowing the nose through a dainty handkerchief; or indeed after the unbelievably frequent neglect to wash the hands following circumstances which might result in transferring intestinal content to others. Food handling from this aspect is especially menacing. There is no doubt that this was the route by which "Typhoid Mary" slew her dozen. And it must not be forgotten that the virus of infantile paralysis likewise is found in the dejecta.

In view of these known facts, it begins to appear that there may be something more effective which can be done toward preventing the spread of polio-

myelitis than the wild, panic efforts made during the great epidemic of 1916. At that time in some places men armed with shotguns patrolled the approaches to the villages, stopped every passenger-bearing vehicle, and refused entrance to any child under sixteen years of age; nor would the railroads carry an adolescent whose birth anniversaries had not reached that mystic number. No one has ever quite clearly explained why sixteen was chosen, unless it were because of remote recollections in official minds that at that tender age, called sweet, the first buds of maturity are supposed to develop. Such futile maneuvers, however, were an accurate measure of the excess freight of fear carried in the popular mind during that terrifying experience.

As further knowledge of the disease was gained it became clear that during all the great epidemics there were many children who developed general symptoms precisely like those preceding paralysis yet who never showed any sign of muscular weakness. Could it be that there were two epidemics going on at the same time, or were all the children suffering from the same infection? If the latter were true, then it looked as though the malady had two phases—the general preliminary one in which all the patients suffered from fever and vomiting, and a second less general one during which paralysis might develop in some of the cases.

The answer to this perplexing question was gradually answered by increasing experience. For example, it was a common circumstance to note that three or four children in one family on the same day began to show signs of illness. All of them would have fever and feel drowsy, achy, and irritable; and usually there would be nausea and diarrhœa. Then perhaps two or three days later, when three of the children were almost well again, the fourth would be found unable to move an arm or leg. Not infrequently the existence of preliminary, general symptoms would be at first flatly denied by the nurse or mother. But it usually turned out after careful questioning that for a day or so before the leg went limp little Jim had been "off his feed" or heavy-eyed and not like himself.

Now in order to make it clear how this peculiar double thrust can be delivered first on the whole organism and second on the delicate, closely guarded tissues of the central nervous system, the reader must turn his thoughts for a moment to the structural and physiological relationships which exist between the main mass of the body and the isolated, highly specialized brain and spinal cord. For illustration let him visualize a glass globe, filled with a clear solution, and within which is a tube reaching diametrically from wall to wall. The ends of the tube are hermetically sealed against the inner surface of the globe, and the walls of the tube are made of a substance which has the peculiar property of permitting certain substances from the globe's fluid to filter through to its interior. The tube's selective filter action is further capable of preventing certain extraneous and undesirable substances in the globe's fluid from passing into its lumen. At the moment, let us suppose, there is a pale-blue fluid in the tube. Now imagine that through an opening in the wall of the globe a small quantity of red dye stuff is introduced. At once the main body of solution in the globe becomes tinged with the red color. But due to the resistant wall of the tube, no trace of red passes through into the pale-blue fluid within the tube. Now suppose that owing to some fault in the construction of the tube wall or to some injury which it might sustain, its selective resistance is abolished. At once the red dye stuff of the surrounding solution passes through the tube wall, and the pale-blue color changes by the admixture to purple.

In man the brain and cord are surrounded by a tubelike covering whose walls are capable of such selective filtration. Furthermore, this living sheath

contains a water-clear fluid known as the spinal fluid. Outside the tube in the blood vessels of the general circulation is the red blood of the body. Through the specially adapted walls of this sheath appropriate nutrient and chemical substances filter back and forth between the spinal fluid and the blood. But should an inappropriate, extraneous substance, the virus of infantile paralysis, for example, be circulating in the blood, the resistant sheath refuses it passage and so protects the nerve tissue—so keeps the pale-blue fluid of our illustration from becoming purple.

Usually the selective powers of the sheath are sufficiently discriminating to deny admission to the virus of poliomyelitis. Under these circumstances the patient suffers only from the preliminary or general symptoms, and the delicate nerve cells in the spinal cord which control muscle power are spared. But if the sheath resistance fails, then the virus passes the barrier, diffuses through the spinal fluid, and so is washed into contact with the nerve cells. Fortunately, however, this passage of the barrier requires a certain amount of time, which may vary from a few hours to two or three days. It is just in these moments of delay between the primary general and secondary paralytic phases of the malady that our greatest hope of preventing the paralysis lies. If the penetrating virus could be intercepted on its way to the nerve cells and rendered innocuous by some neutralizing substance, these tiny vital structures would be saved.

Perhaps no part played by the monkeys (and they have played a supreme one) in the quest was so thrilling as the demonstration that, following the disease, their blood serum had produced a substance which actually did neutralize the virus. Moreover, it was found that if such serum were injected into the spinal canal of an experimental animal before innoculation with the active virus he was spared. Here, then, was an effective interceptive agent, but its available quantity for human use was too small. Could it be that the blood of recovered human cases held the same property? It was not long before this question was answered affirmatively by the demonstration that the blood of patients who had recovered likewise neutralized the virus and protected infected monkeys.

Following this lead during the past ten years, many children suffering from infantile paralysis have been treated by the injection of recovered serum. But not all observers are convinced that paralysis is prevented by this procedure. In a disease which has such a variable proportion of paralyzed to non-paralyzed cases, and in which the recognition of the malady in its first undifferentiated phase is so difficult, no one can prove by statistics that human serum will protect. Nevertheless, those physicians who have used the method consistently are convinced of its efficacy. But its success is contingent upon two factors. First of all the correct diagnosis must and can be made in the preliminary general phase; and second, a sufficient quantity of the serum must be injected, both into the spinal fluid and into the blood stream, during that priceless period of delay before the virus has passed the barrier.

IV

It is at this stage in our growing knowledge of the disease that we find ourselves at the moment. Because the supply of human serum is necessarily more or less limited, and often difficult to secure, it is to be hoped that the next step will be the development of a strong neutralizing serum from the horse or some other large animal. But the possession of such a serum will be of little value unless the diagnosis is made before the virus has passed the barrier. To treat the paralysis after it has appeared is no longer all that medicine can do. If indeed the virus can strike swiftly and stealthily, medical knowledge, now fully awakened to the subtle

mechanism of the disease, can strike back with at least sufficient speed and vigor to make it most unlikely that paralysis will occur. The successful treatment of the individual case undoubtedly is a most fortunate and happy experience. But the final solution of the problem is not achieved by this accomplishment. As in all other diseases caused by an infecting agent, complete mastery in the conflict is reached only with abolition of it through prevention.

It should be quite clear, therefore, from what has been said that, like diphtheria and scarlet fever, infantile paralysis is not a disease which has been almost completely overcome. In the case of the two former maladies it is true that means are now fully at hand both to prevent and cure. But doubtless for a long time to come there will be occasional fatal cases both of diphtheria and scarlet fever. The factor of average human failure—that unknown item of the human equation—which at the psychological moment may be blind to the true nature of the situation will account for these few tragedies. In the case of infantile paralysis almost as much is known as of these two controllable illnesses. Indeed a good deal may be definitely said of this ugly paralytic visitor. Actually he is not a frequent guest in our houses; of his victims only a portion become paralyzed; and if an early diagnosis, which is usually possible, is made, even this disaster may be averted. Although indeed there is not yet full proof, still experience points strongly to the efficacy of human serum obtained from recovered cases. In the light of these facts, the fear factor becomes an increasingly disproportionate load, and consequently the tax upon the emotions of the community is exorbitant. For this reason the mere mention of the name infantile paralysis produces a lowered morale in the popular mind. But such an attitude should not persist much longer. For with the knowledge already won we can look forward confidently to a time, perhaps not far distant, when it will be possible to say of this much dreaded disease: "For the most part the infantile paralysis specter is 'a sheet-covered dress form,' a ghost measuring our excess freight of fear."

THE LOVES OF ORCHIDS

BY JOHN LANGDON-DAVIES

UNLIKE most animals, flowers usually possess both sexes and could, therefore, reproduce their kind without assistance from any other plant. But the enriching of the individual by giving it the varying qualities of two distinct parents is so important in nature's economy that we find the most elaborate precautions against self-fertilizing and the most ingenious schemes to secure cross-fertilizing adopted by nearly every flower in the world's garden.

Every child knows that, since a plant cannot go a-walking to meet its mate, it is dependent very often upon the assistance of insects, so that pollen can be carried to and fro and the necessary mating achieved. Bees, butterflies, moths, flies, sipping nectar and gathering honey, are, all unknown to themselves, making the continuance of the vegetable world a possibility; for while they are busy with the sweet drink provided for them, their heads bruise against the pollen grains or their hairy legs get entangled in yellow dust to be dropped later into the heart of another waiting flower.

Thus a flower is at least three different things: first, it is a mass of color and scent delighting human beings; second, it is a barrel of good liquor delighting insects; and third, it is a being fulfilling the duty of all life to secure the survival of the species. The biologist studying a primrose has to explain how, in the course of ages, these three things have come about. It is not true to say of him,

> "Primroses by the river's brim
> Dicotyledons were to him
> And they were nothing more."

He may not find it necessary, as do most poetasters, to turn all flowers into pretty but brainless young women; but he uses them to stimulate his imagination to far more exciting things. The reason why the flower delights human beings he will probably leave to the psychologist, and even so he has a task difficult enough.

In the first place he has only two little clues to guide him on his way: he knows that all living beings reproduce their kind, but that the offspring always vary in all sorts of ways from their parents; and in the second place he knows that there are always a great many more individuals born into the world than there is room or food for. A dandelion or a daisy or a thistle could cover the earth in a very few years if all its offspring lived and reproduced.

With these two clues he looks at a bank of flowers as a detective looks at the evidence of a crime and he asks himself if he can reconstruct the history through countless ages of those masses of color, those delicate forms. Here, he says to himself, is a flower; for ages back it has had parents more or less like it but never exactly like it; for ages there were always too many children so that most of them starved to death, pushed off the earth by weeds and waste places.

Clearly, he thinks, this may be the explanation: millions of years ago very simple plants lived, they had offspring, too many of them for comfort, like the old woman who lived in a shoe, and only those best fitted to live could find a way of continuing to live. And so of the offspring of these simple plants, all

rather like their parents, but all varying in one way or another, only those which varied fortunately lived; the others died. The survivors had offspring in their turn, the successful varieties lived, the others died; and so on for countless generations. Probably the simple plants fertilized themselves; a lucky chance enabled some of their progeny to attract insects; cross-fertilization, thus accidentally discovered, was such a success that those who adopted it survived still more frequently; more lucky chances improved the machinery until to-day the most complicated and subtle plans, traps, and devices summon the insects, all unknown to themselves, to the office of entrepreneur for the loves of the flowers.

Everyone knows that this is the Darwinian hypothesis of natural selection as a means of evolution. It is an explanation which is valuable only if it explains all the facts, if it "saves the phenomena" as the medieval scientist would say. Does it "save the phenomena"? Some people think that it does not.

To begin with, there are the Fundamentalists; they do not think that Darwinism explains the facts. It does not, for example, explain the fact that the Word of God says that Creation took place in six days according to the Book of Genesis; and they are perfectly right —this fact is not explained by Darwinism. And it is, therefore, no use to argue about Evolution and Fundamentalism as if the dispute between them were a scientific problem; for the dispute depends entirely on whether the fact of the Fundamentalists is a fact at all, and that is clearly a matter of theology and not of science. In passing, one may observe that neither Augustine nor Aquinas ever believed in the literal interpretation of Genesis, and that no Catholic in later times would ever in all likelihood have done so but for a Spanish Jesuit named Suarez, while Anglo-Saxon Protestants probably derived the true strength of their belief from the overwhelming force on the Anglo-Saxon imagination of Milton's "Paradise Lost."

But, Fundamentalists aside, there are those who feel that Darwinism and its more orthodox relatives do not "save the phenomena" and that other clues must be added before a reasonable picture can be constructed. To understand their doubts we must examine for a while the loves of an orchid.

II

Besides his best known books, Darwin wrote a fascinating study of the Fertilization of Orchids, in which he described minutely the way in which all their structure is adapted to attract insects and to ensure the carrying of pollen from one flower to another.

Take a typical common orchid—not one of those fantastic, almost obscenely shaped objects which wealthy men give to idle women—but a simpler variety to be found in any June meadow. To us it is quaintly pretty, a worthy thing for a vase, something to look at and admire. To itself it is very different; it is an elaborate machine without a superfluous part, without a useless member or patch of color. Everything that it has is an invention for securing the attention of insects.

The extravagant lower lip, pouting sensually and seductively, is a platform on which the visitor may alight; the spurlike extremity hanging down behind is a nectary down which he must thrust his head in order to suck up the nectar. In a position which makes it certain that the insect's head must knock against it as it noses down for the nectar, is the seat of the pollen grains. An insect alights on the landing stage and probes into the spur for nectar; the top of its head touches the pollen, and this becomes attached. Thus while going about its own business the insect is coaxed into transacting the business of the flowers.

All this has come about, according to the most reasonable scientific explanation, by countless generations of plants varying haphazard and without plan;

some of these lucky chance variations were in the direction of a better platform for insects, or a more certain position of the pollen to ensure its being carried away; and these have "survival value"; that is, their being more useful to the plant which had them than the chance variations of other plants enabled it to survive and have offspring inheriting them. Let us make this quite clear: there must have been ancestors of the orchid which had no way of attracting insects, and these must have fertilized themselves or increased by growing more roots, and then one day a "mutation," a change, took place, nobody knows why; a seedling grew to maturity with a longer lip on which an insect alighted, carrying away pollen to another flower, and this new way of fertilizing was so superior that the offspring of that seedling and others like it pushed the self-fertilizers off the face of the earth.

That is remarkable enough in itself, but we are only at the beginning of the loves of the orchids. It is not a question merely of providing an insect with a landing stage and letting it go off with a pollen grain: the machinery is far more subtle. Let us look for a moment at the pollen. It is seated, as we have seen, in the ceiling of the spur in such a position that the head of the insect must strike against it. It is a very complicated affair, moreover. At the end of the stick containing the pollen grain is a little knob so formed that when the insect touches it its covering breaks in pieces, revealing a lump of liquid cement which hardens on contact with the outside air. In the course of ages chance variations have brought it about that certain plants, by luck and not by cunning, have developed a spot of cement, which has the property of hardening when its cover is split by a visiting insect's head. Even that is not all: suppose this insect with a pollen stalk firmly cemented to its head goes off to another orchid and thrusts down its head for nectar, what good can that do the second plant? All that will happen is that the pollen brought from abroad will be pushed against the pollen already possessed by this flower, and no good can clearly come of two male elements being brought into contact. Even if what we have so far said has seemed altogether credible, what will the reader make of what follows?

Just as the male pollen hangs from the ceiling of the spur, so does the female ovary, but from a spot rather lower down. How does the pollen brought by the insect come into contact with it? If we could have seen the insect as it left the first orchid, we should have found the pollen on its stalk standing erect and stiff; but, by the time it has reached the second flower, a special hinge has come into operation bending the grain through an angle of ninety degrees forward over the insect's nose. In this new position it is ready to touch, not the pollen, but the ovary of the next flower visited, and fertilization takes place.

Nor is that all; as we have seen, successful fertilization requires that the pollen shall stick to exactly the right spot on the insect's head; supposing it thrusts its nose down into the nectar sideways everything will be void. And so we find that orchids have special revolving shutters which, when the insect visits the flower, twist round and hold its head in exactly the right position.

We could easily complicate the picture still more but enough has been said to show that the orchid is a complicated mass of machinery for inducing an insect to carry pollen from one plant to another. Darwinism asks us to believe that this machinery consists of many parts which arose by chance and were assembled by chance; that they "happened" and proving useful continued. It is as if motor cars, instead of being intelligently made, resulted from nuts, screws, pipes, tanks, pieces of steel of every shape, all in infinite variety, being fitted together haphazard for countless years by someone who had never seen a

motor car and had no idea of a use for one, until finally one such fitting together happened to work.

III

The orchid has not yet revealed all its secrets, however, and we may use it to stimulate our imagination a little farther. Darwin, whose patient observation enriched us with all these wonders, was sorely puzzled by one difficulty. Here was a marvellous, indeed, an incredible machine for securing the visits of insects, a perfect trap in every particular but one: many kinds of orchids seem to have forgotten to give the insects any inducements at all to come to them. In fact Darwin, try how he would, could not find the least drop of nectar in the nectary. Honey, the *quid pro quo* which any insect would demand, was altogether lacking. That was a fact which needed a great deal of explanation.

A German botanist solved the matter by giving the flowers a magnificent name, *Scheinsaftblumen* or sham-nectar-producers and suggested that they grew false nectaries in order to get the insects there on false pretenses; "that is," said Darwin, "he believes, for he well knows that the visits of insects are indispensable for their fertilization, that these plants exist by an organized system of deception. But when we reflect on the incalculable number of plants which have existed for enormous periods of time, all absolutely requiring for each generation insect agency; when we think of the special contrivances clearly showing that, after an insect has visited one flower and has been cheated, it must almost immediately go to a second flower, in order that impregnation may be effected we cannot believe in so gigantic an imposture." In short, the insects are surely not such fools as this.

In some cases the mystery has been solved since Darwin's day by the discovery that the insects bore into a closed bag and sip the liquor which they find there; but only a year or so ago a far more surprising discovery was made, which may be guaranteed to astonish even those readers who have not been astonished by the facts so far described. The discoverer was a Frenchman, and when we have heard the nature of his discovery everybody will agree that it is the sort of thing poetic justice requires that a Frenchman should discover.

This Frenchman spent many patient days observing certain North African orchids and trying to find out what insects visited them and why. These particular plants were of the type which so closely resembles an insect that popularly they are known as "Bee Orchis" or "Fly Orchis." The whole flower is easily mistaken for an insect at rest.

Careful observation showed that these orchids resemble the female of a certain kind of insect, and that every year the males of this kind of insect emerge from their chrysalis state two weeks before the females; that finding themselves in a he-infested world, they buzz about blindly looking for their unborn better halves, until they see a flower which deceives them into thinking it is the lady love for whom they seek. The passionate bachelor races off and embraces the phantom, then, disappointed, zigzags through the glade; again he sees the lady of his dreams, only, when clasped, to prove a second phantom. This sort of thing goes on for two weeks until the rightful brides are ready; meanwhile the bachelors sowing their wild oats serve the orchids' purpose by transferring pollen from one flower to another. Put in terms of orthodox biology, this means that some plant by blind chance varied sufficiently from its parent to become like a female insect and thereby survive by attracting insects under false pretenses. Blindly and entirely by chance, this variation took the form of an insect whose females always appear two weeks after the males; and a final stroke of luck is that during the millions of years that must have passed before this particular piece of luck happened to turn

up the insect in question did not happen to become extinct.

These facts, sufficiently wonderful in themselves to interest the layman, become doubly important for the light they throw on recent biological thought; but before we consider their general importance to scientific theory we must add one or two further details to an already complicated picture.

When Darwin made his great attempt to "save the phenomena" by his theory of natural selection he assumed that all the little variations he saw around him, in shape of leaf, or color, or time of flowering, or whatever else in plant or beast did vary, could add up in course of time to become a valuable variety and a new form of life. But it was soon found that most of these variations never added up to anything, that, for example, a plant with a slightly longer leaf than its parents did not have offspring with longer leaves still, but that the length oscillated backward and forward around a mean which was always more or less the same.

In the second place it is quite clear that little variations gradually adding up to something important could not possibly result in a plant resembling an insect for its own purposes. It would have been useless for a plant to be rather like an insect, and for its offspring to have been a little more like and so on: it had to be all or nothing. Once the plant was sufficiently like an insect to induce insects to come on visits, there would have been no sense in becoming more like an insect still; and until the plant was sufficiently like, no insect would have come. In either case the variation would have had no "survival value," and the plant would not have survived any better for its chance existence. It had to be "all or nothing" because just "some" would not have served any useful purpose.

And so we are to believe that quite by chance one bright morning an orchid bud "just growed" into a flower like an insect so completely unlike its parents as not to be recognizable as their offspring, so like the insect as to be mistaken by it for its bride. As a matter of fact such "mutations" or sudden big changes do occur in nature, but infrequently, and never in a significant way.

But a final point must be considered in this strange story: the whole assumption of Darwinism is that these great changes, these brilliant but chance adaptations which reach the last word in complicated invention in the orchid, have come about because they are valuable to the plant or animal as making them fitter to survive. And yet it would seem that the orchid's astounding adaptations are failures, so much so that orchids are very rare compared with many simpler plants, and that those which do exist more often than not increase their numbers not by fertilized seed at all, but by division of their roots. The whole thing is love's labor lost; and a flower like the dandelion which simply fertilizes itself and lets the wind blow the seed where it lists gets a far wider place in the sun than the too clever or too lucky orchid.

Bluntly, all these facts would not give any reasonable man a favorable view of evolution and natural selection as a means of explaining them; rather, they seem more simply solved by assuming a special creation, but then—lest I give comfort to the Fundamentalists—the creator could not have been the god of the Fundamentalists, but a cheery sort of individual with a Gallic sense of humor.

IV

Modern biology is said to be in revolt from Darwinism, and it is true that old-fashioned Darwinism is very nearly dead. But this does not mean a return to Genesis or to any mythological reading of creation; it means that just as the physics of Newton do not completely "save the phenomena" of celestial motions, so the biology of Darwin does not save such phenomena as those we have considered about the loves of the orchids. And if the old ideas no longer

seem quite sufficient, it is interesting to know what is being put in their place. It is interesting, but not wholly possible, for the sufficient reason that the Einstein of biology is not yet born.

To see the sort of approach which this unborn coördinator will take is not so very difficult. What we have been considering about the loves of the orchids can give us the clue; for it is an example of the sort of phenomena that are not saved by Darwinism, and we can ask ourselves what kind of additions to Darwin's underlying ideas would be necessary in order to explain it. We have seen that Darwin used two clues: first, that the offspring of plants and animals, although like their parents, vary in different ways from them, and second, that as there are always too many living things born for the food supply, any varieties which make their owners more able to snatch their share would survive and be transmitted. The value of such a scheme was precisely that it got rid of the current ideas of a supernatural creator creating all sorts of things with a definite purpose, namely to help and comfort his pet creation, mankind. For all sorts of reasons this theory did not "save the phenomena," and Darwinism was important and took the form it did because it "saved the phenomena" left out by the older theory of special creation. And Darwinism did this admirably, it explained all sorts of things hitherto not capable of explanation, it got rid of a "purpose" in the universe, which had become unpopular for reasons many of which had nothing to do with science, it substituted blind chance and showed that nothing more was needed to explain the facts of evolution as they were then known; it banished mind from the multitude of living things and merely put it in as a sort of afterthought which has begun to emerge very late in the evolution of animals. But it was only because of its valuable results that men could blind themselves to its deficiencies; such an advance was it in man's struggle for freedom from medievalism that these were unnoticed for a time.

Now there is one curious thing about Darwinism and it is this: that, although it is a theory about life and living things, you could construct the whole of it from visits to a museum and from the pages of a collection of dried plants; that is, from entirely dead material. Put in another way, we can say that the whole trend of modern biology has laid more stress on what a thing is than on what a thing does, on its structure rather than on its function; and this has led to the very logical assumption that what a thing is, its structure, is what is important and that what a thing does is dependent on it.

It might just as well be assumed that the opposite is true; that, to put it technically, function determines organism and not organism function; and if this were true it would mean that the variations of offspring from their parents instead of being the product of blind chance are in some way or other dependent on how the parents' organism functioned; that is, on something which was in some way in the control of the living being. If this is true, it means that mind has more to do with evolution, and chance less, than Darwinism teaches although it is quite probable that we shall have to enlarge our definition of mind before we can understand exactly the significance of this new idea.

V

We can see to what an important revolution in biological ideas this leads if we leave the orchid for a moment and follow the bee, which has unconsciously been acting as our orchid's "best man." Let us watch it wandering among the various flowers on the bank, not only orchids, but flowers of many other varieties as well. Sooner or later it finds a particularly good supply of nectar and returns to the hive. What does it do there?

Whatever it does we soon see the re-

sult of it; for, whenever a bee finds a particularly good hunting ground, very soon a swarm of other bees will arrive to profit by the discovery. We might assume that the first bee guides them back personally; but actually this does not prove to be the case. On arrival at the hive it settles on the comb and proceeds to waltz round in a circle, performing an unvarying dance. When the other bees see this, they immediately approach their comrade, smell it in order to get an idea of the sort of scent to look for, and then go off to search for flowers with the same scent. When the flowers do not happen to be scented, they are led to the right spot by the scent left by the first bee in the flower itself; for whenever a really good store of nectar is found the bee squirts it all over with a special scent-producing organ, thereby making the scene of its discovery perfectly clear to the scent-detecting organs of the others.

After a time the treasure has all been garnered, and then the returning bees do not perform their dance, a signal to the rest not to sally forth any more from the hive. Apparently Professor K. von Frisch, the painstaking observer of these facts, has been able to prove also that a quite different dance is executed to inform the hive of the discovery of a valuable store of pollen.

Let us apply orthodox Darwinism to this: the dance, the spraying of scent, the recognition of scent, the whole astonishing behavior of these bees are habits which happen to have come into existence purely through chance; a bee one day danced for the first time and, since it proved helpful, the dance had survival value and the next generation of bees also danced—a complicated matter, since the bees, being neuters, could not directly influence any offspring, could not pass on their habits themselves; so that we have really to assume that a queen bee suddenly developed a tendency to have offspring which danced or understood when one of their number danced and, this proving valuable in the struggle for existence, that particular queen bee's hive survived. But the dance, which one must assume was caused by the action of the nectar on the body of the bee, although nectar had never had that effect upon the body of any other bee, was not the only new thing suddenly arriving at the same time; an ability to search out flowers and to compare scents, to refrain from dancing when the nectar was gathered, and all sorts of other things all rushed together by mistake and produced a complicated instinctive behavior, inheritable by other bees, without purpose, mind, or memory. It is impossible to pretend that it is any easier to believe this than to believe in special creation.

How, then, are we to "save the phenomena"? There is only one way and that is by limiting the power of "blind chance" and assuming the dominance of "mind" and memory in all these strange happenings; in believing, in short, that an animal has the organism and uses it in the way it does because it remembers from past experience, when, instead of being itself, it was its ancestors, that just that organism is useful, and just that way of using it the best.

The first man who popularized this idea that mind and memory are clues which have to be assumed as well as the other two clues before the phenomena of evolution can be explained, was Samuel Butler. He pointed out that a day-old baby can do a great many things which it has obviously not learned in its present twenty-four hours' existence. "Shall we say," he writes, "that a baby of a day old sucks (which involves the whole principle of the pump, and hence a profound practical knowledge of the laws of pneumatics and hydrostatics), digests, oxygenizes its blood (millions of years before Sir Humphrey Davy discovered oxygen), sees and hear —all most difficult and complicated operations, involving a knowledge of the facts concerning optics and acoustics, compared with which the discoveries of Newton sink into utter insignificance? Shall we say

that a baby can do all these things at once, doing them so well and so regularly, without even being able to direct its attention to them, and without mistake, and at the same time not know how to do them, and never have done them before?"

The baby does them instinctively, that is, it knows how to do them so well because it has done them such countless numbers of times before, when it was its father, grandfather, and so on back to Adam. And so with all living beings: the bees dance and spray scent, not because they have been taught, but because they already knew how before they were born. When the living being is faced with a given situation it behaves as it did when it last found itself in that situation. What happens when it meets a new situation? Either it dies because it cannot think of anything to do or it makes some necessary alteration in its organism to meet the new situation. Its offspring remember in their turn what to do and change their organism in the same way, and we have what we call an inherited variation, the product of mind and memory working out sensible solutions to the problems of life. The existence of some sort of unconscious memory would account for the fact that, although there is so much variety about, yet species do remain fixed—a fact just as surprising as the fact that new and different forms arise out of old ones; the living being is forced to behave as it remembers behaving before, except when a new line of conduct becomes necessary. And to memory must be added the ability to think for itself, that is, to vary and to act upon its thought so far as environment will permit. The orchids, then, are not lucky but cunning, and the story of their loves is a story of a million years of intrigue rather than of blind throws of dice or spinnings of the wheel of fortune. It happens also, as we have seen, that the orchids have been too clever by half, and wasted much ingenuity with no result worth having.

It is probable that the future Einstein of biology will look at the loves of orchids somewhat along these lines and that by including memory and mind among his clues he will succeed in saving the phenomena; but a good deal will have to be done before such a view can become scientifically satisfactory. In the first place, psychology will have to show us the machinery whereby the living being remembers what its own ancestors did. We already know that every living cell of a man alive to-day is actually part of the cells in his earliest ancestor's body; are these cells stamped with the memory of everything that has happened since Adam? If so, not until demonstrable evidence is found that this is so, can it be accepted as scientifically proven. This does not of course mean that we must be able to see the evidence, any more than a physicist is expected to see an electron, but we must be able to test it by controlling its results and prophesying future results; for the only way of proving the "truth" of a scientific hypothesis is by predicting that something will happen as a consequence of assuming that the hypothesis is true.

Hitherto biologists have been in a peculiar position; their labors have been rather contemptuously regarded by those who work in physics or one of the other "exact" sciences and yet they certainly have not allowed themselves the flights of imagination which are everyday occurrences among the physicists. While the exact scientists have proved the futility of the human senses, biologists are determined to see only what lies in front of their noses. They are perfectly right not to risk the Fundamentalist god's slipping in by a back entrance; but sooner or later they will have to be bold and advance a hypothesis, which may of course be misunderstood and misused, namely, that whether or not the universe has a purpose, life most certainly has, and that life in the present is bound by memory of a sort to life in the past, and by forethought to life in the future. Mere faith in blindness cannot lead us far enough.

The Lion's Mouth

A PLEA FOR THREE-PARTY MARRIAGES

BY B. K. SANDWELL

IT SEEMS to be generally admitted that there is something wrong with marriage. This does not mean that people are ceasing to practice it. Rather, they are practicing it too often. But they are not practicing it so successfully. The technic of the game is going off. We have better auction bridge than we had twenty years ago; we have better tennis, better hockey, and much better aviation; but we do not have better marriages. We have more and poorer. They are weedy; they do not survive as they used to. Their infantile mortality is way up, and as for their death-rate in their 'teens and twenties, it is something terrible.

I do not claim any originality for making this discovery, but I do claim originality for a theory concerning the reasons for it. I think I have hit upon one highly significant fact which has been overlooked by all my fellow-investigators. This is the fact that marriage in those parts of the world in which it is supposed to be declining is practically always carried on by organizations consisting at the outset of two persons—no less, and no more. This is not the case in the Mohammedan world, or in Central Africa, or in remoter Polynesia. There may be some doubt whether it is the case in Hollywood or in Greenwich Village. But, broadly speaking, the rule prevails in North America, Western Europe, Australia, South Africa, and all the other parts of the world where hydro-electric power, Christianity, and battleships indicate a high state of civilization. It is in these parts of the world that marriage is reported to be declining. I hear no complaints about it from Central Africa or Polynesia.

Now as soon as one notices a fact like this, one is naturally led to speculate as to a cause or connection between the two things. At first sight it may be objected that while the two-party marriage and the decline of marriage may be coincident in space, they are not coincident in time. The two-party marriage flourished in Europe and North America for hundreds of years before anybody detected a single sign of a decline in marriage as an institution—flourished throughout those periods in which we are taught to believe that marriage was at its best and brightest. This is true; but was the two-party marriage of the Middle Ages and the Renaissance and the Industrial Revolution and the Victorian Period the same thing as the two-party marriage of to-day? I propose to show that it was very far from being the same thing, that indeed the marriage of our ancestors was vastly less two-partyish, and that there is a very close coincidence between the rise of the genuine two-party marriage of modern times and the decline of marriage.

Let us consider the pertinent facts. Marriage in that portion of the world which we are now considering has for thousands of years been a partnership between two human beings. But—and here is a vital point—throughout all but the last quarter-century or so of those

thousands of years one of those two human beings has always been much more of a person than the other one. If we conceive of the family as a sort of committee, the voting power has always, until the present century, been distributed between the two members in the proportion of one vote to the woman and anywhere from ten to a thousand votes to the man. Now this distribution of the franchise, however unsatisfactory to the married female, was eminently conducive to the efficient working of the committee; for it ensured a majority vote being obtainable in all divisions, and indeed made it hardly necessary to call the minority party to attend meetings.

But, as we are all fully aware, no such distribution of the voting power exists to-day in any of the areas where marriage is reported to be in a decline. The powers of the two parties are absolutely equal; either of them can veto any proposal put forward by the other. It may be true that the change is more a matter of public sentiment and economic development than of law, that it has advanced much farther in sentiment than it has in law—which is merely the slow crystallization of sentiment and often lags several decades behind it. But the vast majority of men are governed in such matters by public sentiment rather than by law; and there are few who will resort to the courts to obtain the majority vote which might still be awarded them there when they know that public opinion has definitely made up its mind that a wife is as good as her husband, that the "obey" in the marriage service means "cherish," that bribery is the only reliable means of securing a working majority in the matrimonial committee, and that alimony is merely the penalty for failure to secure it.

Now nobody in his sober senses would ever constitute a committee consisting of two persons with equal voting power. It is the worst possible form of governing body. Any even number is objectionable because of the possibility of equal division; but if the number is large the equal division will not occur very often, and can be overcome without serious injustice by giving a casting vote to one member. But with two people no difference whatever is possible without a deadlock, and to give one member a casting vote would simply constitute him or her a permanent majority. Marriage is, therefore, in its present form the worst possible organization for conducting the affairs of the family. Why be surprised that they are ill-conducted?

Having isolated the cause of the present decline of marriage, we should now find it a simple thing to propound a remedy. Obviously there is only one thing to be done. It is to introduce a third person into the matrimonial committee—a person who will be reasonably neutral as between the male and female members. This is a difficult requirement. It is obvious at the outset that no human being can satisfy it. A human being may be neutral between capital and labor, and thus be qualified to act on a Board under an Industrial Disputes Act. A human being may be neutral between France and Germany, and thus entitled to serve on an arbitration. A human being may be neutral between New York and Boston, and may, therefore, referee a ball game. But a human being cannot be neutral between a man and a woman.

Now a benign Providence, at the very moment when marriage began to be threatened with collapse as a result of the equality of man and woman, has presented us with a "person" which is neither male nor female, young nor old, beautiful nor ugly, proud nor humble; which has only one object, namely the making of money; which has only one way of making money, namely the performance of such services as are required of it. The nineteenth century created, the twentieth century has perfected, the incorporated company. Let us introduce the incorporated company into marriage.

The most suitable kind of company seems to be the ordinary trust company. It is already prepared to act, and is in the habit of acting, in any capacity into which a trust deed can put it. It will, for a small consideration, be a father and mother to the orphan, an uncle to the youth whose parents are on the other side of the world, a schoolmaster to the ignorant, a chaperon to the old-fashioned, a guide to the traveler, and a father confessor to the conscience-stricken. It will be almost anything except a husband or a wife. Why should it not be the matrimonial third party of whom we are in search?

Under the system that I am proposing, every marriage will unite not two persons only, but two persons and a trust company. The duties, and the remuneration, of the trust company will be set forth in the marriage law and can be supplemented by the deed of settlement. In the ideal marriage, in which no dispute ever arises, the trust company will never have anything to do, and will presumably get nothing after the original fee except perhaps a very small annual retainer. In the opposite case, it will be summoned to a committee meeting every second or third day, and will put in a bill accordingly. I suspect that the rising totals of these bills will have a salutary influence in inducing dissident spouses to compose their differences and save money. Disputes so interminable as to lead to a demand for separation or divorce would of course come into the courts in the usual way, and the records of the trust company would then be of great value to the court in assessing the responsibility of each party. But the abler trust companies would do all in their power to prevent their marriages from coming to this unhappy conclusion, which would be to some extent a public evidence of the company's failure to perform its job.

My own firm belief is that the mere knowledge that a settlement of any matrimonial dispute is available by the simple process of telephoning to the trust company will in itself enable the disputants to settle most of their quarrels themselves. As things are, they go on for weeks and months and years, simply because no settlement is possible except by the surrender of one party. They are like feuds in Kentucky—every victory for one side is an additional grievance for the other. What they need is an impartial referee with power to bring about a decision. That the decision would not always be right (since no trust company is infallible) does not appear to me to be a serious objection. It is surely better for a matrimonial row to be ended wrong than not to be ended at all.

THE GOOD OLD CITY AIR

BY FREDERIC L. SMITH, JR.

I HAD spent the day lolling in the sunshine, dozing in a cretonne porch chair which seemed to possess narcotic properties. George and Mary Temple are the perfect specimens of the perfect week-end host, for theirs is the God-given talent of turning you loose on the premises and leaving you entirely to your own devices. Golf, swimming, riding, and tennis are available but in no way obligatory. You are not branded as an inferior being if you choose to bask on the flagstone terrace of Mulberry Lawn, and gaze drowsily across the Connecticut hills.

After dinner, at the bridge table, lassitude descended upon me like the impact of a sandbag. Several times I caught myself nodding. Had the ace been played? I didn't know. How many trumps were out? It was a baffling calculation. What had George led? I'd lost track. I trumped my own heart trick and yawned, a racking, cavernous yawn.

"H'm," said George, looking across the table at me, "it gets you, doesn't it?"

"Terribly," I admitted; "too much fresh air, I guess."

"Exactly," George promptly assured me; "that's just it. The air is too darn fresh out here." His expression was that of an orator casting a verbal bombshell into the ranks of the opposition.

"It's an idea of mine," he went on, laying down his cards, "something I've been studying quite a while. Don't think I've got anything against living in the country, because I haven't. It's great; I wouldn't live in town again on a bet. Here's the idea, though—the country air hasn't got any kick."

"Hasn't it?" I said. "It seemed to kick me pretty hard."

"All this stuff about country air being so stimulating and pepping you up," George resumed, "is the worst sort of bunk. Look at yourself. You can't tell the ace from the four spot. I'll bet you don't know what's trump. You're ready for bed right now, aren't you?"

"Yes," I said, yawning again, "I certainly am and I'm not ashamed of it, either. If you don't mind . . ." I started to rise from the table. George laid a restraining hand on my arm.

"Just a minute," he said.

"Perhaps Harry wants to go to bed," Mary suggested mildly.

"I've got to explain this to him," George rejoined somewhat petulantly, "then he can go to bed if he wants to."

"It's this way," he continued. "The air we get out here in the country is pure, fresh, unpolluted; that's exactly the trouble with it. It's like distilled water, everything taken out of it. There's something missing, something your system ought to have. Now, if you were in town, you'd be going strong, wouldn't you? You wouldn't be even thinking of bed." He glanced at the clock; it was twenty minutes to nine.

"No," I conceded, "I suppose I shouldn't."

"When you're in the city," he explained farther, "you think you're breathing foul, unwholesome air; people are always yelling about it, wanting smoke consumers put on the factories and apartment houses. As a matter of fact, it's darn good air. Full of things? Of course it is—things that pep you up, keep you on your toes. Look at the traffic cops. You don't see them dozing off at twenty minutes to nine, do you?"

"That's different," I began.

"Not at all. City air is a stimulant. Out here every breath you take acts like a depressant, like paregoric. What about the farmers? They're in bed at eight, most of them, and I'll tell you why. The air they breathe hasn't got the ingredients necessary to keep them awake. It's perfectly logical."

"Nonsense," I said and laughed.

"You think so," he remarked solemnly. "I tell you, Harry, I know."

He leaned back in his chair and studied me with an almost professional interest.

"In your present condition," he informed me blandly, "you're a splendid subject. Of course you'll go on record that you are tired, sleepy, hardly able to keep your eyes open—dying on the vine, so to speak?"

"Gladly," I assented.

"Come upstairs." He turned to Mary and George Junior.

"This won't take long," he said. "I'll fix Harry up and then we'll finish the rubber."

Silently he led me to the third floor, through the billiard room and into a little alcove beyond equipped like a work shop with a carpenter's bench, a vise, and a tool cabinet on the wall. There were several curious accessories on the bench, an electric toaster, a fan, and a row of discolored mason jars. A kitchen chair occupied the center of the room; it was, I observed, securely bolted to the floor.

George opened a window.

"Stick your head out," he commanded; "take a good whiff. Now, what do you smell?"

"Clover," I said.

"The same air you've been breathing all day," he rejoined, "the air that's ruined you. Sit down in that chair."

He moved to the work bench and switched on the toaster and the fan, focusing the latter so that I received a fifty-mile-an-hour gale full in the face.

Producing a pair of tongs from the tool cabinet, he plunged them into one of the mason jars and withdrew them, dripping with a sticky, black substance; having held the tongs over the toaster until the gummy material bubbled and burst into sooty flames, he transferred the smoking implement into the path of the fan.

"Breathe way down deep," he instructed me; "you'll get a better effect."

The smell of fresh tar monopolized my olfactory arrangements.

"If you close your eyes," George suggested, "it might work better; but of course you don't have to. They're tearing up the pavement in front of your house and putting it down again. Get it?" He waved the tongs gently in front of the fan.

"Perfectly," I concurred.

"You're breathing tar smoke most of the time," he explained; "it's one of the most valuable ingredients in the city air. Feel any better?"

"A little," I admitted. It was the truth. For some curious reason my eyes now remained open of their own accord.

"Don't forget to breathe deeply," George reminded me. He probed another mason jar with the tongs and extracted several strips of grayish material which he laid across the coils of the toaster. Then he seized a nail and drew it across the window pane with a screech that made my scalp tingle.

"Just to make it more realistic," he remarked casually. "Smell those brakes burning."

The fan deluged me with the aroma of charred rubber. I inhaled it deeply. By George! I was beginning to throw off that heavy feeling.

"Watch out for your eyes," George cautioned me. He held his hands cupped above the fan and allowed a thin stream of blackish dust to drop into the blast.

"Real apartment house soot," he explained as my face assumed a negroid tint; "got it the last time I was in town. Take a good breath of it. If I were a doctor, I'd look into the effects of soot on the human system. They're on the wrong track. It gives you just the amount of carbon you need."

He turned to his work again. I felt my head rapidly clearing; it was like coming out of an anæsthetic.

"Your office is near Leiter's drug works, isn't it?" he asked. I nodded.

"Then get a lungful of this." He placed several brownish pellets on the toaster coils. I was overwhelmed by a tempest of horehound vapor.

"Ummmmm." I absorbed it avidly.

"You don't get that in the country," George commented significantly.

From the top shelf of the tool cabinet he took down a mason jar larger than the other containers. He cautiously unscrewed the lid, held the open jar in the path of the fan for an instant, and clapped on the top again. I experienced a sense of exhilaration. I filled my lungs to their utmost capacity. Suddenly I became clear-eyed, clear headed. I was myself again.

"Delicious," I almost shouted; "what was it?"

"Carbon monoxide," replied George; "you don't get that in the country either. Puts you right back on your feet, doesn't it? How do you feel now?"

"Wonderful," I exclaimed. In the presence of a miracle words failed me.

"The good old city air," said George, a trifle wistfully, I imagined; "it's what everybody needs. Let's go down and finish that rubber."

CURING INSOMNIA

BY "A. A."

THERE must be almost as many cures for insomnia in this country as there are people. Nearly everyone you meet has some infallible method of winning sleep, about which he will start in to give you full advice and instruction as soon as pick up a ten-dollar bill. In some cases far sooner.

Sipping hot lemonade or cold water are favored remedies; sipping warm whisky is of course even more popular. Eating a dry biscuit is another; so is sniffing hops. . . . Heaven alone knows whether these people ever really attempt their precious cures. Probably not. Probably their Aunt Arabella once told them about it when they were little tots only so high, and they have remembered it ever since and insisted on passing it on to their friends with all the fervor of the man who must recommend something he has heard about to someone who hasn't.

For, after all, none of these methods seems really practical. I should imagine there's nothing more likely to keep you awake than sitting up in bed every few minutes in order to drink little tots only so high, even of warm whisky. And as for eating dry biscuit! *Dry* biscuit, mark you, not wet biscuit. Wet biscuit is fatal to sleep. If you're such a sap as to eat wet biscuit you'll be awake all night. As a matter of fact, you'll be awake all night after dry biscuit too. The crumbs get in the bed.

And as for sniffing hops, it's ludicrous. A lot of people don't know a hop when they see one, and would only sneeze like a thunder-clap every time they sniffed it. Apart from the fact that there's a close season for hops, and anyway they're all wanted for some other purpose, which at the moment escapes me.

Then there are people who talk largely about counting sheep jumping over a gate and insist that you can get a good night's sleep that way. Impossible. To begin with you've got to imagine the sheep, and that takes a bit of doing. You imagine a field with a good big flock of sheep (white ones with black faces) and then you take your eye off them for a minute to imagine a nice easy gate, and they all turn into porcupines or Great Uncle Rogers or something else which certainly can't jump a gate.

This is annoying. So you drive the porcupines (or Great Uncle Rogers) out of your field and concentrate on the gate first. You get quite a nice gate, a white one with "Credit Balance" painted on the top line, and then you tackle the sheep again.

After some time you get another flock (black ones with white faces), but can you get one to jump that gate? You cannot. It is apparently a flock of undetachable sheep. They just revolve solidly in the field, surging round and round (at which point you must be careful you don't lose them and get a whirlpool instead), but not one single sheep will come unstuck and make the jump.

However, you persevere. You feel that if only you can get one over, the rest, being sheep, will go too. So you make a mighty effort and in a sense they do. For the whole flock jumps the gate in one indeterminate huddle and arrives in a similar field with a similar gate. This one they also jump *en masse*—into a third similar field with a third similar gate. Away out in the distance you can now see field after field and gate after gate, and next minute you will find the flock is bouncing at an increasing speed field by field away out of your control—quite possibly becoming a large india-rubber ostrich egg as it reaches the horizon.

If you are wise you will now go right back and start all over again. When a flock of mere sheep gets above itself like that, it's best to ignore it completely. So imagine a third flock of sheep (green with red faces they will probably be, but

you are beyond bothering about details now). And make it a flock of ten only, then if the whole bunch take the gate again you can let them go and imagine another flock of ten. In this way too you can at least keep some sort of count of the numbers that have jumped—which after all is what you set out to do.

Quite possibly, though, by imagining them in line and putting them together you will at last be able to secure a good flock of detachable sheep. Detach one at once and bring it close up to the gate. It is of course the timid one, the one that doesn't *like* jumping, the one that looks sheepishly at you and says he's never *learned* to jump. Don't waste time on him. Let him turn into Great Uncle Roger and hobble down to his club for a cocktail while you detach another. Try calling for volunteers, if you like; there may be a real good jumper among them. Or let them practice a bit first among themselves. But don't allow them to begin pole vaulting. The most promising flock of jumping sheep I have ever known once got away from me like that. It started up an athletic meeting with track events, discus-throwing, putting the shot, and an obstacle race for the younger lambs. After that they weren't interested in gates.

Well, get your next sheep along and make him jump. He will probably sail over the gate and on up some miles into the sky, where as like as not he will begin to twinkle. Don't worry about this: say "One!" in a firm voice and have up the next. You must concentrate on just getting them off the ground at first; later on, when they are rising nicely without supervision, you can attend to their landing on the far side. But whatever happens, don't allow them to bounce. If you permit this they become footballs at once.

Round about forty or sooner the jumping should become mechanical, and you will feel more at ease. But beware lest it become *too* mechanical. In the first place they will start to flicker through so fast you can't count, and second you will find that you have lost your sheep yet again and that it is really cinematograph film of which you are trying to count the separate pictures at sixteen a second.

Exercising all due care and bearing in mind what I have said, there is no reason why you shouldn't get well into the hundred thousands. Possibly they will be Great Uncle Rogers by then, but anywhere after fifty thousand this doesn't matter.

About then two things will happen. Either you will be distracted from your task by the dawn, or else you will at last fall into a slumber of such utter exhaustion that nothing and no one can wake you before two p.m. next afternoon. Which is too late in the day to wake if you don't want to find yourself just as sleepless the next night.

Editor's Easy Chair

RICHES, NEWS, AND CURES

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

SOMEBODY'S chauffeur said that at the garage where he kept Somebody's car there were nineteen cars for sale and nineteen chauffeurs looking for employment.

Such are the fruits of stock slumps; but we must look on the bright side, discerning in this case that traffic is overcrowded in New York and that the transfer of some private-car locomotion to the public vehicles will, on the whole, operate on the side of relief.

But the multiplication of private cars in town is only one detail of the inconvenience of having too many people have too much money, an inconvenience which the stock panic does seem likely to diminish a little for the moment, in spite of President Hoover's efforts to the contrary. A certain amount of money seems almost always beneficial to almost anyone who is not crazy. Struggle and famine may be necessary for the progress of some souls; but the general sentiment of our times is strong for the comforts of life to everyone in sight and some out of sight, as for prisoners.

When you get used to persons having just about enough to scrape along on and count on them to function on that level, to have them hit the stock market or a legacy and go whooping up into superabundance may be quite upsetting, even if one does not admit it at first. For it is a fact that when families with five, ten, or twenty thousand dollars a year blossom out into incomes of forty, sixty, or one or two hundred thousand dollars a year it usually compels a readjustment of relations with them. Without changing at all in affection, where there was affection, relations may change in intimacy because of relocations and new habits. You do not live on quite the same terms with a house that is run by two maids as with a house that has a butler, a second man, several chauffeurs, two cooks, and half a dozen housemaids. You don't associate with them on the same basis. Your relations with a Ford are not exactly like your relations with a Rolls Royce and, though you may like Ford relations better, and two-maid housekeeping better for small families than housekeeping with a retinue, if you run into superabundance it won't respect your preferences nor your old-time habits. That is because a lot of money is power, and if you have power, there is a moral obligation to do something with it and, indeed, live up to it.

So there may be people who are not pleased to have a pot of new money dropped in their laps. If they are old enough to have settled habits, they may not like to have them changed. If they have had a pleasurable excitement for a good many years over making both ends meet, they may be none the happier for swapping it for considerations of what to do with a superabundant income. After you get old enough to contemplate disassociation with the material world as something just outside the door, you may lose the passion for accumulating material objects, like pictures, jewels, or

even cows. What you may want most at that period of life is agreeable and interesting thoughts. You may not want to be bothered with any more anxieties than you can help, and especially not with anxieties about valuable possessions. You like things that amuse you and help to give you good thoughts and you dislike things that bother you and keep your mind hooked up to concerns that for you at least are out of date. You may prefer to continue to be contemplative rather than turn administrative. So if you are going to have a lot of money at all there is something to be said for having it early in life, before all your habits are formed, and while the appetite for things and doings and travels and even public services still goes strong.

THERE was Charles V who quit, and there is John D. who kept right on and seems to enjoy the distribution of superabundant means. But possibly Charles V got out of health. His liver or his digestion may have failed, and quite likely he became concerned about his soul. For souls annoyed people a good deal in his day, and they took very curious measures to medicate them. But John D., after exhausting his health in the pursuit of superabundance, got it back in the same astonishing fashion with which he got other things that he tried for and, having been intensely administrative all his life, it seemed not at all to trouble him to continue in that line. But he is a wonderful man, and not the least wonderful thing about him is his lively enjoyment of life in its advanced stages. Charles V is not in his class at all.

Notwithstanding the inconvenient possibilities of superabundance, most people like a change and are willing to dare them all to get it. The desire to be rich did not have much to do with the Bull Market, which was just a game that people got into because it was going on. It was a great big gamble and, of course, almost everyone likes a gamble, and if they indulge only moderately they get a good deal of fun out of it. The trouble is that big gambles, like the Bull Market, disturb the judgment of a good many people so that they don't know where to stop. They get to think they are financiers, whereas they are really geese. They do not realize the truth of what, long since, a character in one of Anthony Hope's novels observed—that there is more difference between having nothing and having three thousand pounds a year than there is between three thousand pounds and all the rest of the money in creation. After you get enough income to enable you to live in moderate physical and mental comfort and to do what you want to, if you can find out what it is, instead of what you must, all the rest of the money in existence is just so much frosting on the cake. It does not make a vital difference how much of it you have. The trouble in the Bull Market was that too many people bet their cake to get more frosting.

Perhaps the panic, the great panic, is, like the Great War, a part of the process which seems now to be going on of persuading people that spiritual things are the real stuff, and material things no more than the shadows of them. Everything has to exist in the mind before it can show up in matter. Everything must be thought before it can be done. Money, like other material objects, represents thought. It may be that the really important people are those who produce the thoughts and not necessarily those who clap hands on the resulting money. Nevertheless, money is power, and people who are skillful in handling large masses of it are by no means to be sneezed at. Never more than in these times was there due basis for a high opinion of the usefulness of great fortunes operating under the direction of practiced intelligence. Our government is rich and does some things well, but it is restricted in what it may attempt and in the details of its performance, whereas private wealth has a freer hand and a much livelier imagination.

THERE are those who regret the passing of the football season because the literature of it made such easy skipping in the newspapers. There is so much in the newspapers that individual readers can hardly read the whole of it, especially on Sundays. Accordingly, if there is some large branch of information that they can pass over unnoticed it helps them with the task. The papers print a great deal about football while it lasts, and that means a large area of print which, by a large number of readers, can be ignored.

Something of the same sort has resulted from the stock market flurry. As long as the general public was in the stock market a vast deal of space was devoted to quotations and remarks about them, all of which could be skipped by persons not interested in the subject. The number of such persons has greatly increased, though even now stocks take up treble the space in the papers that they did ten years ago, and if one is content to skip them all or almost all he gets substantial relief. So one may skip the society news, the dramatic news, and the sporting news and still get plenty out of the newspaper to justify attention to it. For outside of all these departments there is news, big and little, continually transpiring, of crime, of accidents, of achievements, of politics, religion, discovery, invention, arrival and departure, storms, catastrophes, and climate, that has a valid claim upon attention.

The more one knows, the more interesting the news is, because the more possibilities it suggests. Thus, when Mr. Hoover in his latest message recommended this, that, and the other thing, and a somewhat stiffer enforcement of Prohibition—"a little more grape, Captain Bragg"—it was interesting to notice that though we have been so constantly assured that Prohibition is the very cornerstone of our prosperity, yet our President thought it necessary to speak also of something else, and Mr. Ford, a great prohibitionist, thought it a timely thing to supplement the still surviving Dry Law with some increase in wages. Of course, one blessing, however widespread and penetrating, ought not to be expected to do the whole job. So Mr. Hoover is for reducing taxes, getting up a new tariff, cutting down military expenses, and so on and so on, so that the great panacea of the Drys may have company.

But, as said, the more you know or know about, the more interesting is what is left in the papers after all the eliminations have been made. There is the case of Chancellor Magnes of the Hebrew University of Jerusalem, who has got the Zionists in his hair by advocating a binational status for Palestine with equal rights to Jews and Arabs. W'ot'ell! say the Zionists. What becomes of our Zionist policy of a Jewish homeland in Palestine? But what will they say when they come up against the British-Israel conviction that the Anglo Saxons and Celts, and Heaven knows who else, are the Lost Tribes of Israel and all entitled to sit down in Jerusalem, if they can find seats, and say "This is our home"? Most of the Jews we know about are (partly) of the Tribe of Judah, but they are not the whole family of Israel. If there is to be an inheritance, representatives of the other eleven tribes are certain to make appearance. The Arabs, too, as descendants of Abraham, though not of Jacob, have a fair claim to standing room, at least, in Palestine.

The United States and others invited Russia and China to stop fighting and save money, and Russia said in effect, "What business is it of yours?" Russia has a mind to go her own gait undeterred by outsiders. Russia and China, vast countries, are the great reservoirs of unrest in the contemporary world. Keep an eye on those countries.

As for Italy, the Pope says Mussolini and the Fascists are crowding the Church, especially about education. He complains quite bitterly. He is apparently the only man left in Italy who dares complain of Mussolini. As between having the Pope manage education in

Italy and having Mussolini run it, which would you choose?

FOR a week or two lately there was an immense rumpus in the Boston district over cures made, or alleged to be made, at the grave of a pious priest in Malden. The excitement, which was enormous, seems to have been due chiefly to the activities of the Boston newspapers. They are credited with starting expectations of cure which resulted in crowds of hundreds of thousands of people in all weather and in all states of health at this Malden grave. When it became sufficiently evident that that was not wholesome, Cardinal O'Connell stepped in and checked it. Then began the work of trying to discover what really happened and what cures, if any, were made. Whether there will be a shrine at Malden as there is at Lourdes and other places remains to be seen. But perhaps the Malden incident will be useful in the study of psychic healing.

For psychic healing does happen. The interesting thing about it is to discover how it happens. What is the force that does it? Psychic cures in old times were miracles and were supposed to be outside of the laws of cause and effect. But they are no longer miracles in that sense. If it is found after due scrutiny that they are facts, inquisitive observers will want to know by what means they were effected. We think nowadays that nothing is outside of the great laws, and when we see something we do not understand or cannot account for, we search at once for the law of its operation. That is the important thing. If faith can move mountains, we want to know by what means it moves them, what is the force that does it and whence derived and how directed.

Consider Dakin's book about Mrs. Eddy, as to which there has been so much contention. The important thing about Mrs. Eddy is not so much her personal peculiarities as what she did and how she did it. Very likely she did not know; but there seem to be plenty of facts in Christian Science, and a certain, or perhaps uncertain, control of health and of physical well being, and also of mentality. Christian Science thought seems to be on a different basis from ordinary thought. Clouds obscure all these matters. Perhaps some day we shall understand them better.

Dr. Charles Mayo, of Rochester, Minnesota, is quoted as saying that "miracle cures" remain cured as long as they continue to be objects of public wonder. Of the Malden excitement, he says, "many persons with uncontrolled emotions only think they are sick. While they are objects of wonder they will remain better, but when they have to work again their disabilities return." That doubtless is true of many cases, but the evidence seems ample that there are also many cures of various diseases done by means outside of present medical knowledge. There are healers who heal. They seem to do it by a power that goes out of them and into the patient. Apparently the work is done by vibrations which the healer can direct, but usually such healers can't explain how they do what they do. They only know that they can do it.

Some of the scientists nowadays are getting along to a point where they seem likely to understand such cures and the means by which they are accomplished. Many interesting things were said at the meeting of the psychiatrists in New York in December. Dr. Constantin von Economo, of Vienna, declared that man's brain is getting better all the while, and that there is no limit to the development of cerebral functions that may evolve in time. That is about what the theosophists have in mind when they talk about the sixth race whose advent is now proceeding.

Personal and Otherwise

THOUGH he is not yet twenty-eight, ***John W. Vandercook*** has two excellent books to his credit, *Tom-Tom* (a study of the bush negroes of Suriname) and *Black Majesty* (a life of Henry Christophe, the one-time negro emperor of Haiti), and a third one approaching publication (*Fools' Parade*, a collection of stories, several of which have appeared in HARPER'S). The setting of "Djombé River" is based on no mere book-knowledge of Africa; Mr. Vandercook and his wife have twice visited West Africa and have spent weeks at a time penetrating the jungle, stopping overnight in native villages or with white residents such as the characters of this new two-part story.

Last month ***Charles A. Beard,*** former professor of politics at Columbia and author (with his wife, Mary R. Beard) of *The Rise of American Civilization*, discussed the question, "Whom Does Congress Represent?" Now he brings his exceptional knowledge of American governmental history to bear on a document which school-children are urged to "understand" but which seems to baffle the understanding even of the most mature and hard-headed specialists.

Two or three years ago, readers of the New York *World* began to notice the name of ***William Bolitho*** attached to exceptionally able dispatches from England, and found that it belonged to a South African journalist connected with the London office of the *World*. Mr. Bolitho had written a brilliant volume of essays, *Leviathan;* he has subsequently written *Murder for Profit* and *Twelve Against the Gods*, and has come to New York, where in the intervals between his labors for the *World* he is able to watch the fashion parade and speculate on the inner meaning of the styles. This is Mr. Bolitho's first appearance in HARPER'S. Incidentally, if you think of discussing him with your friends, his name is accented on the second syllable (which is pronounced as in *lie*) and the *th* is soft.

The applause which met ***Philip Curtiss's*** "The Honorable Charley" when it came out in the June issue was punctuated with calls for more dog stories. Mr. Curtiss is the most obliging man in Norfolk, Connecticut; hence "The Eight-Dollar Pup." Admirers of "The Honorable Charley" (the story, if you have forgotten, about the Governor's dog which invaded the legislative chamber) will be glad to hear that it will be brought out shortly by Harper & Brothers in book form.

To those who are curious to know the full story of ***Jack Black's*** life in the underworld we recommend his book, *You Can't Win*, published two or three years ago. He was a burglar and a jailbird for twenty-five years —until, some fifteen years ago, Fremont Older, the California editor, took an interest in him and helped him to build his life over again. At present Mr. Black is living in New York. At a time when the public is exercised over questions of law and lawlessness and of crime and punishment, his testimony seems to us of unique value. He gave us some of it last June in "What's Wrong with the Right People?" Now he speaks plainly on the contrast between the code of the underworld and that by which the rest of the community professes to live.

Only the newest readers of HARPER'S need to be reminded that ***Albert Jay Nock,*** one of our most engaging contributors, was formerly one of the guiding spirits of the *Freeman*, is the author of a life of *Thomas Jefferson*, of a volume of essays, *On Doing the Right Thing*, and of a life of Rabelais (written with C. R. Wilson), and nowadays lives most of the time in Europe. His latest HARPER appearance was in our December issue with "Officialism and Lawlessness."

In a recent article by Mrs. Bromley entitled "What Risk Motherhood?" readers of

this magazine learned how appalling were the results of our failure to control the practice of midwifery in the United States. ***Carolyn Conant Van Blarcom,*** one of the most widely known graduates of the Johns Hopkins School for Nurses, has been a pioneer in the struggle for the improvement of standards in this practice; she was the first nurse in the United States to take out a midwife's license —which she did in order to be in a better position to study conditions at first hand. Miss Van Blarcom is the author of *Obstetrical Nursing* and *Getting Ready to be a Mother.* In "Rat Pie," which embodies the results of a recent tour of investigation, she reveals amusing and amazing facts about the strange ways of colored midwives in Virginia.

Oswald Garrison Villard, for many years editor and owner of the New York *Evening Post,* and now editor and owner of the *Nation,* has long been an intimate friend of Ramsay MacDonald.

Another new contributor arrives in the person of ***Roland English Hartley*** of San Francisco, who is responsible for "Office Hours."

Floyd H. Allport, professor of social and political psychology at Syracuse University and author of *Social Psychology,* a standard book in its field, looks at the great religious problem of our day from a point of view quite different from that of Doctor Fosdick and other recent commentators. Professor Allport will be recalled (with enthusiasm by the feminists) as the man who wrote "Seeing Women as They Are" in our issue for last March.

"The Loves of Orchids" reminds us that ***John Langdon-Davies,*** the young Englishman who wrote *The New Age of Faith* and *A Short History of Woman,* is a botanist, even though his recent articles in HARPER'S have dealt with subjects as remote from botany as English lecturers (whom he defended) and Spanish women (whom he did not defend).

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Among the poets of the month, ***Katherine Garrison Chapin,*** a newcomer to HARPER'S, has contributed verse to many other magazines; she is the wife of Francis Biddle, Philadelphia novelist. ***Witter Bynner,*** of Santa Fé, author of several volumes of poetry, has written frequently for us during the past year or two. ***Margaret Emerson Bailey*** of New Canaan, Connecticut, teaches at Miss Chapin's School in New York and has appeared in HARPER'S both as a short-story writer and as a poet.

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This month's Lion's Mouth contributors would make a good nucleus for an English-speaking union. ***B. K. Sandwell,*** author of *The Privacity Agent and Other Modest Proposals* and professor of economics at McGill University, is an English-born Canadian. The initials ***A. A.,*** which stand for Anthony Armstrong, are familiar to readers of *Punch;* Mr. Armstrong is of course an Englishman. The contribution of ***Frederic L. Smith, Jr.,*** who has lately forsaken the city air of Detroit for the country air of Summerville, South Carolina, is the United States's bid for parity in this Department.

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The frontispiece of this issue has a special interest in view of the Naval Conference. ***Norman Wilkinson,*** the English etcher (known in this country chiefly for his fishing scenes), made it when *The Lion,* Admiral Beatty's flagship, was about to be towed off to be scrapped as a result of the Washington Conference. The proof which we reproduce by permission of the Harlow, McDonald Company has been autographed by Admiral Beatty.

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In Mary Heaton Vorse's article, "Gastonia," in the November issue, reference was made to the "Bedaud efficiency system" as one of the causes of the recent labor troubles. The Magazine regrets that an invidious reflection upon the Charles E. Bedaux Companies might be construed from this statement. The "Bedaux principle" is a natural and desirable development of scientific management in the textile industry, and has been adopted by many progressive cotton mills of the South, in some cases at the request of the workers themselves. Mrs. Vorse had reference only to those cases where some efficiency system has been unfairly applied by mill

owners, and not to any system or practice of the Charles E. Bedaux Companies.

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Every available inch in this Department was devoted last month to a recital of the aftermath of Mr. Duffield's article on "Mussolini's American Empire"—which left no space for rejoinders to several other November articles which attracted unusual attention, notably Mr. Tunis's on football and Mr. Elmer Davis's on New York. But there were so many sharp replies to Mr. Langdon-Davies' paper on "The Spanish Woman" (several of them asserting that he had misunderstood the significance of the play, "Don Juan Tenorio") that it seems as if space ought to be given now—if belatedly—to at least one of them. It comes from Estér Pérez de King of Chicago:

John Langdon-Davies is not the first brilliant writer who has tried to interpret a country entirely different from his own by applying his natural prejudices and standards, drawing hasty conclusions, and making sweeping statements.

Spain does not lend itself to dispassionate studies; it is a potent stimulus, which moves the visitor to lyrics or revulsion, so that he seems to see either a land of castanets, bullfighters, and enchanted romance, or else a hopeless land of half morons. Neither of these views is true. More than any other, Spain is a country of the most contradictory aspects; to take one to the exclusion of others is to give us a view distorted beyond recognition. The Spain I know is a country of cool interiors, almost impossible for a stranger to penetrate; and the great sin, or perhaps the great strength of the people who inhabit them, is the aloofness with which they follow their individual destinies, equally indifferent to praise or to blame.

Havelock Ellis, in his book *The Soul of Spain*, has penetrated with intuitive sympathy the wall of proud reserve with which the Spanish woman receives the male stranger, and has seen beyond the placid features, the steady gaze, not "atrophied muscles" or an "empty head," but the poise of self-possession, and the strength that comes from a calm philosophic acceptance of whatever life has to offer.

The Spanish woman, in spite of antiquated civil codes that have very little to do with the moral code of any country, has never had to shout about her rights, for she has not yet shed the robe of her ancestor, the Roman matriarch, supreme ruler of her home and affairs, and with old-world wisdom keeps the vanity of the male unimpaired, leaving to him the misleading spotlight, while she pulls expert wires in the dark.

The Don Juan type is as prevalent in Spain as in other Latin countries; the Spanish woman, as well as her northern sisters, sees in him the perfect lover and the worst of husbands, turning to him in her reckless moments because he will always stir poets' and women's imaginations.

The drama "Don Juan Tenorio" is as classical on All Souls' Day as Hallowe'en tricks are in America; it is chosen as a good spook drama and not for its romantic dialogue, which is satirized by every young Spaniard who can wield a pen. The English writer, along with some hopelessly sentimental girl, was probably the only one in the audience to take it seriously.

Illiteracy is a rather frightening word, but it doesn't imply a lack of knowledge, and civilizations greater than ours have flourished under it. The Spanish woman does learn to read like every other Spanish citizen, in her childhood; but so busy is she in maturity, manufacturing household goods, tilling the land of her ancestors, providing the country with a promising younger generation, that she finds no time to read sensational city news, or stories of false sentimentality in popular magazines. In forgetting the trick of reading she follows the example of her men, for the Spanish peasant is loath to believe what comes to him in the form of print, and prefers to spend his leisure hours deftly playing an instrument, or carving a kitchen stool, rather than to peruse a printed page that has very little to do with his life.

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Here is an exhibit of Fundamentalism at its most picturesque. It is an epistle forwarded to us by the treasurer of the American-European Fellowship for Christian Oneness and Evangelization, with the comment that he is sure "every member of our Board, as well as those who are supporting our work . . . would voice their appreciation of this protest."

In lending your pages to scoffers through which to propagate their ignorance and error you have placed yourselves in an anomalous position.

The educated, cultured, self-satisfied ignorance of God and of His revealed Word in the writings of Fosdick, Huxley, Katharine Fullerton Gerould and other contributors to your periodical outstrips that of the blind who see nothing in the masterpiece of the world's greatest artist.

Their confident arguments, based on negative evidence, are robbing men of their faith in the Book,

stained as it is with the tears of millions of contritions, that has transformed human fiends into angels of light, that is a beacon warning men of hidden dangers and pointing the way home, the Book that is the joy of little children, that breathes forth a message of hope to the aged as they enter the valley of the shadow, the only Book

"That glimpses to our sight
Through present wrong
The eternal right."

They have also undermined the respect for the authority of God which will be closely followed by loss of respect for all authority. They have fallen into line with Bolshevists, Communists, Atheists in their offensive against the most benign influences this world has ever known; and who could have conceived it possible that HARPER'S MONTHLY could have been an accomplice in the crime!

Go to it! You are not the first determined upon such destruction. The shattered hammers of ages lie at the foot of God's anvil which stands and shall stand without a scar to show the fury of successive attacks. . . . Now the Modernists are riding for a fall from their high horse and HARPER'S MONTHLY is in the line-up. Shame! *Shame!*

"Though Evangelical Truth, by common consent of *neo*-logians, journalists, educationalists is dead, buried and consigned to a rock-hewn tomb sealed with seven seals, its Easter morning is not far distant, for the written word like the Risen Word, refusing to be dealt with in that manner, will yet emerge—a great burst of coherent life and power."

In conclusion may I add that it is only right and fair to your many Fundamentalist subscribers that you give this protest as wide publicity as you have given to the irrational ravings of destructive critics.

Your disappointed reader,
BERTHA CARR-HARRIS.

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Here is one of many letters called forth by Mrs. Bromley's birth control article:

May I add a fervent word of appreciation for Dorothy Dunbar Bromley's article on "This Question of Birth Control" in the December HARPER'S?

It is both pertinent and timely. As a medical social worker in one of those nine New York hospitals which have birth control clinics, I can vouch for the truth of what the writer says. The social as well as medical benefit to those who attend the clinics is without question, but, alas, how few these people are compared with the numbers outside the reach of these clinics.

Last week a mother of four children came for advice. As her husband earns only $35 a week she has felt she could not properly support more children. Consequently she had had eight abortions, and every cent of savings regularly had gone to some physician or midwife who would perform such operations. She is a physical and nervous wreck.

"If I had only known before of such a clinic as this," she said.

In cases like this where the husband selfishly and ignorantly refuses self-control or medical advice, the result is invariably a broken home or mismanaged children, unless there is a knowledge of birth control.

On the other hand, here is the X family with eight children. The mother will not come to the clinic because the priest forbids it. Her husband is an unskilled laborer with irregular work. The children are all undernourished. The older ones run the streets, play hooky from school, and are in fact potential reformatory material. "The Lord Will Provide" should be hung in wreathed lettering over their broken cook stove. He does, occasionally, when Mr. X has been jobless several weeks, through the Charity Organization Society.

I thoroughly believe that if the knowledge of birth control could be more widely disseminated among the families whose incomes are less than $40 a week, there would be a great decrease in physical and social evils in this present generation.

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The Fascist League of North America, to which Mr. Duffield made frequent reference in "Mussolini's American Empire," was disbanded late in December. A few days later Secretary Stimson formally expressed his appreciation that the League had dissolved itself, and announced that the investigation which he had ordered as a result of Mr. Duffield's article "has not revealed any activities on the part of any resident in this country of Italian extraction or on the part of any Italian officials which were directed against this Government or against its institutions." We think it perhaps significant that this announcement of the results of the investigation did not appear until after the League had been disbanded.

Isn't there some one in your home who loves good coffee . . .

but fears to drink it at night?

Is there always a missing cup at your dinner table? Does some one have to pass up coffee? Then try the coffee that lets you sleep. It's particularly welcome for evening parties.

COFFEE is America's national beverage. Its cheer makes every meal more enjoyable.

Yet at dinner—chief of family gatherings, where coffee adds so much to pleasure—thousands never drink it for fear that it will keep them awake. And many who are fond of its flavor do not drink it at all.

No longer need you practice denial! . . . Rich, pure coffee is now available to every person who has been forced to give up coffee-drinking. For today, in the making of Kellogg's Kaffee Hag Coffee, the caffeine is being removed from the world's choicest coffee beans. And so skilfully is the caffeine extracted, that not one bit of coffee's priceless flavor is lost!

Is some one missing coffee at your house? Surprise him tonight. Serve Kaffee Hag Coffee. Make it just as you make any other coffee. He can drink all he wants. It will not keep him awake or affect nerves in the slightest degree. And how much more pleasant than substitutes that can never satisfy the true coffee lover.

Kaffee Hag was the first caffeine-free coffee. Now Kellogg, after years of experiment, has wonderfully improved the blend. Today there is no finer coffee to be found. Ask your dealer for Kellogg's Kaffee Hag *in its new vacuum can.*

We'll send you a sample . . . For 10c, to cover postage, etc., we will mail you a 10-cup sample of this great caffeine-free coffee. Try it *at night.* Flavor! Aroma! Cheer! And restful sleep!

KELLOGG COMPANY
Dept. Y-2 Battle Creek, Michigan

Please send me, postpaid, enough Kaffee Hag Coffee to make ten good cups. I enclose ten cents (stamps or coin). (*Offer good in U. S. A. only.*)

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

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Not a substitute—but REAL COFFEE *that lets you sleep*

Mention of Harper's Magazine is the best introduction to our advertisers

Communities Spend a Million Dollars

Texas and Southern California Communities Reach Out for New Patrons

By DON E. MOWRY

DURING the last fiscal year, communities in Texas and in Southern California had advertising budgets of approximately one million dollars.

Of this sum, over $400,000 was spent in magazine advertising.

The general tendency seems to be toward larger appropriations. A compilation of the expenditures of twelve of the larger advertisers in the community field who advertised in both 1928 and 1929 bears out this contention.

Long Beach, San Diego, The All Year Club, Los Angeles, Dallas, El Paso, Lubbock, San Antonio, and Galveston are the communities under consideration that have expended this million dollars in one year to draw in more and profitable patrons to their respective centers.

Long Beach, conducting a regional campaign, has a fund of $50,000, three times its usual sum available for community promotion. Its method for the expenditure of this money has not been determined definitely.

The San Diego-California Club is to conduct its usual campaign, nationally, for tourists, with a secondary industrial appeal. Out of its fund of $60,000, $41,000 is available for advertising purposes.

Los Angeles, through her Chamber of Commerce, uses national magazines for a supplemental campaign for industry and has available for this purpose $65,000.

The All Year Club of Southern California, with $635,000 available for expenditure during the fiscal year of its budget, has expended in five years $2,500,000 to encourage tourists and vacationists to come to Southern California. The first campaign of this organization, for the year 1921, had the sum of only $46,000 available. If Southern California has obtained thousands and thousands of tourists and sojourners, this organization must be given full credit for its part in developing California-mindedness through the nation.

Dallas, with a half-million dollar fund for three years, is more than satisfied with its results obtained last year. Two years of study were given to the Dallas situation and to Dallas possibilities. A campaign was launched to make clear to the nation the advantages of this point as an industrial and distributing point for the Southwest. Convincing figures were made available showing the possibilities for profitable operation in the Dallas market embracing Texas, Arkansas, Oklahoma, and parts of Louisiana. Careful records have been kept of the first year's operation, by Industrial Dallas, Inc., the subsidiary of the Dallas Chamber of Commerce, and these figures are available as an evidence of confidence in community advertising itself.

Dallas can point to actual accomplishments by showing that more than three hundred more businesses were launched there with advertising than were launched without it the previous years. The market survey indicated that there were over 10,000,000 people with an annual income of $6,000,000,000, living within an overnight ride of Dallas. There was economic foundation for the campaign. The facts indicated the possibilities. The citizens capitalized upon an asset. They do not believe that they have the solution for all communities. They may decide to change their advertising plan. They probably will change it in many details after further research.

Galveston has a municipal advertising committee and is now expending $52,000 with a tax-supported regional campaign for tourists, industry, and residents in co-operation with the Chamber of Commerce.

Lubbock, through the South Plains, Inc., started its first campaign with $22,000, in a national way, for agricultural development. This campaign is also tax-supported.

San Antonio, now supported with a city tax, with a fund increased over its average during the past five years of $25,000, will conduct a larger campaign now about to be launched. It is a source of some satisfaction to those pioneers of San Antonio who, in 1898, started the first community effort to advertise the winter possibilities of this city of sunshine with a small outlay of only $5,000.

El Paso, with its Gateway Club, beginning its advertising in 1920, is now expending about $30,000 in a national campaign with a strong health appeal.

Southern and California communities seem to be getting the development, the tourists, and the vacationists, because they are consistent advertisers.

IN THE FINANCIAL WORLD

Are Common Stocks Still a Buy?

By PAUL TOMLINSON

WHEN stock prices were going down at a breath-taking pace last fall, bond quotations, which had sagged and sagged for months, suddenly started to improve. For a long time small investors had been bestowing their affections upon common stocks, while the big investors, the heaviest buyers of bonds, had found that money loaned in the call market brought larger returns than bonds could offer. Bonds went begging; stocks were bid for feverishly and insistently. After the panic, conditions became reversed; while trading in stocks fell off, the bond market became active once more, and as the demand for bonds increased their selling prices advanced. Many people decided that the stability of bonds had its advantages. Will this condition continue? Will bonds once again supplant common stocks in public favor? Are investors wary of the risks involved in common stocks and averse to their purchase for investment? As a matter of fact, are common stocks, in the light of what happened to them last autumn, still to be considered suitable investments for the ordinary investor?

COMMON stocks began to be recommended generally for investment only a comparatively short time ago. And of course there was a definite theory behind this recommendation. The point we should like to consider is whether if this theory was a sound one six months or a year ago it is still sound to-day.

THE proposition that common stocks are suitable for investment is to a large extent predicated upon a comparison of their merits with those of bonds. In discussing this theory, therefore, it is necessary to take both kinds of investments into consideration, and to mention briefly the outstanding characteristics of each.

BONDS, of course, are evidences of indebtedness and pay a fixed rate of interest regardless of the corporation's earnings. A thousand-dollar five-per-cent bond pays its holder fifty dollars a year, and fifty dollars only, even if earnings available for interest amount to one hundred and fifty dollars a bond. On the other hand, if earnings amount to

only twenty-five dollars a bond, the corporation still is obligated to pay the bondholder fifty dollars, even if the money has to be borrowed or taken out of surplus; for if interest is not paid the bondholders can sue not only for the interest due, but usually for the principal amount of their bonds as well. Bonds are safer than stocks, but a bond will never pay more than the interest called for on its face; at maturity it can never be worth more than its face value. The income on a bond is predetermined and shows no variation whether times are good or bad, whether money is worth much or little.

A COMMON stock receives a dividend —a share in the profits—only in case there are profits to share. If earnings are poor dividends will be low, or perhaps there will be no dividends at all; if earnings are good dividends will be paid accordingly. When the cost of living advances—and over a period of years its tendency, unfortunately, is to show a steady increase—the people who depend upon an income from bonds are often at a disadvantage compared with those who receive their income from common stocks. Interest on bonds remains fixed no matter what things cost; with prices high, however, a corporation gets higher prices for its products, and consequently its earnings, in dollars, are increased. This means higher earnings for the stock and probably higher dividends for the stockholders. In other words, common stocks adjust themselves to the times, and common stock owners are protected against any drop in the value of money. This is the theory behind common stock investment, and surely it is one of considerable merit.

ANOTHER thing about common stocks is that their selling prices are rather quick to reflect not only present but

The Growth of American Business

1904 - 1929

is the title of a survey we have made of recent business history . . . It is brief and conclusive and points to the trend of general business in the future.

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Members of the New York, Boston, Chicago, Cleveland, Pittsburgh and Detroit Stock Exchanges and the New York Curb Exchange

"Today this woman has nearly $50,000"

"Her friends often asked her wistfully how she managed never to lose in investments."

HARRY V. WHIPPLE, President of the Congress Bank and Trust Co., New Haven, Conn., tells how differently two women looked at investing

"IT has been my experience that women are worse than the men, once they get started gambling," said Mr. Whipple.

"Only recently," he went on, "a woman came to me who wanted to buy a certain stock which was being pushed locally. It was then selling at about $32 a share. She blandly explained to me that she wanted to make a quick turn and buy an automobile with her profits.

"The stock was highly speculative and I urged her not to go into it. She took my advice—but quite reluctantly. Some time later this stock dropped to $2 a share, and still later, became entirely worthless.

"On the other hand there is Mrs. B— whose investments I have handled for over 20 years. Mrs. B— never, in all that time, has invested without consulting me—and I, on my side, have put her only into conservative investments.

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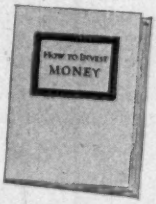

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future earnings. In the 1929 stock market many issues were quoted at prices which were certainly not justified by current earnings, nor in all probability by future earnings for many years to come. This does not prove that the theory about common stocks was fallacious, but merely that investors, like other human beings, often carry a good idea to extremes and go too far. Stock prices were discounting future earnings, and it is entirely probable that in many cases earnings will some day justify higher prices still, but it is not wise to pay too much more than current values warrant. And last fall, of course, there were many people who bought stocks regardless of any value whatsoever, present or future.

NOW it is something rather more than a theory that as the country grows and prospers its industries will grow and prosper too. If this happens—and no one really believes it will not—the common stocks of American industries are going to increase steadily in value, and stockholders will not only find their shares becoming worth more money, but will also enjoy the benefit of increased dividends. It's a pretty promise, and investors, almost unanimously, believed in it last year. Has anything happened since to make such a promise less likely to be fulfilled for those who buy common stocks this year? The answer depends on whether you believe this country is going to go ahead, and whether our industries are going to go with it.

MANY investors, of course, have lost their nerve so far as common stocks are concerned, and their attitude is that, having once been caught, they will never allow themselves to be caught again. Last summer, however, these

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same people included among their number many of the most ardent advocates of common shares. Why should they have been willing to pay the high prices obtaining at that time and be absolutely averse now to buying the same stocks which they favored then, but at lower prices? If common stocks were good investments at high prices why aren't they bargains at lower prices? In other words, if the theory of common stocks for investment is sound, the present would seem to offer more opportunities than have been afforded investors for a great many months—provided, of course, that industry in this country is on a sound basis, that business will not be affected too seriously by the panic, and that the outlook for the future is promising.

WHO can deny that business is on a sound basis? Naturally the break in security prices must have its effect on industry, for the purchasing power of many people has been curtailed, and others who have not suffered actual cash losses have seen the paper value of their investments shrink, so that while they may not have actual losses, they feel poorer than they did and are saving, not spending. It is true, however, that business has much more effect upon the stock market than the stock market has upon business, and the break last fall was caused by a technical situation within the market itself, not by any troubles our industries were experiencing. Business, according to all the best opinions, is sound, and while it is bound to suffer for some time before public confi-

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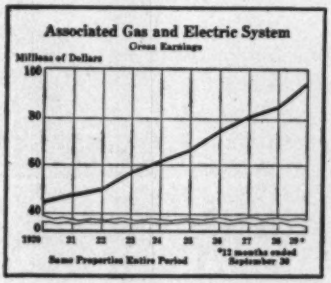

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dence and buying power are restored, no one can honestly think the time will not come when business will not only be restored to its former high estate, but will be better than ever.

INDUSTRY has not suffered from over-expansion, like the stock market. Commodity prices—when these words are being written, at least—show no signs of collapse. There have been no great business failures. Credit is available to business in ample quantities. Inventories are conservative. Our banking system is sound and operating smoothly. The cash assets of our corporations have seldom, if ever, been stronger. Never have our manufacturing plants been better equipped. The prosperity of the past few years has enabled numberless corporations to reduce their bonded indebtedness, to keep their borrowings from banks to a minimum, and to build up their supplies of cash and marketable securities. If business is to have hard times, business was never in a better position to meet them. Bad business did not cause the break in the market; few really think that bad business will result.

MONEY is cheap, and cheap money stimulates business. Replacements, additions, extensions, construction of all kinds are undertaken when money can be borrowed at low rates of interest, and money so expended goes to an endless variety of other businesses and to countless individuals. Purchasing power is created, and business booms. The public utilities and the railroads alone are planning to spend almost three billion dollars during the current year; and it does not seem reasonable to suppose that the men in charge of these corporations—usually believed to be reasonably intelligent—would commit themselves to any such program if they

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THE big parade of American industry is turning into Main Street. The American consumer has rerouted the march by demanding style and individuality in the things he buys. His more exacting demands have caused changes within the factory. Mechanical monsters, built to turn out an endless stream of identical articles, are replaced with lines of simpler machines. Each machine is a specialist. Any one may be junked without affecting the usefulness of the others.

It is a logical next step when the huge central plant is supplemented by smaller plants, each located where it can best do its part of the whole task, or when the parts of the job are bought from specialized factories instead of being manufactured in a single huge establishment. Such an industrial set-up, instantly responsive to market changes, is in tune with the demands of today.

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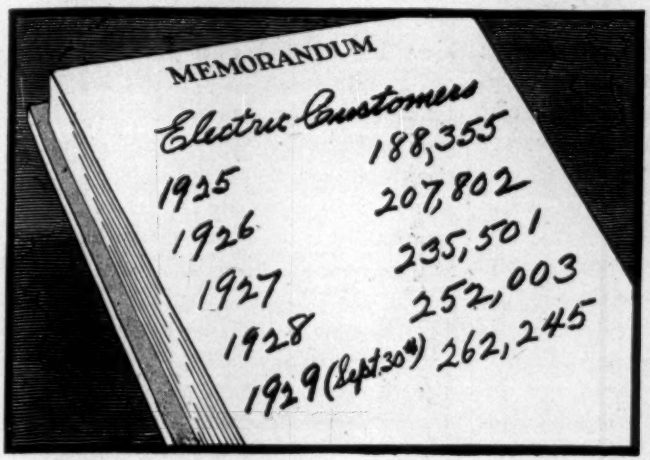
WE have had panics before, plenty of them, and yet the country has always recovered, just as it will again. It should be remembered in this connection, too, that most of our former panics were occasioned by bad business conditions, and that before any recovery could be expected business had to be rehabilitated. Business now may not be quite what it was twelve months ago, but it certainly cannot be described as bad, nor is it in need of rehabilitation. On the face of things, therefore, it would seem safe to predict that recovery from the recent distress in the stock market will proceed more rapidly than at similar times in the past; and under the circumstances it may well be that there is an excellent opportunity to put the theory about common stocks into practice.

ANOTHER factor to be considered is that as a result of the panic last fall investors will use more intelligence in selecting stocks for purchase. That is to say, they will pay more attention to values, and think less about easy profits. This can only mean that prices will reflect values more accurately than formerly, and purchasers can proceed with greater confidence and with more assurance that they are really getting their money's worth. Stock prices have been deflated and, just as these prices anticipate favorable developments, so they also discount factors which might be adverse. And at the moment of writing yields on stocks are more attractive than money, a situation that has not existed for some years.

NOT that all common stocks are going to advance in price; they never have, not even during last year, when if

How to Figure the investment values behind the securities of the American Water Works and Electric Company



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one trusted the careless statements made about the stock market one would have gained the impression that every issue listed had moved only in one direction. Certain industries are going to prosper, and certain industries in each group are going to prosper more than their fellows. When we read in a circular issued by an investment banking house that "it would be our guess that railroad equipments, tobaccos, grocery chains, oils, and certain amusement companies will be more prosperous in 1930 than was the case in 1929" we should be tempting fate to rush ahead and buy stock in any company answering one of these descriptions. There are, however, undoubtedly opportunities in these and other classes of industries for the discriminating purchaser of common stocks. Many corporations to-day also are expending large sums of money on research programs which will develop new sales lines for them, perfect and reduce the cost of processes of manufacture, and enable them to earn larger profits. Corporations with an eye to the future are worth the investor's attention. There are certain industries whose products are in increasing demand each year. There are industries whose products are in demand whether general business is good or bad. The essential industries, those necessary to the continuing welfare of the country, are the ones which are going to grow as the country grows, and prosper as it prospers.

THE panic last fall did not hurt the farmers to any extent. The prices of agricultural products have stood up wonderfully well, and the farmer, for

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WHY A NATIONAL UNION FOR SAFETY: A booklet describing National Union Mortgage Bonds and showing how securities are safeguarded through insurance of principal and interest by outside surety companies. Offered by the National Union Mortgage Company, 111 E. Redwood Street, Baltimore, Md.

"OUR INSTITUTION," an illustrated booklet describing the various types of securities and the varied services available to investors, is offered by Peabody and Company, 10 S. La Salle St., Chicago, Illinois.

PUBLIC UTILITY SECURITIES AS INVESTMENTS: A booklet containing information on Public Utilities Securities of special interest to all investors is offered by A. C. Allyn & Company, 67 West Monroe Street, Chicago, Illinois.

WATER, THE INDISPENSABLE UTILITY: An interesting booklet, giving a detailed description of a water company's plant and operations, with special reference to the investment qualities of securities of water companies. Offered by G. L. Ohrstrom & Co., 44 Wall St., New York City.

UTILITY SECURITIES COMPANY, 230 So. La Salle Street, Chicago, Ill., will gladly furnish complete information of the various securities offered by the great public utility interests which the Utility Securities Company serves. Detailed circulars regarding various issues will be mailed upon request.

THE SEAL THAT CERTIFIES SAFETY is the title of a booklet that gives complete information of guaranteed investments; it may be obtained by addressing General Surety Company, 340 Madison Avenue, New York.

INFORMATION ABOUT NEW ENGLAND will be gladly furnished to those interested by the First National Bank of Boston, Boston, Massachusetts.

(Continued on fourth page following)

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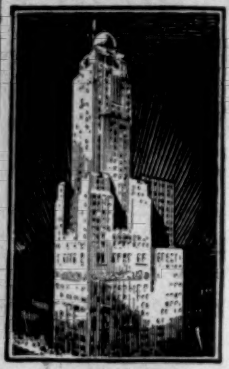

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The Financial Department

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whom everyone has felt so sorry, is probably in better circumstances than almost any other class of our people. The farmers, moreover, represent an extremely large percentage of the country's purchasing power; if they are in a position to buy, that is going to help all business. If business is helped so are common stocks.

LOW money rates have appeared as a result of the panic, and this is bound to help our foreign trade. We need foreign trade too, to be really prosperous, in spite of the boast of some of our citizens that we are independent of the rest of the world. Low money rates will attract offerings of foreign bonds in our financial markets, and in all probability a large percentage of the proceeds of these loans will be spent here. Another stimulus for business, and for common stocks.

WE are not trying to suggest that common stocks should be purchased in the expectation of quick profits, nor do we think that for many people they are as suitable as bonds or preferred stocks. The fact that they are selling for less than they were, and that the outlook for business in the long run is as good as it ever was, does seem to indicate, however, that not only are they better bargains than they were, but that the present is a better time to put the theory about their being good long-term investments into practice than has been offered in a long while. The best bargains are often secured when investors generally are hesitant or are buying other things.